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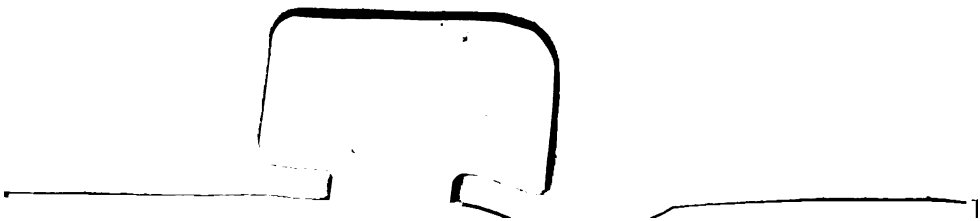

TRAVELS IN AFRICA

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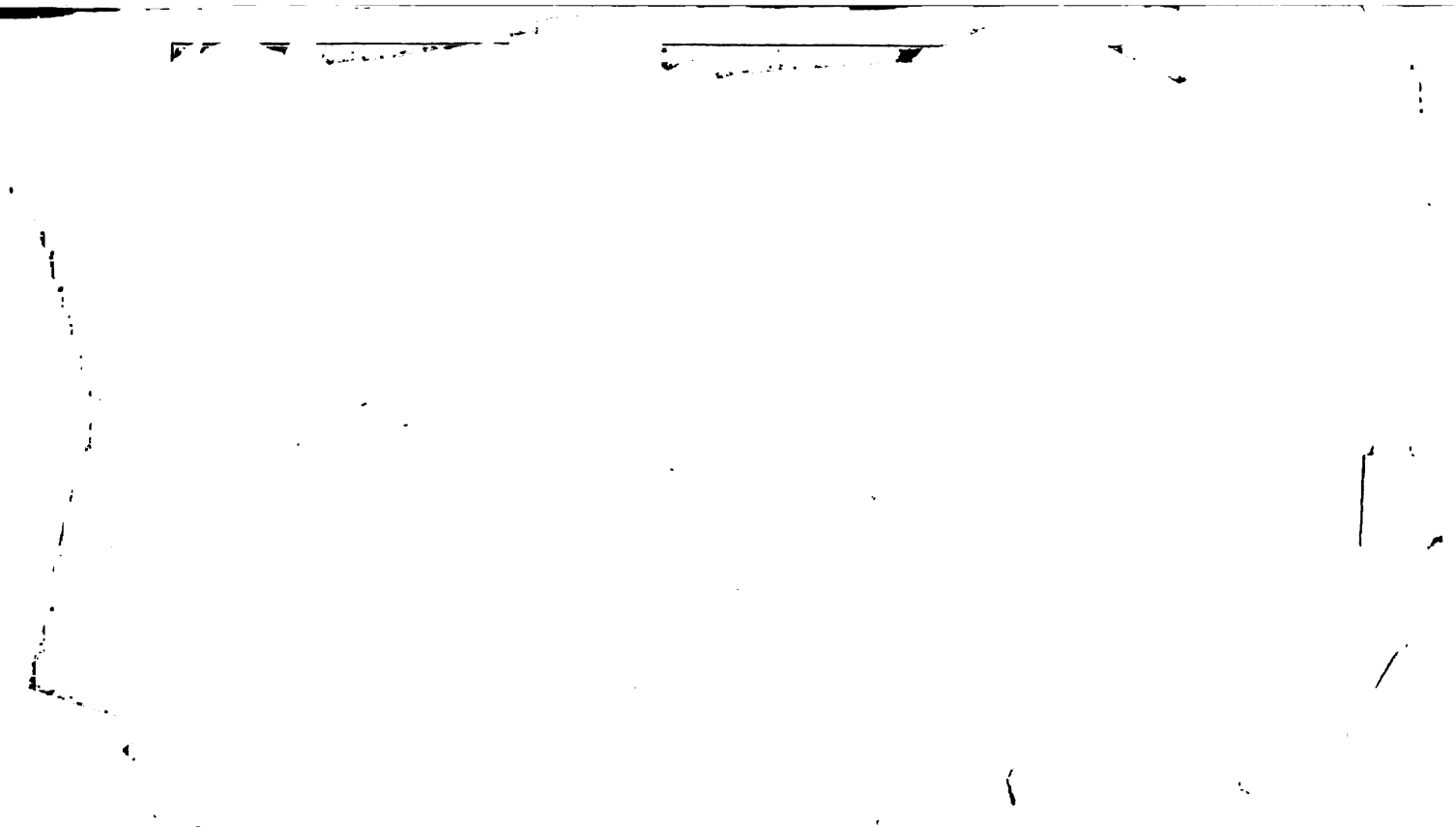

TRAVELS IN AFRICA

DURING THE YEARS

1882-1886

BY

DR. WILHELM JUNKER

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY

A. H. KEANE, F.R.G.S.

ILLUSTRATED

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PREFACE.

A MELANCHOLY interest attaches to the appearance of this third volume of Dr. Wilhelm Johann Junker's Travels. The last proofs of the German edition (Vienna, 1889-92) had scarcely passed through the author's hands, when he fell a victim to the insidious disease, the germs of which had been sown during his long wanderings in Central Africa. He died at St. Petersburg on February 16th, 1892, in the fifty-second year of his age, having been born of German parents at Moscow, on April 6th, 1840. His early youth was passed partly at Göttingen, partly at the German Gymnasium of St. Petersburg, after which his medical studies were continued at Göttingen and Berlin and completed at Prague.

A long visit to Iceland in 1869 first inspired Dr. Junker with a love of travel, while his residence in Tunis in the years 1873-74 attracted his attention more particularly to Africa. His labours in this field during the eleven years from October 1875 to December 1886, interrupted only by one visit to Europe to recruit his health (September 1878 to October 1879), have already been briefly recapitulated in the preface to the first volume of the English edition of his Travels. Here it will suffice to add that his researches in hitherto unexplored regions were virtually concluded by his return to the Equatorial Province early in the year 1884. As related in detail in Chapter VIII. of this volume, his wanderings in the western lands, where he had all but solved the Welle-Makua problem, were somewhat abruptly interrupted by the spread of the Mahdist revolt, compelling him to withdraw at once to Lado on the White

Nile, which place was reached on January 21st, 1884. Hence the subsequent chapters, dealing with lands and events with which the English reader is already familiar from other and more recent sources, have here been subjected to considerable condensation.

Dr. Junker will always be regarded as a typical scientific explorer worthy to rank with such men as Barth, Wallace, Schweinfurth or Bates. Although untrained to astronomic observations, he prepared his intricate route surveys so carefully and with so many compass bearings, as illustrated in Chapter VII. of the present volume, that these data, with some latitudes supplied from other sources, have sufficed for the construction of accurate maps of the regions traversed by him. It is also noteworthy that during all his ramblings in the Welle-Congo and Upper Nile lands he appears to have never directly or indirectly occasioned the loss of a single life. Like Livingstone, he moved about alone amongst the natives without armed escorts and accompanied only by his attendants and carriers. His ethnological studies of the populations about the Congo-Nile water-parting are of the first importance. Although most of his ethnological and natural history collections appear to have fallen into the hands of the Mahdists, enough was rescued to form a prominent feature in the St. Petersburg and Berlin Museums. Amongst the many tokens of public recognition for his great services to the cause of geographical research, none were more highly prized by the illustrious traveller than his election as Honorary Corresponding Member of the Royal Geographical Society.

A. H. KEANE.

79, *Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.*
May 3rd, 1892.

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BAKANGAI'S PRIVATE RESIDENCE.

CHAPTER I.

JOURNEY FROM BAKANGAI'S TO KANNA'S, AND THENCE TO TANGASI.

Prince Bakangai—His Residence—Frontier Lands and Peoples—Natural Resources—A-Bakua Ethnological Objects—Their Textile Industry—Departure from Bakangai—Zandeh Musicians—Prince Bangoya—Royal Presents—Court Minstrelsy—Forest Scenery—The A-Bissanga—Arrival at Kanna's—Strange Customs—Honours to the late Prince Kipa—Human Sacrifices—The First Rains—Decline of Kanna's Power—Historical Notes—March to the Bomokandi—Prince Bauli—Oil-palm Groves—Arrival at Tangasi.

PRINCE BAKANGAI, to whose court the reader has accompanied me through so many ups and downs, was one of the most interesting personalities I anywhere met in the heart of Africa. He was of low stature, with thick-set figure, very stout, with plenty of flesh about the neck, and in his fortieth year. His features had a kindly expression, despite

the quick, piercing glance that betrayed the consciousness of power. The oval face was adorned by a short, bushy black beard, and he wore his hair, Mangbattu fashion, raised high above the crown and gathered behind, while his royal blood was indicated by a leopard-skin cap in form not unlike a bishop's mitre. But the effect was somewhat spoilt by a rag of blue cloth fastened round his forehead. Dispensing with all ornaments, he limited his costume to the rokko of fig-bark girdled round the waist.

But I was soon greatly prepossessed in his favour by his mental qualities, his animation, quick apprehension, and the intelligent interest he took in everything. To satisfy his craving for knowledge, I soon turned out all the various objects of daily use, winding up with a performance on the accordion. In the evening my black friend sent me more poultry, merissa, and a second chimpanzee, followed next day by a load of sesame and three baskets of maize, besides meal and *lugma* (porridge) for my people.

In return I looked up some suitable presents, quite an assortment of things, which, however, were doled out one by one, as was always my habit. Even the meanest trifles gave him evident pleasure, and he showed almost childish rapture at many objects in my possession. He was especially fascinated by bright things, such as knife-blades, which he could use as mirrors, and he was also much taken with photographs and family portraits, which he wanted to see every day. The several pictures he soon learnt to recognize again, and these he delighted in explaining to the company. He also showed far greater moderation than many of his compeers, and as he abstained from unblushing demands, I had the less hesitation in exhibiting the contents of most of my boxes to his admiring eyes.

Once having expressed a wish for a drinking-vessel, he received an empty bon-bon box embellished with a picture of the factory and the prize-medals awarded to the maker, all which I took pains fully to explain. Such "empties" I often found useful as presents for the natives. The rifles and revolvers were also examined, and their mechanism explained ; and on one

occasion Bakangai went through an object-lesson, taking a revolver to pieces and intelligently putting it together again. He certainly lusted after the possession of a rifle, but soon desisted when I pointed out how indispensable all these things were to me. He had himself a few firearms, but they were only wretched flint-locks, presented to him by the leaders of previous expeditions.

I was, however, glad to meet his wishes in respect of some illustrations from the picture-book, from which he himself selected the subjects most familiar to him,—a cock, a guinea-fowl, and the like. I cut them out with a pair of scissors, which I added to the rest. But scarcely was he possessed of the treacherous object, when his mischievous propensities were aroused. Operating at first with childish pleasure on the rokkos of the young people seated round, he soon passed from their garments to their hair, and with such effect that some of them were presently quite bald, to the huge delight of the ruler and his suite.

The various utensils of the cuisine were also minutely inspected and explained by me, the prince again putting divers questions and complacently interpreting the answers to his followers. Of the eatables offered him he declined everything except *abré* (sour bread); but his attendants had to sacrifice themselves, and, at the imminent risk of being poisoned, had to try such gruesome things as sardines from a canny-looking open box, mysterious black coffee, etc., at which many a wry face was certainly made. Besides various more useful articles for himself, I had also to provide his numerous absent women-folk with samples of European provisions, which he had doubtless described to them in the same eloquent way as he had to his followers.

Amongst these followers I was much surprised to notice quite a number of little boys, who attended him everywhere, always squatting in his immediate vicinity. Some of these were his own sons, some those of his brothers, and these lads certainly enjoyed greater freedom in the atmosphere of royalty than their elder brothers, who have soon to recognize the unlimited sway

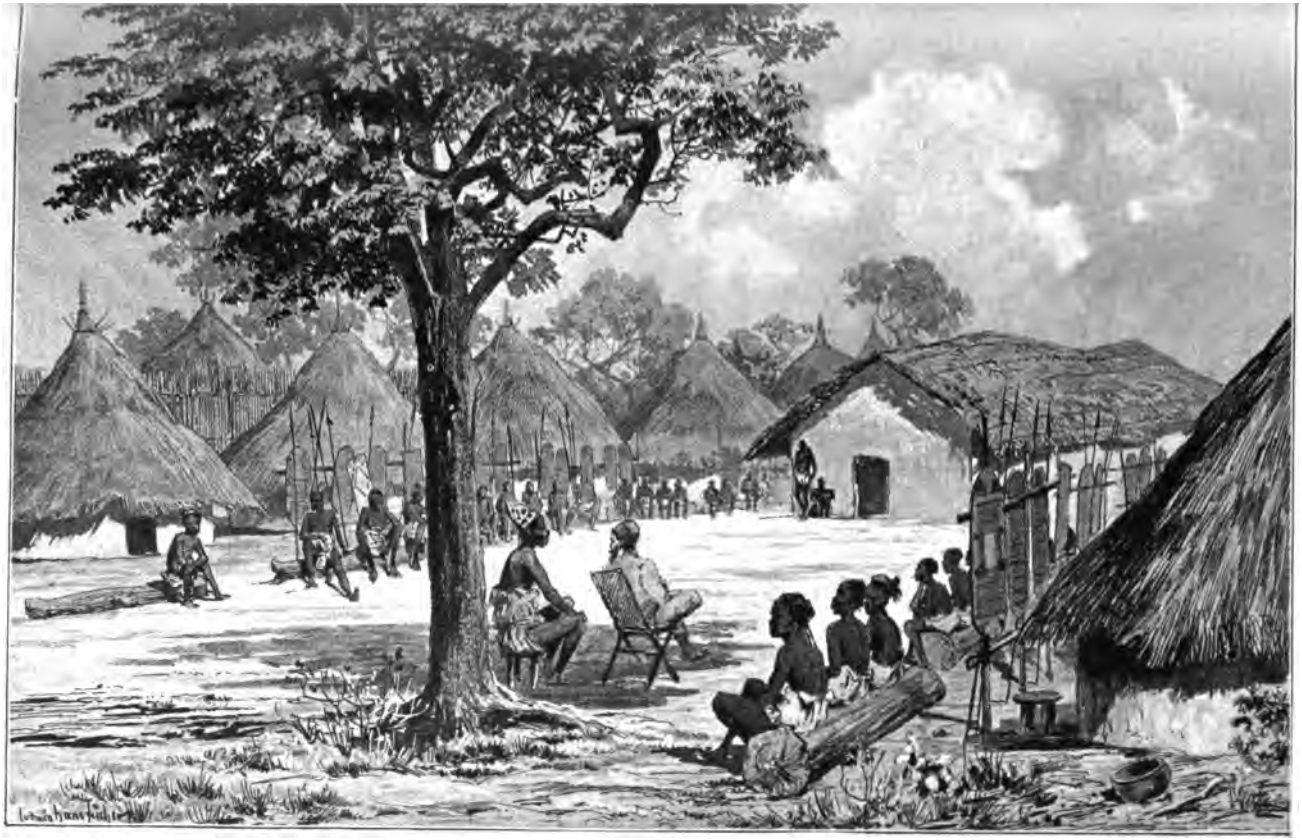
of their paternal rulers, hence prefer to keep at a respectful distance, except when specially summoned to court.

Meanwhile the year 1881 had drawn to a close, and had brought round the third New Year's Day of these African wanderings. But though Christmas, like those of previous years, had passed without tidings from distant friends, I had at least the satisfaction of feeling that some progress had been made with the expedition. Unfortunately the greater part of the loads had to be left behind, so that with the little now available I could not dream of tarrying any length of time with Bakangai, or even make any great excursions to the south and west from his station. For this purpose it would have been necessary to reside much longer with him, and secure his confidence, possibly even his co-operation, by more costly presents.

But anyhow, to leave nothing undone, soon after my arrival I spoke of going for at least a few days farther south. The proposition met with the anticipated objections on the part of Bakangai, which I well knew could be overcome only by time, patience, and presents. There was only one road open that could lead to any profitable results. This led eastwards to Bakangai's brother, Prince Kanna, through the former territory of Kipa, now distributed amongst that potentate's sons. From Kanna's I could then make my way north-eastwards to Tangasi, so I lost no time in despatching messages to Kanna, in order to secure a friendly reception at his hands.

Hitherto my movements had been confined to the *mbanga* (royal station) and to Bakangai's group of huts, which lay some five minutes distant from my own. All that here met my eye was evidently on a scale and in a style that proclaimed the power and greatness of a really formidable African ruler. The number of huts, the size of the well-kept open space, and of the assembly-hall, all far surpassed my expectations, and even exceeded everything I had yet seen at the head-quarters of any native potentate. The mbanga and its surroundings still bore the genuine stamp of the powerful old Zandeh dynasty, which, in the northern territories, had already entered on a period of decadence.

The royal huts spread over a free space of about 1000 yards



RESIDENCE OF PRINCE BAKANGAI. (*Drawn by L. H. Fischer.*)

east and west, with a breadth of perhaps 500 yards, but narrowing somewhat westwards. Probably some 200 huts for the female slaves were disposed in two long rows on the edge of the open space, the broader east end of which, serving for the daily gatherings, was carefully kept free from grass. Here Bakangai usually sat under a large tree, while the assembly took their seats on long tree-stems at distances ranging from forty to seventy-five yards from the prince.

Close by stood the assembly-hall, which afforded complete shelter from sun and rain, and which was sixty-five by twenty-five yards, or about the size of our riding-schools. Its roof, artistically constructed of foliage, rested on innumerable poles, a central row supporting the ridge, and several side rows the two slopes. The hall was enclosed by mud-walls five feet high, so that, despite the doorways on all four sides, the interior was always gloomy. In one corner was an enclosed space, whither the prince withdrew from time to time.

Nor was there any lack of ornamentation, for an accomplished Zandeh artist had covered the walls with all manner of natural and other objects, drawn in rough outline, but perfectly distinct. I noticed that the *pinga*, or many-bladed Zandeh throwing-knife, was most frequently represented ; but simple drawings of tortoises, birds, and snakes also occurred. The building, however, was effective only from its great size, for in the manner of its construction it could bear no comparison with the fine artistic structures of the Mangbattu people.

The Zandehs, in fact, lack the sense of proportion, and the patience for time-consuming details. The mud-floor in the vast hall had not even been levelled, so that the two ends stood considerably lower than the central part, while the roof-ridge described a curved instead of a straight line.

Several other large huts stood round about the assembly-hall, all (Zandeh fashion) round, with mud-walls and conic roof. At the west end of the open space the private dwelling-houses of the prince were visible above a palisaded enclosure. A similar fence stretched southwards behind the long rows of huts occupied by the female slaves, and here stood the dwellings of

Bakangai's favourite women, in the shade of the trees and neighbouring banana groves. To this reserved quarter the prince also introduced me, and gave me the free run of the place. Here I was treated to a mess of *telebun* meal (*Eleusine coracana*), with an accompaniment of *embaraké* (gourd-pips), washed down with copious draughts of the highly-prized native beer. This drink, brewed from the malted telebun grain, well deserved its reputation; nowhere have I tasted better than at Bakangai's, whose beer even excelled the already-praised brews offered me at Wando's and Ngerria's. The throng of little princelings also surrounded us in these sacred precincts, from which all adults were carefully excluded. The little fellows were quite spoilt by their fathers and uncles, who kept stuffing them with porridge, and even let them have a pull at the beer-jugs.

Bakangai's territory stretches from the Bomokandi[1] three days southwards, and some five days east to west. But the southern and western frontiers were far from settled, for the tribes in those directions were in a state of doubtful vassalage, and often openly hostile. The A-Barmbo tribes subject to Bakangai were partly branches of those dwelling on the Welle, and inhabited his northern provinces, while the Zandehs occupied the heart of the land. I cannot venture to determine the relationship of the southern and western tribes, some of whom are also subject to Bakangai.

The A-Babua (A-Mbua) people, dwelling far to the west and south from the Welle-Makua, reach eastwards to the Mokongo river. Branches of this nation are perhaps the A-Mokkele, A-Makilli, A-Male, and others, who are settled about that river on Bakangai's frontier and in the south. The term A-Babua itself is undoubtedly a collective name applied to numerous tribal groups; and in this connection it may be mentioned that the Mangbattu tribes east of Bakangai's are in his territory collectively called A-Mokkele.

At the time of my visit the administration of his extensive domain had been entrusted to ten of his adult sons. They were

[1] This affluent of the Welle-Makua is called Lekandi or Mojur by the western A-Babua people.

assigned separate provinces, where they carried out their father's orders by the aid of their Zandeh subjects. Akangai, the eldest, resided in the east, and on my journey to Kanna's I soon became acquainted with his district.

Umboiko, another son, governed the A-Barmbo tribes of the north-west on the Mokongo river, where he was often at war with the conterminous A-Babua tribes. Even during my stay in the country a plundering expedition was planned against them, in which the forces of Akangai in the east were summoned to take part. They even entered the prince's mbanga, but the raid had no result, for the A-Babua had already placed all their effects out of harm's way. It was interesting to find Bakangai first formally requesting my permission for the expedition, a proof how soon the European acquires influence over the natives.

Biémanghi and Songombosso, two other sons of the prince, guarded the southern frontiers, while all the rest were stationed more in the interior of the state.[1] However, these relations were soon modified, for the very year after my visit Bakangai died, and his death could not fail to be attended by great changes. Although Akangai succeeded his father as paramount chief, civil strife soon broke out amongst the brothers, as I was later informed.

Bakangai lacked the enterprising spirit of his father, Kipa. For him the world was limited to his mbanga and the hundred huts of his women-folk. The short plundering expeditions against the A-Babua and other southern tribes he allowed his sons to carry out. Only once in earlier years he had personally conducted a warlike expedition to the south, on which occasion he crossed the Mokongo and the Mbelima or Nandu, a stream thirty to forty yards wide. He reported that on his return, after having marched several days to the east, he did not again cross this river; hence the source of the Mbelima must be sought south-east from Bakangai's residence. It flows north-westwards through the A-Babua country, and I proposed during my later

[1] For details the reader may consult *Petermann*, Supplement Nos. 92 and 93; *Scientific Results of Dr. W. Junker's Travels*, etc.

journey westwards accurately to determine its confluence with the Welle-Makua.

My constant inquiries about a lake supposed to exist in those parts, and which the Italian traveller, Piaggia, had heard of, came to nothing. To be sure Bakangai told me he had marched along a stretch of still water, full of crocodiles. But to my question as to its size I received the disenchanting answer that the water was quite as large as his whole group of huts. So I concluded that it could be nothing more than some backwater of the river Mbelima.

But at Bakangai's I again heard of a large river, the Nawa, south of the Mbelima, as also of the Nepoko, flowing far to the south. Thither the Edio, a branch of the Zandehs, had formerly migrated under their prince Nbumbu, and the natives of the district were also reported to plaster their hair with clay. I was, moreover, assured that still farther south there were no more glades at all in the dense forest, that brooks and streams became more numerous, that gloomy woodlands spread everywhere—Stanley's "boundless forest."

Bakangai had the reputation of a strict ruler, and, like so many powerful chiefs of the black race, he frequently inflicted capital punishment on his subjects. Especially when he suspected any of his wives of infidelity, he knew no mercy, and often had both parties executed without more ado. Shortly before my arrival, two of his wives had suffered death, but I was also informed that the despot now lived in fear of my censure. This is another proof of the great respect which even the absolute rulers of those lands have for the judgment of Europeans. With all their bluster they still appear to have a secret dread of perhaps having done something wrong according to our views; so far is this feeling carried that they prefer to keep altogether from our knowledge such cases of capital punishment, as they do the practice of cannibalism.

In Bakangai's territory the products of the land were much the same as in the northern districts. Telebun corn and maize were here again more extensively grown than in Mangbattu Land. Of this I had sufficient proof in the excellent native beer, of

which the prince often sent me large vessels full. Bananas were also cultivated, besides sweet potatoes, pumpkins, and *Colocasia.* The oil-palm is not indigenous here, though Bakangai gets supplies from the east, and even sent me three vessels full.

But with all this abundance I still now and then fell back on termites by way of change, having through necessity acquired the taste at Ndoruma's. Anyhow I preferred it to elephant beef, the only meat available, especially as this was always high, though on that account not the less welcome to my people. At best it is very coarse, sinewy, and tough, the most delicate part being the trunk. But even this, as well as other game, unless the animal was young, had to be made palatable by much pounding, hacking, and suitable accompaniments. The feet also of the elephant have a large cushion of fat, while the muscles and other tissues are very tender and yield a fine jelly. Here may also be mentioned the smoked-fish, a species of silurus, which was obtainable at Bakangai's. When properly prepared and served with gourd-pips, it made a savoury meal. And just before leaving I was agreeably surprised to light upon some onions, which Osman Bedawi had left behind as seedlings, but of which the prince would make no use.

During our long conversations we touched upon all manner of topics. I naturally had at heart to explain the relations of the present Egyptian Government to the Negro states, and make clear the excellent intentions of Emin Bey (later Pasha) towards the local rulers, whom he proposed soon to visit. Unfortunately my humble efforts on behalf of the Khedival administration were fated to remain fruitless.

We exchanged visits daily, and Bakangai seldom left me without a few little presents, for which he always expressed himself very grateful. On one occasion he showed me some gifts he had received from the unfortunate Miani, amongst them some fine Venetian beads, on which he set great value. Amongst mine was a comfortable suit of white with bright-coloured facings, with wide scarf and turban to match, all specially prepared for him by my man Jumbe.

But what gave him most delight was unquestionably my

only burning-glass, which after much begging I was induced to part with. This I did all the more reluctantly that the fact of my "drawing fire from the sun" had always made my audience speechless with awe. In Bakangai's hands the glass, like the scissors afore-mentioned, was, of course, turned to mischievous practices. He quickly learnt how to handle it, and to his intense delight burnt holes in every shred of bark-cloth that came within its reach. He also focussed it on the attendants, and was hugely diverted when they suddenly withdrew their hand with a cry of pain.

Bakangai rewarded me in return with all manner of gifts for my ethnographic collection; amongst them were a Zandeh shield of wickerwork stuck with two throwing-knives (*pinga*), copper spear-heads, a large ivory trumpet—gifts altogether worthy of a great prince. I was specially interested in various objects of the A-Babua people, which I also received; one was a piece of cloth woven from fine bast fibre, the first specimen brought under my notice of a real textile industry amongst the southern and western tribes.

The wooden implements of these western peoples also differ greatly from those of the Zandehs and Mangbattus, and both here and later on my western travels excited my wonder and admiration. Bakangai gave me a little wooden A-Babua bench, covered with rich carvings. The wooden stools of these natives show a great variety of forms, and are nearly as large again as those of the Mangbattus. Their iron-wares also present distinct types, and of these I received knives, chains, an A-Makilli coronet, a necklace made with the teeth of the Nile monitor (varan, uaran, waran), long hair-pins of the most diverse forms, ivory rods for the pierced lobe of the ear in Mangbattu Land, leopards' teeth, and the like.

Meanwhile my envoys had returned with good tidings from Prince Kanna, eldest son of Kipa, to whose territory the Nubian trading caravans had never reached. Kanna now sent me some of his own people with the request to delay no longer, but come on at once; but if that could not be, he promised later to send me fresh messengers. The road eastwards was thus

secured, and nothing stood any longer in the way of my departure.

My stay with Bakangai had lasted from December 29th, 1881, to January 14th, 1882. During this period no rain fell, though a thunderstorm had passed over the land on January 9th. But after my departure rain came on the very next day at Akangai's. On the other hand sunset was always followed by heavy dews, which lasted all night, saturating everything. The nights themselves were distinctly cool. Unfortunately, having accidentally broken my thermometer, I was unable to make any records of temperature during this section of the journey till I reached Tangasi.

On January 14th we started somewhat late, this time, however, through no fault of the carriers, but through the thoughtful consideration of Bakangai, who entertained my attendants with a parting meal in his mbanga.

The route from Bakangai's to Kanna's lay eastwards through districts ruled by a number of Kipa's sons; but my first goal was still within Bakangai's territory, the station of his son Akangai. A rolling country stretches first between small streams, but it is soon followed by a distinctly hilly tract, formed by the southern spurs of the Manjema group, which flanks the north side of the route.

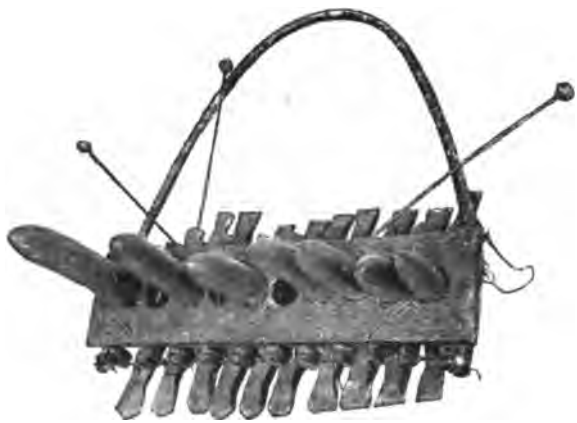
Although all these gneiss and granite rocks are only the last surviving fragments of mountain masses, the trend of former ranges can be clearly recognized in the uniform direction of the chains of hills, with slight deviations following the same direction from north to south as the primitive system. This main feature had already struck me north of Ndoruma's, later in the A-Madi hills, again in Mount Majuma, and in the Bongotu ridge; and I shall have to describe a similar conformation of the relief in the main ranges far to the east of the Manjema heights.

The woodlands also gradually increase in the same easterly direction, in contrast to the cultivated land of Bakangai. Thus the open grassy steppe grew continually more contracted, so that our route now mostly lay in the deep shade of high trees. But certain clearings in the forest were here inhabited by

Zandehs. At Akangai's I found comfortable quarters in roomy huts, and made arrangements for a short stay, as I wanted next day to scale Mount Manjema.

Here I was informed that farther on the Mapandi, some fifty yards broad, flows from the south to the Nawa, and that the peninsula formed by the confluence is occupied by Mount Momburae, and inhabited by the Maigo tribe, a branch of the Mangbattu family; further, that east of these are the A-Mombio, and south of the Mapandi river the A-Mombuttu and the A-Mango. Probably all these tribes, and many others reported to me by name, belong to the great Mangbattu family, and more immediately to the Maigo and Maeje branches, which we shall again meet farther east, and there study more conveniently. For the same reason I also omit for the present to describe the numerous A-Barmbo tribes dwelling north of our route as far as and beyond the Bomokandi. They are in-

THE MARIMBA, ZANDEH MUSICAL INSTRUMENT, SEEN FROM ABOVE.



THE SAME, SEEN FROM BELOW.

dicated on my detailed map in *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, Supplement Nos. 92 and 93.

North of Akangai's district, the Bomokandi appears to describe a bend round to the south, thereby approaching Mount Manjema. Unfortunately I was unable to carry out my intention to ascend it. When I awoke on the morning of January 15th it was raining, while near the mountain tall grass was reported, which they had promised to fire, but which had not been fired. Moreover, when I referred to the excursion, the people appointed to accompany me showed great reluctance to start.

So I passed the day in Akangai's mbanga, where a numerous audience had gathered to see my curiosities, and also wanted to hear the music. In return they gave me a very cordial reception. For hours I listened with real pleasure to the performance of two marimbas, a musical instrument widely diffused throughout Africa, and constructed on the principle of our modulated glass harmonicas, in which the keys are played with little sticks. With the Zandehs the loosely-attached keys are made of a kind of redwood, and under them are introduced bottle-shaped gourds of varying size as sounding-boards, replaced in other parts of Africa by earthen vessels. In playing the marimba four sticks are often simultaneously used, two with each hand, held firmly between the fingers at a calculated distance apart, so that four notes can be produced together. (See illustration.)

MANGBATTU WOODEN DRUMS AND TRUMPETS.

Many Zandehs play quite artistically on this instrument; and the harmonious performance of several playing in concert, with a range of notes from the softest touch to the loudest fortissimo, produces a really marvellous effect. The sound of the marimba is melodious, without producing any distinct and sustained melody. It resembles a softly flowing narrative, which every now and then rises to a passionate outburst—a narrative with a beginning, but with no definite conclusion, yet emitting no ear-splitting, jarring notes. Observers are amazed at this Negro music, so superior to the grating discord to which peoples of Arab culture for the most part treat their audience.

Akangai gave me two flat bell-shaped wooden drums provided with handles. These are made by the Mangbattus in sizes varying from one to two feet in diameter, and serve, combined with wind instruments, to complete the orchestra, especially at the entrance of chiefs into the station. Thus I was at last owner of a loud resounding native instrument, and henceforth never failed to announce our approach by much tam-taming, which added greatly to the solemnity of the procession. On these occasions my dragoman, Dembe-Dembe, blew the large ivory horn received from Bakangai, while my two little attendants beat the drums with a will and in excellent time.

Before my departure from Akangai's, on January 16th, Bakangai surprised me with a consignment of some poultry, and a vessel full of that much-esteemed native beer, a sure proof of his friendly feeling towards me.

Now the route trended south-eastwards through a thickly-peopled district, but owing to the numerous settlements on the line of march, we had to make many detours. For some time we continued still to traverse Zandeh territory, beyond which we passed various A-Barmbo tribes and Maigo colonies, until we, next day, reached the station of District-superintendent Ngua, a son of Bangoya, who is brother to Bakangai and Kanna, consequently also a son of Kipa.

An hour after leaving Akangai's, the Pokko, a considerable affluent of the Bomokandi, was crossed in boats. Although it was at the time low water, the stream was still about ten feet

deep and fifty yards wide; its high banks were fringed with shady vegetation, between which the peaceful current winded away north-westwards to the Bomokandi.

Beyond the Pokko, all the way to Ngua's, we crossed nothing but a few small tributaries of that river; the last, flowing in a deep trough, forms the east frontier of Bakangai's domain towards the part of Bangoya's territory administered by Ngua. The land presents a uniform rolling aspect, broken here and there by a few isolated heights and depressions. The road lay the whole way through shady woodlands, interrupted only by a few narrow clearings, which were occupied by settlements and cultivated ground. Owing to the lack of grass, the little huts are thatched with foliage, and at Ngua's I had to put up with one of these miniature dwellings.

But even here, in the solitude of the forest, no peace prevailed. Quite recently Kanna had waged a fierce war against the Mangbattu prince, Sanga Popo, with whom Mambanga had taken refuge, and who had also been visited by Captain Casati. In connection with these events, Bangoya had placed a contingent under his son Ngua, who during the hostilities lost many of his women, the Zandehs being usually accompanied to the wars by a number of their wives.

Bangoya's settlement not being far off, we started in that direction somewhat late next day, which gave the assembled crowd time to satisfy their curiosity respecting me. It is certainly in the long run somewhat trying to one's patience to have day after day to go through this routine work, exhibiting the same objects and performing the same music for the amusement of the natives. If you are ailing, the task becomes quite painful; and I can well understand how Miani, as was often related to me, in declining health roughly repelled the importunate crowds, and sought relief in solitude. My happiest hours were also those I passed away from the noisy multitude; nevertheless, I was always anxious to show consideration for the natural curiosity of the natives, this irksome duty being in fact one of the essential conditions of complete success.

After some trouble with our A-Barmbo carriers, a two hours'

march brought us to Bangoya's settlement. Here again are grouped more Zandehs, whose district is traversed by four little streams flowing to the Pokko. In Bangoya I made the acquaintance of a cheerful, genial soul, whose motto in life was evidently "Wine (beer), women, and song." A speedy departure was not to be thought of, for my friend considered himself in no way inferior to his brother Bakangai; he claimed to be an open-handed prince, and insisted on entertaining me, at all events for a few days. In many respects he showed to advantage over his Zandeh kinsmen, and often even spontaneously kept the people back to prevent them from troubling me. In fact I was soon captivated by the whole character of the man, and all the more readily consented to tarry a few days with him that I here obtained some clear information regarding the southern and more remote eastern districts, information afterwards confirmed by my own experience. I also discussed some political matters with Bangoya on behalf of the Government.

The Pokko, little over a mile off, was here only some thirty yards wide, but twelve or thirteen feet deep, though it had already fallen ten feet. The opposite bank is still occupied by Zandehs, succeeded farther south by A-Mbuma and A-Pongbo tribes. A wilderness, which takes several days to cross, separates them southwards from the A-Mango and A-Madombo, and farther east from the A-Maboli people. The Maeje and A-Madura also were again mentioned as dwelling in those remote parts. In Bangoya's northern provinces towards the Bomokandi, the A-Boddo branch of the Barmbo nation are governed by his three sons—Wando, Ndoruma, and Hiro.

Although not so spacious as Bakangai's, Bangoya's assembly-hall was still a stately structure, and here his subjects gathered to welcome me the day after my arrival. But the jovial prince got me away as soon as possible to the quarters of his women-folk, and, in the teeth of Zandeh custom, gave me the full run of the place. As a special token of regard, he also pressed his own rokko upon me, and loaded me with many other costly gifts, including a chimpanzee and a Mangbuttu angareb (couch) with massive ivory feet.

Bangoya had full information regarding the changes in the administration of the lands to the north of the Bomokandi, and

ZANDEH GUITAR, HARP AND RATTLES.

was aware that his brother Gansi, as the reader will remember, had recently been chosen by Hawash-Effendi to found a new state amongst the A-Barmbo people. On these matters, and on his own affairs, wishing to confer secretly with me, he frequently called late in the evening, when nobody was present except my interpreter, Dsumbe. He told me that owing to Bakangai's and Kanna's petty jealousies, his life was not safe in his present position, being in fact in a measure dependent on Kanna; hence his desire was to contract closer relations with the Government.

A QUIET NOOK.

At one time Bangoya had been appointed by his father, Kipa, administrator of the A-Mesima, A-Bukunda, A-Madunga, and other A-Barmbo tribes, whom I had visited at the time of my journey to the Zandeh prince, Mambanga. Now, as Gansi had acquired a more commanding position as administrator of the Mangbattus, it was also Bangoya's earnest wish again to occupy his former domain as a vassal of the Egyptian Government. He urged me to press this matter on the authorities; this I undertook to do, as there seemed to be nothing objectionable in

the arrangement, the execution of which might even prove advantageous to the suzerain power.

But Bangoya was a troubadour as well as a politician. Reclining on his couch in the mbanga, he was wont to recite, in a half-singing, half-narrative tone, the history of his actual or fanciful experiences, accompanying the recitation with the Zandeh *kundi*, an instrument something between a harp and a guitar (see illustration). And I listened with real enjoyment to the royal bard's minstrelsy, which transported me back to long-vanished times, when doubtless his forefathers also recited in the same way the events of their lives. Bangoya's theme was the might and majesty, the distant journeys and warlike expeditions of his father, Kipa, whose death was bemoaned in soft, subdued notes. Expression was also given to his inward sentiments on current events, special reference being made to the lands north of the Bomokandi, where the Zandehs formerly, and Gansi again recently, held sway over the A-Barmbo nation.

In this narrow hut at Bangoya's I suffered much at night from mosquitoes, and even from rats, which penetrated into my sleeping-room, swarming among the boxes and capering about my bed. During the sultry hours of the day, however, I found compensation in a cosy little nook, embowered in creepers and shady trees, whither I daily withdrew to post up my note-books. Thus the time passed quietly enough, and on January 21st I was already again under way, marching north-eastwards in the direction of Gandua's, another son of Kipa. Beyond Bangoya's district, which we had reached in an hour, there followed many hours trudging along an uninhabited region, within which lies the imperceptible water-parting between streams flowing south to the Pokko and north to the Bomokandi. The carriers wanted to leave me at the huts of one of Gandua's sons, but on my threatening to return to Bangoya's, they resumed their loads. They were evidently unaccustomed to such work, for although the loads were relatively very light, they were mostly carried each by two persons, who slung them on poles or on their shoulders.

The road to Gandua's also traversed continuous forest, and

tarily cast a glance at the surroundings of the poor-looking habitations. Still, I mentally concluded that perhaps he had been unable to build any new huts since the just-concluded war with Sanga Popo, in which he had come off second-best, and lost many of his people. Later, however, I heard of certain very old-fashioned Zandeh customs, which were here still kept up by Kanna in all their primitive simplicity. They have special reference to a mystic cultus paid by the eldest son of a dynasty to his deceased father.

Scarcely ten years had elapsed since Kanna's father, Kipa, had died during an expedition to the Mabode Land, and the body having, in accordance with ancient usage, been burnt at the time, the ashes were still preserved in a casket. Kanna kept jealous watch over these relics, for which a special hut was set apart, and, as if he were still alive, he had his own mbanga, in which the people gathered from time to time. It further appeared that the place I had now reached was, in fact, Kipa's mbanga, which, since the recent outbreak of hostilities with Sanga, had been removed here.

By order of Kanna the produce of the chase and other provisions had been deposited near the relics, as offerings and food for the dead, and all these things were left to decay; even slaves were immolated after any warlike expedition, and also left to rot on the ground. Kanna believed, since the unfortunate issue of the war with Sanga, that he had incurred Kipa's displeasure, and also feared to cause him fresh offence, should he omit to keep me for a few days at his father's mbanga; but his own residence lay already behind us, away to the west.

The gifts presented by me on that and the following days were also for a time deposited in Kipa's mbanga, and then removed and appropriated by Kanna. He explained to me that, according to the utterances of the *baenge* (oracle), we should set out for his station. The delay was somewhat relieved by the present of a white buck-goat, which gave us an unwonted supply of fresh meat for the next few days. The animal came from the east, for in all the lands I had hitherto traversed since leaving the Dinka territory, neither cattle, goats, nor sheep are bred.

The first night I never closed my eyes, tormented by the swarms of rats and myriads of fleas, and also by a renewal of the troublesome irritation of the skin and inflammation, resembling nettle-fever. So in the morning I had the hut turned inside out. Manioc-leaves were supposed to be a specific against fleas, and I often found them really serviceable. A bundle is pounded in a wooden trough and mixed with water, with which the floor is then sprinkled and thoroughly swept. Possibly, however, the manioc-leaves may act only mechanically, for on later journeys, when they could not be procured, I found that fresh grass, chopped and well watered, answered the purpose equally well.

In those southern lands the rats are a far worse plague than in the north. My shoes, all leatherware, and many other things were damaged by them, and had to be hung up to the roof at night; but even so the voracious beasts often found their way down the string to these dainties.

Kanna was far from betraying the lively interest in my curiosities that Bakangai had shown; yet he had never even come in contact with the Arab caravans, hence had seen far less of foreign things than his brother. He was altogether a more dignified ruler, of a morose, reserved disposition, never unbending or showing a friendly side of his character even to his immediate circle. Yet he put me many searching questions on our European lands, for he lacked neither intelligence nor judgment.

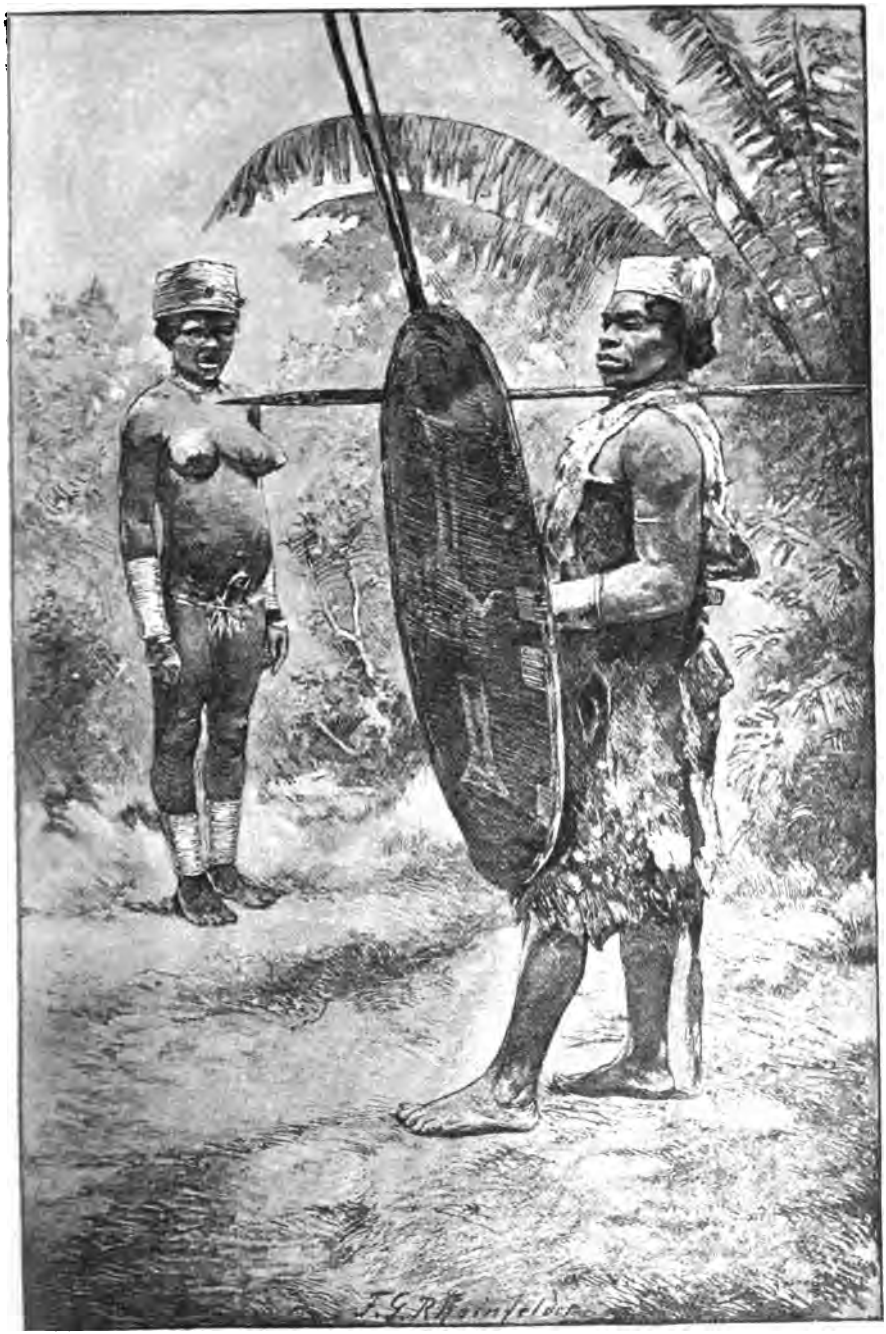
Our intercourse, however, continued to be restrained, and he even gave me cause for much dissatisfaction. My plan was to push still eastwards as far as Sanga Popo's, and then turn north to the Tangasi station. Hence I wanted to send off messengers as soon as possible to Sanga, and although Kanna had promised me some, he broke his word, and all my protests led to nothing. I had, however, at least a good opportunity of observing many peculiar practices not commonly seen amongst all Zandeh tribes. For instance, whenever the prince yawned, or coughed, or hemmed, the whole assembly shouted in concert, apparently in the spirit of the "God bless you," or "Prosit," uttered in various parts of Europe when any one happens to sneeze.

At last the oracle seemed favourable, for it was settled that we should leave Kipa's mbanga on January 29th. Kanna's station was only an hour to the west, and here I was soon comfortably housed. I had already given Kanna all kinds of presents, and now he set his heart on my camp-stool; but having only one, I could not part with it, so he decided to have one made after my model. Some people were set to work under my instructions, Kanna himself taking a hand in the operations. When all the parts were finished, I was able to put them together; but the workmanship was so rough that the result was not exactly a folding-chair, for it would not fold up. However, the main point was achieved, for at any rate it could be sat upon.

Unfortunately the general satisfaction at this triumph was soon marred by gastronomic complications, for Kanna kept us short of supplies, and I had also to complain that after five days' waiting no messengers had yet been sent to Sanga. He had, of course, all sorts of excuses, could not trust Sanga, feared for me, and Sanga had also prevented Casati from coming hither, nor could the carriers convey the things so far, and so on. In short, he insisted on my taking the northern road to Bauli's, to whom he would send messengers. This was anyhow unnecessary, for Bauli was dependent on the Tangasi administration; however, I decided to set out in that direction in a few days.

January had been almost a rainless month, while heavy dews fell almost every night; but on January 31st we had warnings of the approaching wet season. The hitherto clear, cloudless sky became overcast, thunder was heard rumbling in the distance, and in the evening there was a light shower. On February 2nd I was awakened by the pattering rain, and the people soon began to sow their fields.

Since the war with Sanga, Kanna had removed his residence from the district north of the Telli to its present site; hence it had still an unfinished look, and the assembly-hall, good huts, and everything that proclaims the greatness of a Negro ruler, had yet to be built. But, on the other hand, Kanna's boasted power had really entered a period of decline. He admitted himself that he had suffered great losses by the war with Sanga, for the



ZANDEH WARRIOR AND WIFE.
(*From a photograph by R. Buchta.*)

A-Bissanga and Maeje tribes had passed from his allegiance to that of Sanga, or to that of Mambanga, who had settled down in his vicinity.

It further appeared that the brothers of Kanna visited by me stood in very loose relationship to him, as did also his other brothers farther east, as well as Kipa's brothers, who also administered various provinces of the old kingdom. In time of war they doubtless rendered him the military service required of vassals; but in other respects they sought to maintain their independence with all the proud arrogance of descendants or heirs of Kipa. Kanna expressed himself frankly enough on these relations, and even harboured the fear that many were plotting against his life. "Bangoya," he remarked, "is a chief who holds to-day with me, to-morrow with Bakangai."

In fact, I found myself, after my departure for the Bomokandi, that in all this he was quite right, and, to my own disadvantage, I discovered how greatly Kanna's influence over his subjects had decreased. On the other hand, I found that the relations of Bakangai and many of his other brothers were established on a much more satisfactory footing. Kanna had really many enemies. Speaking of his attitude towards the Mangbattu administration, he protested that he was falsely accused of fostering hostile feelings against the Government. He certainly objected to Arab expeditions into his territory; but he was always ready to forward the ivory himself to the Bomokandi, and enter into direct trading relations with the northern stations. Still he would never make war against the Nubians, for his father, Kipa, had already warned him against such a course.

At Kanna's I received a letter from Casati, with enclosures from Bohndorff. The document had wandered about a good deal, and at last reached me from Gansi. Bohndorff wrote that Sassa had not taken sufficient care of him and the people, whereas Zemio had repeatedly urged him to remove the station to his district, and this he had now done, taking all the loads with him. Casati warned me against going to Sanga Popo's, for he himself had been prevented by this Mangbattu prince from returning to Tangasi for two full months.

To make Kanna more accommodating, I added gifts to gifts, including some of the best things in my possession, such as a fine large hunting-knife, and one of my few many-bladed tortoise-shell pocket-knives. He always seemed to go off well pleased, yet despite everything constantly broke his word, refused my smallest requests, and often left us absolutely without food. He also delayed my departure, giving out that his people had gone to the Pokko elephant-hunting, but that on their return I should start.

All this enraged me, and once I showed my displeasure so unmistakably that the same evening he sent us bananas, with a quantity of batatas, enough to last some ten days. Of the specimens of the local industries received from him, the most remarkable was a fine ivory mortar, with four feet, on a stand, the whole made of a single piece. He also gave me two *pingas* (throwing-knives) of peculiar form, adding that his father, Kipa, had long worn them in his shield.

Kanna's immediate territory stretched northwards to the Bomokandi, some two days' march still to the east, and southwards to the river Pokko. Besides Zandehs, it was inhabited by divers A-Barmbo tribes, forming an enclave by themselves, and fragments of numerous other southern peoples, including even some scattered A-Madi groups. The reader is already aware that in recent times the A-Bissanga and Maeje tribes had left this region.

Ten adult sons of Kanna rule as many separate districts; but he was badly informed of the relations in the southern lands, for, like Bangoya, he undertook no expeditions beyond his own frontiers. The sources of the Pokko lay to the east-south-east, where the A-Bissanga were reported to have settled, while the region beyond the Pokko was supposed to be an uninhabited wilderness. I again heard of the river Nawa, and I was later able to verify other reports during my south-eastern wanderings on the Nepoko river.

Far more interesting were the historical data supplied by Kipa's brother, Bagbilli, a tall, robust figure, advanced in years, with a full, long white beard. As already stated, the Zandeh

aristocracy springs from the two lines of Mabenge and Tombo, both sons of Ngurra II. The present descendants of Mabenge were confined to the possessions north of the Welle, whereas in the course of years Tombo's line had also spread southwards beyond the Welle.

The original Zandeh territory before the formation of the two dynasties, say some five generations back, lay, according to my informant, on the lower course of the Mbomu, and reached eastwards and southwards to the Werre confluence. Mabenge's conquering expeditions were directed more to the east, while Tombo reduced the tribes dwelling along the south bank of the Welle-Makua ; but it was reserved for his son Ndeni to secure a firm footing amongst the A-Babua people, and found a new home, where he died.

Then the descendants of Mangi, one of Ndeni's brothers, remained in possession of the home territory, while Ndeni's son, Kipa, advanced eastwards with his brothers, and, with my informant Bagbilli himself, crossed the lower course of the Bomokandi, reduced the A-Barmbo, and for several years established himself in the territory at that time belonging to Kamsa. He successively subdued all the eastern A-Barmbo tribes as far as the frontier of Mangbattu Land, and at first waged war also with Mambanga's father, Sadi, but penetrated no farther in that direction.

In the reduced provinces Kipa set up his sons as vassals, and thereafter undertook fresh wars, this time towards the south. Now he crossed the Bomokandi in that direction, conquered the A-Barmbo who had taken refuge in those parts, as well as many other tribes, and here also appointed his sons as lieutenants, while he himself continued to conduct new expeditions. On one of these occasions they reached the "Obae," a system of marshy tracts draining to the Nepoko, and the statements regarding which I was myself later able to verify. Along the route from Kanna's territory to that region I met the Maigo, Mabode, and Mangballe peoples, and crossed the Nawa, here a small stream, consequently near its source. But south of the Mangballe, the Angbaedae are said to dwell, and westwards

the already-mentioned Edio, in a district far to the south of their original homes.

Kipa, popularly known also by the names of Tikima, Ngurra, and Mbelia, lived and died, as above stated, in Mabode Land. I may here add that Bakangai enumerated to me as many as fifty-four sons of Kipa, not including the youngest, who were unknown even to Bakangai himself.

After a ten days' stay at Kanna's we started, on February 6th, northwards, and marched without stopping all the way to Ngelia's, a younger brother of Kanna's. A slight depression had brought us gradually down to the valley of the Telli, here still twenty-five yards wide, but only eighteen inches deep, and enclosed by low banks. As far as this river, whose sources lie eastwards in Maigo Land, we had crossed two wooded brooklets, and five more thence northwards to Ngelia's. Nearly all these streams south of the Bomokandi, as well as many flowing from the south to the Welle, lack the steep-terraced banks so characteristic of the northern rivers, and especially of those belonging to the Nile-Welle water-parting.

But the wooded districts south of the Bomokandi are also free from swampy margins, to the great relief of the traveller, and the brooks often flow along sandy beds. Hence, compared with the routes through tall dripping grass in the wet season, or across the shadeless steppes, I confess that I greatly enjoyed the expedition through the northern parts of the vast forest region which caused Stanley and his followers so much trouble during the Emin Relief Expedition. I travelled, however, in the relatively driest season, and the districts traversed by us were well peopled, and consequently provided with beaten tracks; nor had I to provide for the wants of hundreds of people, which is always the greatest difficulty in travelling.

By this time the timber that had been felled for fresh clearings being perfectly dry, was fired on the spot where it lay. Hence charred masses were strewn along the path to Ngelia's, who gave us a very unfriendly welcome. He roundly abused Kanna for sending the carriers to him, for he was poor and powerless to provide others in their place. Kanna, he also complained,

had taken his women from him; but he was careful, however, to explain that against me personally he bore no grudge, but only against Kanna.

His temper had evidently not been sweetened by an unsuccessful three days' elephant-hunt, from which he had just returned — the great sharp-pointed spears were still leaning against the trees round about. In these wooded districts the elephant is pursued only with the spear, or taken in pitfalls.

Ngelia placed a hut at my disposal for the night, but there was nothing to eat, and my attendants had to put up with my scanty supplies, or go hungry to bed. Next morning we started under an overcast sky without even waiting for the full complement of carriers; so Dembe-Dembe remained behind with a few loads, and rejoined us later. The goal of the day's march was Gammu's, one of Kanna's sons; but the carriers had to be changed no less than three times, causing much delay and annoyance, and even so some of the packs, including my angareb and night things, remained behind, so that I had to take my rest on some boxes placed side by side.

North of Ngelia's the land as far as Gammu's was partly hilly, and here the continuous woodlands began more and more to fall off. The numerous streams, all small, flow northwards to the Telli; but Gammu's settlement lay on the water-parting and the few brooks crossed the last day on the line of march to the Bomokandi are tributaries of that river.

In the immediate possessions of the suzerain chief, his sons enjoyed more power and governed larger districts than their uncles and Kipa's brothers. I stayed over February 8th at Gammu's to wait for the things left behind. My plan now was to reach Bauli's by the shortest northern route. But the carriers made a great round to the east, and in Liwanga's district they left me in the lurch, although they had engaged to take the loads as far as the Bomokandi; so fresh hands had to be procured, and thus the river was reached at last.

North of Liwanga's the ground sloped gradually down to the Bomokandi, and wide prospects could now be commanded, for here we began to leave the wooded tracts behind us; near the river we again met the grassy plains, which for over a month

had nowhere been seen. The oil-palm also again made its appearance in continuous groves, while the laterite formation elsewhere prevailing gave place to a gray sandy clay in the river valley.

Here the Bomokandi was some one hundred and twenty-five yards wide and five feet deep, flowing between wooded and partly flat banks. Numerous small reefs rose above the surface, now at its lowest level, and behind a bend of the river to the east the rocks formed distinctly audible rapids. The owners of the boats, the A-Miaro branch of the A-Barmbo people, transported us, baggage and all, to the opposite side.

Here Kipa's son, Sebu, had recently established himself in order to be independent of Kanna, who, as Sebu also complained, took away their power and property from his brothers, and advanced his own sons. As the land had only just been occupied, we could not hope for much to eat, and some immature batatas had to satisfy my people. Sebu was thinking of entering into closer relations with the Mangbattu administration, but complained that Bauli had already attacked him and kidnapped some of his women.

Next day the route north of the Bomokandi trended north-north-westwards, and from the first traversed a fine picturesque district, hilly and even mountainous, close to the river bank. Here sloping escarpments, or bare precipitous crags, skirted the stream, which flowed perhaps one hundred feet lower down, and occasional glimpses of which lent animation to the scene. Farther on followed more uniform rolling land, where, however, the path was obstructed by scrub, underwood, and even tall growths, often obliging us to get through in a stooping attitude.

Then the carriers lost their bearings, so that a long search had to be made for the next station, Massumbu's settlement. Massumbu was also a son of Kipa, and, actuated by the same motives as Sebu, had migrated hither with his following. Despite his momentary distress, he did his best to make us comfortable, procuring not only manioc porridge for our people, but also even merissa. My nightly quarters, however, were wretched, the hut being small and full of fleas, so that I was up with dawn, and sat reading an ancient newspaper in the light of my little oil-lamp.

SYLVAN LANDSCAPE ON THE NORTH BANK OF THE BOMOKANDI
(*Drawn by L. H. Fischer.*)

Similar experiences awaited me next night at Gabidda's station, on the way to which more patches of forest were again traversed. As on the first days, the streamlets still continued tributary to the Bomokandi; but all were very small, the Klima alone at Gabidda's being fifteen yards wide. Here we entered Bauli's domain.

Bauli himself had advanced to meet me in Gabidda's district, though I did not reach his station till next day, February 12th. During the last section of the route the land was again more free of forest, which was here confined to the river-banks, with lightly wooded savannahs in the intervening tracts. Bauli was a son of Kipa's brother Mangi, who had taken possession of the territory north of the Bomokandi and held it against the Mangbattu people.

But as the power of his own sons had vanished after Kipa's death, Bauli also was no longer what his father Mangi had been. The family wranglings of the younger generation had dismembered the empire, and Bauli had lived in constant feuds with Kipa's posterity. Hence a few years previously Abd-Allah—the same who had recently fallen in the war with Mambanga—had found it an easy task to reduce Bauli, and in his territory establish the Arab settlement passed by me farther on.

I tarried two days with Bauli, giving myself up to absolute repose, revelling in the luxury of a new hut free from vermin. Here also we enjoyed a change of diet. For weeks together my fare had mostly been chicken cooked with manioc-leaves or gourd-pips, or else manioc-tubers. But now Bauli brought me dried fish and eggs, to which an Arab from the station added well-baked kisra bread. But the times were unpropitious; the small stores of corn had partly been consumed down to that reserved for next season's crop, and other supplies had also been damaged in the war with Kanna.

Towards the east and north Bauli's district forms the frontier between Mangbattu Land and the extensive southern Zandeh domain; eastwards lay the land ruled formerly by Munsa, at present by Niangara, while to the north stretched Mambanga's territory, at present administered by the Zandeh prince Mbittima. Bauli's subjects were mainly Zandehs.

It may here be remarked that the typical Zandeh character prevails everywhere, amongst those dwelling north of the Welle, as well as amongst these southern branches. Contact with foreign peoples had, however, already given rise to certain differences. Thus the southerners had adopted the delicately-plaited frontal band of their neighbours, while the women affected the towering top-knot of their Mangbattu sisters.

Unlike the A-Barmbo, the Zandehs are not split into numerous sub-tribes, but form a few distinct castes based on descent, and they often bear the names of these castes. Such are the already-mentioned Edio people. But the most numerous caste are the Embeli, and to these belong most of the Zandehs dwelling south of the Welle, and in the eastern districts north of that river, as, for instance, Wando. The Embeli wear, by way of distinction, a finely-punctured square tattoo-mark in the region of the temples and on the forehead above the root of the nose.

Shortly before my departure it happened that an elephant got wounded by one of those heavy spears, which are never hurled except from the vantage-ground of a high tree, and then often with fatal effect. In the present case, however, the spear had struck a bone and got bent, so that the animal escaped.

The Arab settlement lay two hours from Bauli's on our route to the east. Soon after setting out we passed Mangi's former residence, where nothing was now to be seen except a great signal drum lying weathered and winded in the dank grass. The path again began to be obstructed by swamps. In the little station we found a garrison consisting of the superintendent, eight Arabo-Nubians, and thirty Sudanese soldiers. Our reception was more friendly than at the time when I arrived from Mambanga's. We were well entertained, and even received supplies for the march on the same day to chief Munduggus.

Here the land is broken, hilly and rolling, with numerous little swampy streams, of which the Pali alone, here ten yards wide, calls for mention. Near the station ran Bauli's eastern frontier, beyond which we entered the district of a small group of the Niapu tribe, under the chief and dragoman, Munduggu. As already stated, the Niapu are allied in speech to the A-Madi. The district station is on a flat-topped eminence, commanding

an extensive view of the broken country away to the west and south. At its foot stretched a miry swamp, which, however, we were able to cross over a causeway constructed of logs bound fast together. Meanwhile the route had been continually diverging from the Bomokandi (here called the Baepi), and generally approaching the Bomokandi-Welle water-parting.

February 16th, after a long struggle through swampy ground, brought us at last to Tangasi. As many as fourteen watercourses had to be crossed, and in some places the carriers had literally to dig the ass out of the tenacious mud. Many of the streams had been dammed to capture the fish, and all of them flowed to the Endingba, on the east bank of which stands the station. Since my last residence in Mangbattu Land it had been removed an hour farther to the west, where the Endingba trends south-westwards to the north bank of the Bomokandi. Open rolling ground stretches between the watercourses, which are here again fringed with the characteristic belts of forest growths.

Owing to the frequent plundering expeditions traversing this district, the settlements of the Mangbattu, A-Bangba, and Niapu peoples all lay some distance from the main route. Tangasi was reached somewhat unexpectedly, though the large trumpet and the vigorous tam-taming on my new drum soon made the station look alive. Captain Casati had taken up his quarters here, and soon after our arrival we found ourselves once more seated comfortably chatting together.

ZANDEH PINGA (THROWING-KNIVES).

WAR-DRUM AT NIANGARA'S.

CHAPTER II.

TANGASI; JOURNEY THROUGH KUBBI TO THE EAST, AND BACK TO KUBBI.

Local Events—Casati's Journey to Bakangai's—Departure from Tangasi—At Niangara's—Gadda-Bomokandi Water-parting—Inhabitants—Strained Relations between Niangara and Gambari—Raphia Palms—Forest Fire—Gambari's Residence—Kubbi—Departure—At Mbaiga's—A-Bangba Dwellings—Source of the Gadda—Kibali-Bomokandi Water-parting—Hostilities at Bangusa's—River Obu—At Makongo's—Mount Eggi—At Kodabo's—Momfu Dance—To Gumbali's—Farthest South-east Point of the Journey at Majegbae's—Distance from farthest North-east Point on Stanley's Route—Mount Embu—Raids in Momfu Land—The Eastern Lands—The Momfu People—Back to Gango—Kubai Mountains—Return through Dingba—Lost in the Woods—Back in Kubbi.

AT Tangasi, which had been rebuilt by order of Bahit Bey, greater order prevailed than in the previous Arabo-Nubian settlement; its clean, roomy huts were doubly prized by me after the wretched quarters I had to put up with during the last few months. Tangasi was now also a military post, most of the regular troops, originally from Makaraka Land, being stationed here under the Sudanese officer, Farag Aga, while the rest were distributed between the two eastern stations of Kubbi and Gango. There were certainly some Arabs and dragomans amongst the

officials; but many of the Nubians had been obliged to leave the district, and others had been removed, especially since the foundation of new stations in A-Barmbo Land and elsewhere. Bahit Bey had since then returned to Makaraka Land, while Hawash Effendi still remained, making rounds of inspection, and just now was staying at Kubbi.

Things had altogether greatly improved since my first visit to Tangasi, and I now met with a friendly reception, though possibly more through fear than affection. Although there was nothing in the way of a long-contemplated journey to the east, I was desirous before starting to work out the results of the last excursion, and also spend a little more time with Casati. From Emin Bey a little box had arrived full of newspapers, amongst others some numbers of the *Times*, *Illustrated London News*, *Fliegende Blätter*, and *Vienna Press*; so there was no lack of sensational reading, which was made more enjoyable by two packets of good tobacco accompanying the periodicals.

MAJOR GAETANO CASATI.

Emin himself had departed for Khartum, and I regretted not seeing him all the more that I had now contracted so many relations with the chiefs, and had acquired such a thorough knowledge of the land, that my verbal reports could not fail to be useful.

Letters from Giegler Pasha at Khartum and from Lupton

Bey, Gessi's successor in the Bahr el-Ghazal province, informed me of the current report, which unfortunately had also reached Europe, that I had been completely plundered by Ndoruma. The Government officials now generously proffered me their aid, which fortunately I did not need. All I asked of Lupton Bey was an ass, to be sent from Dem Soliman to Zemio's, and instructions to Rafai Aga, superintendent of the western province, to further my plans for a future expedition to that region.

GIOVANNI MIANI.

Meanwhile many pleasant hours were spent in lively conversation with Casati. Amongst other things he mentioned his compulsory stay at Sanga Popo's, and I may here anticipate events by stating that during my next expedition Casati also visited Bakangai and Kanna, returning thence to Tangasi.

Here also I may set right a point in the map illustrating the travels of our unfortunate predecessor, Giovanni Miani. This explorer had accompanied an Arab expedition from Munsa's to Mangi's, and had then gone north by a route parallel with the Bomokandi, as Casati and I had also done. But the expedition crossed this river in the territory at that time ruled by Sebbu, somewhere about the same place where I also crossed

[1] See *Il Viaggio di Giovanni Miani al Monbuttu*, &c. Rome, 1875.

it after leaving Kanna's, and he then continued his journey along the south bank to Bakangai's. Then, on his return northwards, he again crossed the Bomokandi, here already a large river, and thus again reached Munsa's district by about the same route that Casati followed to Bakangai's.

But in his report Miani speaks of only "one great river," without naming it, the reference certainly being to the Bomokandi, not to the Welle, which during that expedition was not crossed. When, however, after his death, the map of his route was constructed, the Welle was wrongly substituted for the Bomokandi, and thus the whole journey was shifted far to the north. The mistake was easily made, owing to the scanty details left by Miani, through no fault of his own. Already in his sixty-second year, he was worn-out by the hardships of his long wanderings, and a few weeks later in the same year, 1872, he died alone and abandoned at Munsa's residence in Mangbattu Land.

I stayed altogether eight days at Tangasi, starting again on February 25th, 1882, but getting no farther than Prince Niangara's, from whom I was to obtain a supply of carriers. The road ran eastwards by the old Tangasi station formerly visited by me, but of which nothing now remained except the smooth ground on which the huts had stood and a few stakes. Niangara's station, on the contrary, still crowned the well-known eminence, though the residence was abandoned, not a soul being left to guard the empty huts. All were off to the *karanga* (field operations), itself a striking proof of the security that now prevailed in the land; it was evident enough that things got seldom stolen from the huts.

I sent off my attendants to look up Niangara, but I soon hit upon a better plan to get the people back. There stood the great war-drum alone and abandoned; why not awaken its threatening voice? My little Binsa was presently pounding away at the huge instrument with such effect that the nearest residents soon came ready armed storming up the hill. But all was soon resolved in a general shout of jubilation, for the Negro understands a joke and takes it in good part. Niangara, however, was too far off; and as I had stopped the tam-taming

in order not to create too much alarm, he did not turn up till the evening.

Our next goal was the little intermediate station of Soliman, but during the following days the route continued to run nearly due east by the station of Kubbi. The district presented the general aspect of a slightly-wooded steppe. All the streams crossed by us flowed in broad, flat valleys, such as are easily transformed to marshes. They ran in the opposite direction to the western watercourse, for the eminence occupied by Niangara's residence forms the water-parting between the Gadda and Bomokandi basins. Those crossed as far as Tangasi are tributary to the Bomokandi, while those lying east from Niangara's all run north to the Gadda. The last before reaching Soliman's is the Aelu, which is fifteen yards wide, and which collects numerous rivulets on its way to the Gadda. In this direction Niangara's district is bounded by the eastern limit of the Aelu basin beyond Soliman, while it extends north to the Gadda and south to the Bomokandi.

As already stated, the inhabitants are partly A-Bangba, who, after the flight of a section of the Mangbattu nation, migrated under Niangara southwards to this district, partly a number of other broken tribes, who have also founded settled homes in the country. On the march to Soliman I even met a Zandeh colony, and north of the route besides A-Bangba some Niapu people were also said to dwell, and south of it some A-Bissanga and Momfu groups.

As in all districts frequented by the Arabo-Nubians, the native populations had here also withdrawn from the main route. Hence extensive tracts seemed uninhabited, although the district is really well peopled. A branch of the Maigo tribe are settled at Soliman; they are akin to the Mangbattu, and their head-quarters lie south of the Bomokandi.

But although the country was generally well settled, after the first day we entered a really uninhabited tract, and next night again pitched our tents in a wilderness on the banks of the Tirro. That this district, however, had also been formerly occupied was evident from the abandoned plantations, where cultivated species

had again run wild, intermingling with other growths in a general chaos of exuberant vegetation. In such places, originally chosen for their sunny aspects, there was always a great wealth of climbers and trailers, and the many-coloured foliage of ipomœa (a genus of *convolvulaceæ*) was everywhere conspicuous. These forsaken grounds are very characteristic, forming continuous and often very dense thickets, which it is extremely difficult to penetrate.

Owing to the standing feuds between Prince Niangara in the western and Gambari in the eastern provinces, both set up by the Arabs, the natives had gradually withdrawn more and more from the intervening territory. Much bad blood still prevailed between the chiefs that had risen to power since Munsa's death. Some of these—as, for instance, Gambari, an A-Bangba and son of a smith named Aleku—were not of aristocratic birth, but upstarts brought to the front under Arab influences.

Gambari, at first a dragoman and a creature of the Arabs, had supported their infamous dealings, and thus got appointed ruler of the eastern district. He had much "blood-guiltiness" on his conscience, for which he had been imprisoned for a year by Gessi Pasha in the Bahr el-Ghazal province. But he had recently been reinstated by Emin Bey, and we reached his extensive domain the day after encamping on the Tirro.

During the long march we crossed many streams flowing to the Au, a river in its upper course as copious as the Gadda. The Au was crossed on the march from the Tirro to Makassa's, a brother of Gambari, at a point where it was twenty yards wide and still five feet deep. Next day, on the way to Kubbi, we crossed the Gadda itself, which collects all the other small watercourses of that district.

Here the fringe of fluvial vegetation is often much narrower than elsewhere; a characteristic plant is the raphia-palm, but only as a bush covering extensive spaces. With the central ribs of its feathery leaves, often over sixteen feet long, the Mangbattus make elegant firmly-wickered benches, remarkable for their extraordinary durability and lightness. The foliage, as already stated, also supplies excellent material for the construction of huts. The

steppe fires often cause vast havoc to the surrounding raphia-groves, and one of these half-charred thickets obstructed our march at the Tirro. The same evening I myself beheld the grand spectacle of such a conflagration. My people had fired the thicket at some distance from the camp, and as the sun approached the western horizon, dense black-gray volumes of smoke rose aloft, darkening the sky exactly like heavy rain-charged tropical clouds. The solar disc, hitherto glowing with a clear effulgence, became veiled in a murky shadow, and a pale gloaming was diffused over the immediate environment. The confused roar, intermingled with the sharp crackling of the half-withered, half-fresh palm thicket, produced an impressive and even anxious effect on the observer, who felt his own helplessness in the presence of such a mighty force.

Despite the conflagration, the night of February 27th passed on the banks of the Tirro was one of the coolest I had experienced in that region, for before dawn the thermometer fell as low as 53° 6′ F. Next day we reached Makassa's residence, which was surrounded by an oil-palm grove. Here we found excellent accommodation, carefully-built dwellings, and good fare. Makassa spoke Arabic fluently, for he had been long in the service of the Mohammedans. Messengers were at once sent off to Hawash Effendi at Kubbi to report my arrival there next day. My dragoman, Dembe-Dembe, whom I had despatched from Tangasi to Mbittima's with a letter for Bohndorff, had already returned with the important news that Bobeli, Mambanga's ally and rival of Buru, had fallen in battle, and that his body had been brought to Buru's station in proof of the fact. Many of the A-Bissanga were also reported to have returned to their former territory in Mambanga's country, and acknowledged Mbittima's suzerainty.

Soon after leaving Makassa's we reached the Gadda, the small size of which, compared with its volume at its junction with the Kibali-Welle, is explained by the copious contributions it receives farther down through the Aelu and Au from the south, and the Tobbo from the north. Envoys from Gambari met us on the way, and guided us to the upstart's residence, where I also found Hawash Effendi. The Government station lay some twenty

minutes farther on; but we put up at Gambari's, and were brilliantly entertained with genuine Arab hospitality. Here we were treated to the excellent *bilbil*, a sweetish and exhilarating drink resembling beer, and peculiar to the North Sudanese. Like merissa, it is brewed from sorghum, not, however, as merissa is, by the cold process, but by boiling and subsequent fermentation. It is of a brownish colour and turbid, and according to our taste not preferable to the Zandeh beer made of eleusine corn.

Through his long association with the Arabo-Nubians, whose customs and dress he had adopted, Gambari had lost much of his national character, and might in fact be taken for a half-caste Arab. My old acquaintance, Hawash, gave me a very cordial welcome, and we were soon busily engaged relating each other's experiences since our last meeting.

Gambari's settlement stood on an eminence, from which I had a view towards the south-east of Iddu, the first noteworthy mountain in that region. I was really surprised at the spacious assembly-hall, a light, graceful structure decorated with dozens of long, broad boards suspended in the interior, and covered with rough designs painted in black.

After a few hours' stay, Hawash and Gambari conducted us to the military station of Kubbi, where I stopped two days before proceeding farther east. Gambari's territory extended southwards beyond the Bomokandi to Momfu Land, where was situated the dependent station of Mbelia under the administration of Gambari's brother, Arama. Still farther south the country was held by the independent Mangbattu prince, Sanga Mombele, whose territory bordered on the Nepoko.

I had heard so much of this river—which, however, none of my informants had ever seen—that I naturally felt most anxious to visit it, and all the more that, according to my information, it seemed evidently to form part of a water system quite distinct from the Welle-Makua. So I decided to make an excursion to Mbelia, and proceed thence to Sanga Mombele's, and thus work round from the south back to Tangasi. But in any case I intended first to complete the already-planned circular journey

to the south-east, and return to Kubbi before starting for the Nepoko.

Meanwhile there were some unpleasant official matters to discuss with Hawash and Gambari. Since his recent reinstatement, Gambari, acting under Emin Bey's orders, had restored to their homes a few hundred slaves, whom Emin had set free in the Rôl province, and who had been brought originally from Mangbattu Land. Many, however, were still detained, and at the request of the authorities I now brought this subject forward. Many of the slaves in question were subjects of Niangara, Gambari's deadly enemy; and besides this cause of contention, rivalry and hatred had inspired the most absurd lying reports. Gambari, it was said, was aiming at universal rule and independence of the Government, had sent envoys to Niangara to stir him up against the authorities, and so on.

Certainly Gambari was not free from a sneaking yearning after more power and consequence, but this fault he shared with many of his compeers. I now induced him at once to restore seventy-five of the slaves to Niangara; but, on the other hand, I agreed with him that he could not possibly be made responsible for the whole number, as many had remained behind, while others, after reaching his district, had gone their own way. Anyhow it was a very complicated business, and later gave rise to much bad blood.

From Mbelia also came reports that the Momfu people had revolted against Arama's rule; so Gambari spoke of marching thither at the head of his A-Bangba warriors to restore order. The time, however, was inopportune for these people to leave house and home, for the rains were daily expected, and then the ground would require to be prepared for the next sowing. The termites also would begin to make their appearance after the dry season, and they were always an important source of supply for the ensuing weeks, and even months; lastly, this was the most favourable time for hunting, which yielded not only food, but also ivory for trade and tribute. For these reasons Gambari had to put off the expedition for a few weeks.

It is noteworthy that during field operations, or when digging

pitfalls, the people almost every year turn up certain iron rings of considerable size. Strange to say, this occurs exclusively about Mount Tena, which is the highest eminence in the whole district, and which lies south of Gambari's. No less remarkable is the appearance of these rings, showing that they must have been long in the ground. All are much larger than modern objects of the kind used as bracelets, anklets, or necklaces. One of them seen by me measured about eighteen inches in diameter, varying in thickness from a little under to a little over an inch, and weighing from twenty-five to thirty pounds. I secured a small specimen for my collection.

The rings are for the most part quite circular, but at one point of the periphery they form a kind of short, thick, wedge-shaped boss. The surface scarcely looks like iron, is very uneven, and peels off in rusty-brown exfoliations. I may add that the degree of heat which the natives are able to produce is insufficient to affect the rings, which consequently remain unutilized. In fact, the substance is probably not metal at all, but an iron ore. The pig-iron at present produced is worked into various forms, such as unwrought spear-heads, and especially small spades. In many districts, as formerly in Bongo and Dinka Lands, and particularly south of the equator, these objects take the place of our gold as currency. Thus in Ugogo, between Tabora and the east coast, the tribute levied by the petty chiefs on passing traders and travellers is paid with these iron spades.

IRON RING FROM MOUNT TENA.

The objects found at Mount Tena, apparently prehistoric, recall some others that have already engaged the attention of European archæologists. These were certain smooth unpierced axes sent down to Egypt by Gordon, and later by Emin Pasha. Virchow

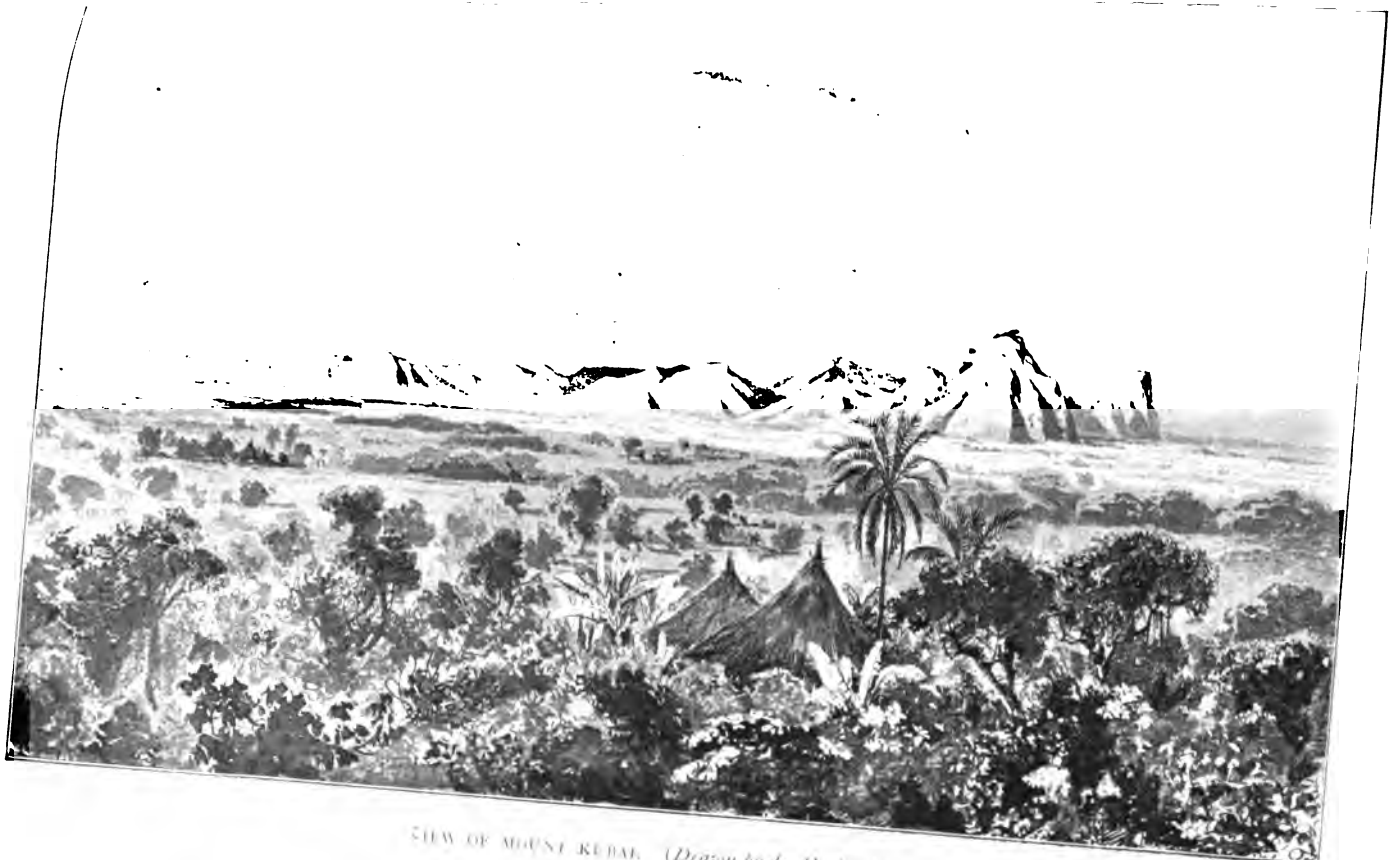
has pointed out that some of them, figured in Schweinfurth's report,[1] are exactly the same shape as our stone axes dating from the neolithic period. The material is the purest hematite, and it can only be suggested that in remote times certain workshops existed at Mount Tena, where these objects were manufactured and exported to the surrounding populations.

On March 3rd, our carriers were ready for the start from Kubbi; but a delay was caused this time by the outbreak of a violent quarrel amongst the local officials. The row was caused by mutual incriminations, in which the *mapinge* and *baengi* (oracles) played a part. However, I managed to smooth matters over, and got off late in the afternoon, reaching the neighbouring residence of chief Mbaiga before nightfall. On the march we passed the former settlement of Arama, who had represented Gambari during his two years' absence in Sudan.

Mbaiga had just gone elephant-hunting with his people; nevertheless, we were well entertained by his son, receiving dishes-full of lugma (telebun porridge), besides maize and fowls for my table. Here I had again occasion to admire the carefully-constructed dwellings of the A-Bangba people, spacious huts with conic roofs, all models of their kind.

At Mbaiga's I met my old servant Adatam again; he was at the time residing in Gambari's district, and came here to greet me. A stiff day's march from Mbaiga's, first east then south-east, brought us to Gambari's brother, Sanga's. In the rainy season this road is extremely difficult, for the twenty streams crossed by us are then transformed to so many swamps, some of which even now gave us not a little trouble. About half of them flow, like those on the road to Mbaiga's, southwards to the Gadda, whose source lay to the south of our route. It was crossed farther on, where all the other streams converge northwards in the Eddi, an affluent of the Yubbo, as this is of the Kibali. We had consequently crossed the scarcely-perceptible water-parting between the Gaddi and Kibali basins. The district, besides A-Bangbas, is inhabited by various Maigo tribes.

[1] *Zeitschrift* of the Berlin Ethnological Society, 1884, p. 296.



VIEW OF MOUNT KEBAL. (*Drawn by L. H. Fischer.*)

Sanga and Kelima, another brother of Gambari, had gone south with their warriors, having, by order of Gambari, occupied Bangusa's settlement, where some troubles had arisen. Nevertheless we were again hospitably entertained, though I was getting rather tired of the elephant cutlets, which I was here able to replace with a roast fowl and some telebun or banana porridge.

The Yubbo appears to be a considerable affluent of the Kibali, receiving the running waters which flow eastwards in the district stretching south of Sanga's. On the road trending south to Bangusa's, we crossed the upper course of the Eddi, and after surmounting a considerable rising-ground which forms the divide between the Kibali and Bomokandi, we reached the first stream tributary to the latter. This is the Obae, which flows by Bangusa's settlement, but which just now was nothing but a very broad, dry swamp. It rises in a neighbouring depression, whence, in the rainy season, it flows in a sluggish current south to the Obu affluent of the Bomokandi.

The whole district is very watery, the countless brooks and rivulets forming an inextricable network, with broad intervening meshes clothed with a magnificent vegetation along the water-courses. On the road to Bangusa's the ground became more broken, with more elevated hills and undulations. Hence the ridges between the streams often afforded a wide prospect over the surrounding hilly ranges and mountain masses. Here I for the first time got a glimpse of Mount Tena away to the south-west, as well as of the mountain chains in the north-east (Leru and Boja) and in the south.

Here also the inhabitants are A-Bangba and Maigo, with whom are associated the Momfu people, while the Mangbattu prince, Bangusa, rules over a colony of his fellow-countrymen. Bangusa is a son of Abunga, a brother of Munsa's father, Tukuba. These relations explain the hostilities that had recently broken out, for Gambari and his A-Bangbas could never endure any Mangbattu potentate amongst them, and were bent on extirpating the last Mangbattu dynasty in that region.

On my arrival at Bangusa's, I found the place alive with Sanga's

and Kelima's followers. The chief himself was absent, but soon returned, and did his best to find me good quarters. Unfortunately all his huts were so dirty, and swarmed so with fleas, that I passed a sleepless night.

I missed Hawash Effendi, who had also left Kubbi on a southern tour of inspection. On March 6th we started southwards for Makongo's, meeting but few streams; amongst them, however, was the Obu, which, where crossed by us, flowed in a sandy bed twenty yards wide and two feet deep. The ground still continued hilly, and often gave me the opportunity of taking measurements of heights at continually varying angles of observation. The route passed close to the extensive Barakungo range, which had about 800 feet of relative height, and which was continued eastwards by the Kongoddu nearly double as high. Westwards rose the long ridge of Mount Tena, with perhaps 3000 feet of relative height at its south-east end. It was visible as far as the Nabata spur at its north-west extremity, as was also the less elevated Iddu farther north.

South of Bangusa's the bulk of the natives belong to the Momfu nation, whose numerous clans stretch westwards beyond Tena, southwards beyond the Bomokandi, and also far to the east. The tribes along my present route had partly been tributary to the Mangbattu king, Munsa; others were subject to Gambari's A-Bangbas; while those in the south-east had to acknowledge the supremacy of the Mangballe under Arab suzerainty. Thus the dominant peoples everywhere form enclaves in Momfu Land, as, for instance, the A-Bangba group under Makọngo, and farther south the Arabs of the Gango station.

The first heavy downpour north of the Bomokandi occurred on March 6th, and drenched us before we could reach Makongo's settlement. On the other hand, south of the Bomokandi, the first rains make their appearance at the beginning of February, a circumstance which may perhaps throw some light on the general distribution of the rainy months.

Beyond Makongo's the route lay south-eastwards to the Gango station, traversing a district where the few streams flow at first to the Obu and farther on to the Kupida, both tributaries

of the Bomokandi. Here the ground resumes its uniform rolling aspect, but within half an hour of Gango it rises two hundred feet at Mount Eggi close to the line of march.

The districts traversed during the last few days seemed uninhabited as seen from the route, which passed scarcely any settlements except those at the end of each day's march. Hence in these districts I saw but few Momfus, and those few were extremely shy in their present enslaved condition. A good hour's march beyond Gango brought us to the Mangballe chief and dragoman, Kodabo's, with whom I stayed a few days. Kodabo had been brought up with the Nubians settled in the district, spoke Arabic, and had learned to be obsequious to his Sudanese masters.

As Hawash Effendi was expected next day in Gango, the Mangballe chiefs of the outlying districts had already arrived at Kodabo's. A few days later Hawash himself came with his suite from the station, and besides the Mangballe, the place was also crowded with numerous Momfus. Consequently considerable excitement and merrymaking prevailed, and I had now a good opportunity of studying the Momfus, of whom I had hitherto seen so little. Their dances resembled those of many other Negro peoples, consisting of continuous circular movements in one direction ; but they were more animated, as all the dancers held in their hands bows and arrows, the only weapons worn by this nation. The musical instruments were also peculiar—long wooden horns, regulating the time with very deep but still varied notes always in tune—and are accompanied by the everlasting tam-taming without any detriment to the general harmony.

Kodabo was so excited over these stirring events, that he quite forgot to provide us with any food, beyond a solitary goat presented to me on my arrival. All protests proving fruitless, I at last, on the third day, unceremoniously helped myself to a basket of cooked bananas which had been intended for Hawash's people.

Meanwhile the Mangballe chiefs had returned to their homes, and I soon after followed them, intending to make a circular

tour through the south-easternmost part of Momfu Land subject to the Mangbattu administration. The Gango station took its name from the son of Tukuba's son, Abunga; but Gango himself, as well as his brothers Zizi, Norei, Damma, and others, who formerly ruled in that region, had fallen victims to their petty rivalries, and Bangusa, the only member of the Mangbattu dynasty in those eastern parts, alone still maintained a semblance of authority farther north.

And now I felt the first symptoms of the physical sufferings to which I was a martyr for months afterwards, and which were undoubtedly the result of insufficient and unwholesome food. The skin became flaccid and lost its elasticity, while the free perspiration was decidedly checked. The first outward indication of a deterioration in the properties of the blood was a slight injury to the finger, which long remained an open sore. Similar sores now appeared spontaneously in the legs, and were very difficult to heal. I also often felt weary and exhausted, and in the continued absence of a strengthening diet, I found the exercise of travel the best physic for this lassitude.

On March 11th I left Kodabo's inhospitable residence, our next goal being the settlement of the Mangballe chief Gumbali. Marching south-eastwards, we gradually approached the Bomokandi, or the Maeri, as the Momfus call it; at one point the road ran close to its steep bank, where it was about fifty yards wide, with rocky ledges visible in mid-stream. In the clean and spacious huts of Gumbali's new settlement, we found good entertainment as well as comfortable quarters.

Our arrival was quite unexpectedly followed by a visit from the superintendent of Gango, accompanied by Kodabo, their object being to report upon the condition of the firearms in the hands of the Mangballe chief.

March 12th brought me at last to the Mangballe chief Majegbae's station, the farthest point reached on this south-eastern journey. Majegbae was the father of Gumbali and of Runsa, whom I visited on my way back. Two other sons, Gansi and Badilli, had their settlements on my present line of march; while that of a fifth son, Nopae, lay west of the route.

Majegbae's station lay south of the Bomokandi, which we crossed immediately on leaving Gumbali's at a point where it was

LEAVES AND FLOWER OF A LANDOLPHIA.

still about fifty yards wide and three feet deep, flowing in a sandy bed between steep wooded banks. North of Bakangai's, some 160 miles farther west, it was 175 yards wide, and although here in its upper course it was scarcely a third so large, its sources lay still far to the east in a mountainous region which soon became visible.

Majegbae gave me a friendly reception, and supplied us with plenty of poultry and other provisions. His neat huts were encircled by banana groves, while oil-palms towered everywhere above the open spaces. I was surprised here to see a number of youths with a few men engaged in a game of hurly, played exactly as with us,

the parties driving an india-rubber ball with sticks in opposite directions with much yelling and shouting. The rubber is procured from the landolphia, a liana which grows in all the districts along both sides of the Welle-Makua. There are several species, the two most widespread being *L. florida Bth.* and *L. owariensis Beaur.* But rubber of an inferior quality is also yielded by the wild fig-trees which abound in this region, and of which there are about twenty species, some real giants of the vegetable world. The first attempt to export this

MOUNTAIN GROUP SOUTH OF MAJEGBAE'S.

valuable article from the Bahr el-Ghazal province was made by Gessi Pasha. In the country itself I found it used only for the little drumsticks used in playing the marimba, and, while fresh, for gumming together pieces of rokko (bark cloth).

I remained on March 13th with Majegbae, where I saw a few of the Momfus from the neighbourhood. But owing to the treatment they receive at the hands of their Arab and Mangballe taskmasters, they were so shy that I could not dispel their fears even with music and the display of my pictures.

Majegbae received a few choice presents, giving me in return a goat and some objects of Momfu art. These Momfus were the first people I had met for a long time who bred goats. In connection with this subject Majegbae told me how the former superintendents of the stations had behaved, and how he himself had been obliged to undertake two raiding expeditions in order to procure goats for Mohammed weled-Abdu, and further that he had also to find twenty for Bahit Bey. The decadence of the Momfus and their helplessness in the presence of a relatively small number of oppressors is due to their endless tribal divisions, mostly hostile to one another. Dozens of tribal names were reported to me from quite limited districts.

My stay at Majegbae's also enabled me to collect fresh cartographic materials. The already-mentioned eastern and southern uplands now lay only a few hours distant, and were so distinctly visible that I was able to measure some of the more prominent summits. The three extensive chains form a semi-circle on the eastern, south-eastern, and southern horizon, with altitudes ranging from 800 to 1500 feet. Prominent amongst them were the Kumbi, Nabo, and Narung peaks.

The south-easternmost point here reached by me in latitude 2° 30′ north acquires special interest from its position in relation to the route followed by Stanley on the Emin Pasha Expedition. I may mention incidentally that, before his departure from Cairo, I had the pleasure of presenting Stanley with a copy of my map, eight feet long, taken from the first rough draft ready at the time. On his second march up the Aruwimi, Stanley left the main stream, and under 29° east longitude followed a long way north the course of the Ihuru, which joins the Ituri affluent from the north. In that district his northernmost point is Indemau, which is under about the same longitude as Majegbae's district, and scarcely sixty miles south of it.

It is noteworthy that many names met by Stanley during his advance northwards resemble those of the Momfu tribes visited by me; hence it may be inferred that this nation extends about the 29th meridian southwards to the district traversed by Stanley, though little light is thrown on the subject in the daring ex-

plorer's account of the expedition. He states, however, that "the language of Momvu (Momfu) is spoken between Panga Falls and the Ngaiyu. East of that we found that the language of the Balessè took us as far as Indenduru ; beyond that was a separate and distinct language spoken by the Babusessé." [1]

According to Stanley, the Momfu language would, therefore, appear to range much farther to the west. Anyhow the names figuring on his map under 29° east longitude, names such as Andikumu, Anditoke, Andi-Selongwa, Indemau, etc., are so characteristically Momfu, that all those tribes evidently belong to the widespread Momfu race. With them may be compared such tribal designations as Andibotte, Andikumbi, Andibarra, Andimedi, Andimau, Andikelau, and dozens more with the initial *Andi* occurring in the Momfu districts traversed by me.

Majegbae, like other local chiefs, aimed at increased power and independence, not however for himself, but for his son Gumbali, to whom he had resigned his rights. But Gumbali, like the other Mangballe princes, stood under the influence of Kodabo, and it was now Mangballe's desire to secure his independence of that ruler by getting him placed under the direct jurisdiction of the administrator at Gango.

Meanwhile news had come from Hawash that some hostile Momfu tribes north-east of Majegbae's were to be reduced. For this purpose the forces at the command of the Mangballe chiefs were summoned, and were soon after mustered under Bauli, a northern chief. But my next goal lay also in this direction, as I had to give up the project of pushing southwards or eastwards from Majegbae's without escort. The conterminous tribes were here all unfriendly, and it would have taken too much time to establish the friendly relations necessary for my purpose.

So we started for the north on March 14th, at first retracing our steps as far as Gumbali's, and then striking north without stopping till we reached chief Runsa's, also one of Majegbae's sons. Along this short march a few small streams were met flowing to a northern tributary of the Bomokandi.

Runsa's settlement lay at the foot of Mount Emvu, a bare,

[1] *In Darkest Africa*, Vol. II. p. 89.

VIEW OF MOUNT EMVU. (*Drawn by L. H. Fischer.*)

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weathered cone of gneiss and granite formation, with some huge boulders strewn on its summit, and other displaced rocky masses scattered over its flanks. Although rising scarcely 1000 feet above the surrounding level, Emvu had attracted my attention from various points, as a convenient landmark from which to take measurements. A low ridge branching to the north-north-west is separated from the chief crest by a forest-clad gorge. I regretted that my enfeebled state of health and a wounded hand prevented me from making a few excursions and ascending some of these heights.

Runsa, although himself ailing, provided for our entertainment, and procured us carriers for the next march. But the Mangballe summoned to the war overtook us, and passed on towards Bauli's under Majegbae and Gumbali. The road thither lay at first north, and then curved round to the north-east. Rain had recently fallen, and we plodded along under lowering skies. Here the southernmost spurs of the Kubai range soon came into view. But in front and much nearer to our route the rolling surface was traversed by chains of hills 500 feet high, while isolated peaks frequently obstructed the prospect. The small watercourses flowed westwards, converging in larger streams tributary to the Bomokandi.

After passing some Mangballe and Momfu settlements, we again approached a mountainous tract, which encloses Bauli's district on the east side with a semi-circle of crests up to 1000 feet high. The settlement lay, surrounded by banana groves, on a carefully-swept open space, where the dwellings formed a wide circle in the Mangballe and Mangbattu style. The neighbouring hills betrayed clear evidence of continuous weathering and disintegration. Mao, the nearest to the station, acquired a characteristic aspect from the fantastic overhanging crags, and the rocks loosely strewn on the surface. Its slopes and gorges were decked with clumps of magnificent trees, between which the Momfu habitations peeped out invitingly. But I was more attracted by the sharp, dark outlines of the mountains, which stood out against the still light blue sky in the shifting shades of the gloaming, while a fresh charm was

lent to the pleasant picture by the evening fires already kindled on the terraced slopes.

On my arrival I found the Mangballe warriors already assembled at Bauli's, where all was bustle and excitement. But the district chief was still with Hawash Effendi at Mount Andikuffa in the Kubai range, restoring order amongst the local Momfu tribes. They returned, however, on March 16th, when the little army marched without delay towards the eastern uplands.

Meanwhile I tarried a few days with Hawash at Bauli's, where the better fare, goat's flesh and local produce, helped to bring me round. Sesame is much cultivated by the Momfus, and I was able to get a few basketsful for later use. Maize also is everywhere grown, though in small patches, so that bananas here still form the staple food. The limits of profitable durra-farming under 3° north latitude lie farther east.

Momfu Land evidently stretches far to the east along the banks of the Yubbo, Bomokandi, and Nepoko, as well as southwards beyond the Nepoko, probably, as already conjectured, as far as Stanley's line of march. In the intervening tracts east of the Momfus and north of the third parallel dwell the Loggo people, who breed cattle, like the Kalikas, Lubari, and other more easterly tribes; hence in recent years they were visited by Makaraka plundering expeditions under Ringio, representing the Government officials. In their territory a few little Arabo-Nubian settlements had even been founded. According to my informant, Ringio, the region between Makaraka Land and Loggo Land is occupied by Moddo and Mbaerae tribes, while south of Loggo Land dwell the Mombuttu, who are not to be confounded with the Mangbattu; against these also the Mangballe had made raids. From Mombuttu Land came a peculiar feather head-dress and an enormous shield, which I procured at Bauli's. Owing to their great size, these wickered shields afford protection to several combatants in the battle-field. Such a shield is preserved in the Vienna Ethnographic Museum; only, when captured from the enemy, it was considerably clipped round the edges, to make it lighter to carry.

In the time of King Munsa the Mangbattu often made

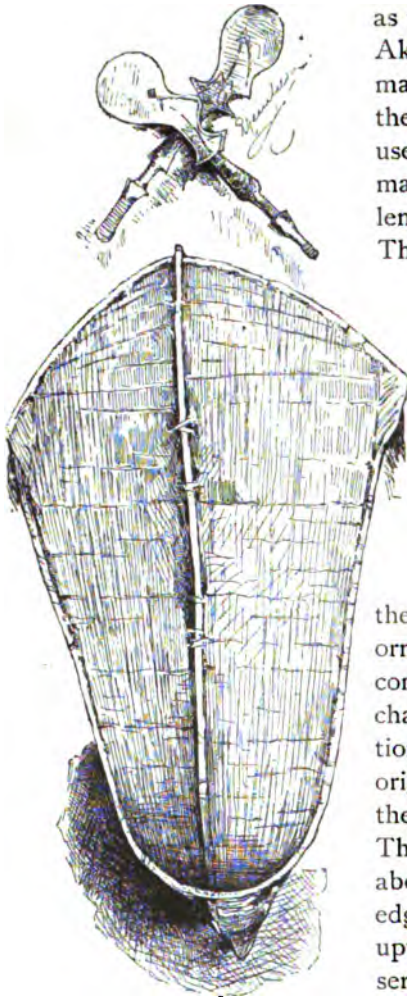
marauding excursions eastwards to these cattle-breeding lands, and, as mentioned by Schweinfurth, the natives themselves brought to the royal residence such oxen as Munsa required. The reader will also remember, from the descriptions in the first volume, how wealthy the Kalikas and Lubari, for instance, were in live stock. In a few weeks the Arab expedition accompanied by me brought back to Makaraka Land thousands of cattle from those parts. In later years similar expeditions were also despatched from Wadelai to Lendu (Lundu) south of Kalika Land.

The Momfus differ in many respects from their western A-Bangba, Mangballe, Maigo, Maeje, A-Bissanga, and other neighbours, all of whom present striking resemblances to the Mangbattu, and are related to each other. But although speaking a distinct language, the Momfus, apart from the complexion, which is darker than that of the Mangbattu, may be physically grouped with those eastern Negro peoples whom I visited in Kalika and Lubari Lands. Amongst them also the iron industry is highly developed, though their implements differ widely in form from those of the Mangbattu tribes.

MOMFU BROADSWORDS.
(*Imperial Museum, Vienna.*)

The accompanying illustration shows some of their formidable broadswords, which are heavy enough to be used also as axes. The observer is struck with amazement at the extremely elegant and diversified forms of their arrow-heads. They also carry

short, diversely-indented spears, with wooden shaft, terminating below in an iron knob. These spears and arrows are often wrongly labelled in museums as weapons of the Akka dwarfs. The Akkas certainly possess, but do not make them, but procure them from the Momfus. The short spears are used by the Momfus in a very peculiar manner, which explains their short length and the heavy iron butt-end. They are not thrown in the usual way, but planted in the hollow of the right hand, directed forward by the left, and then jerked off.



MOMFU SHIELD.

The wickered reed-shields are also of peculiar form, not unlike our large paper kites. The lower pointed end forms a little basket or receptacle for a few spears enbraced by the handle of the shield. Iron ornaments are much affected, and comprise, besides beads and little chains, bells of amazing size. Mention should also be made of the original "guillotine" invented by the Momfus for killing elephants. The iron part consists of a sickle about a span broad, with convex edge, and two blades diverging upwards. Between the blades is inserted a haft of the same width, cut flat, and weighted with a block of wood. Then the weight in falling drives the cutting part, haft and all, deep into the elephant's back.

Messengers now came in with favourable reports (from their standpoint) of the expedition. The Momfus had certainly abandoned their habitations, and sought refuge in their mountain fastnesses; but they were still pursued thither by the Mangballe and the dragomans. It was even reported that the wretched natives had several times been driven by smoke and fire from their recesses.

Without waiting the return of the expedition, I left Bauli's on March 20th, and striking westwards by a new track, reached my previous route from Kodabo's to Gumbali's, and followed it thence north-westwards to Gango. The new track traversed a flatly rolling land with scanty steppe woods and broad intervening treeless grassy plains, watered by streams flowing to the Bomokandi. Our line of march skirted the steep southern scarps of the Kubai range, whose bare, rocky crests stretched away to the north.

In Gango a present of two goats awaited me, and I also found that the various things sent forward had all duly arrived. But there were no carriers, many having gone off to take part in the raiding expedition, while others were on the way bringing in a slain elephant. They did not get back till the afternoon, so that I had to put off the return journey to Kubbi till March 22nd. The route followed the previous line of march back to Makongo, and thence over the Obu, but here, instead of continuing northwards to Bangusa's, we took a shorter road through Dingba's north-westwards. The land as far as and beyond Dingba's is undulating, here and there broken by flat hills, and watered by a few tributaries of the Obu.

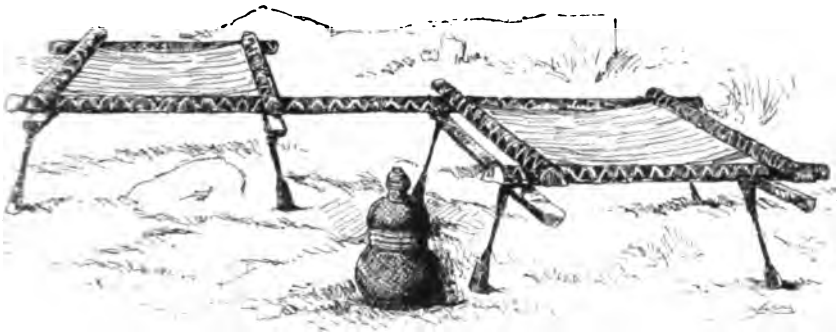
Between Dingba's and Mbaiga's we traversed a very difficult country, in which we lost our way; after much casting about, a long tramp brought us about noon to the settlement of the Zandeh chief, Badilli. During our wanderings we crossed the still very swampy depression of the Obae, beyond which Badilli's huts stood on the water-parting between the Bomokandi and Gadda. The latter, here a streamlet only six yards wide, was itself soon crossed, and farther on several other brooks, all flowing in deep troughs to its right bank. Late in the afternoon

I reached Mbaiga's, tired and exhausted, and next day entered Kubbi, after an absence of twenty days.

The state of my health made me uncertain as to my next movements, the more so that the recent hard marching had brought on inflammatory symptoms calling for absolute repose. This was all the more disagreeable that I had nothing to read, except old, well-thumbed newspapers. Then arose a sense of duty, warning me against giving up the projected journey southwards to the Nepoko. A few days' rest also brought better spirits with better health, and as Gambari was now preparing to go south, we arranged to travel together. My preparations gave me little trouble, as my effects were now reduced to little beyond a small couch and bedding, some linen, a table and chair, one or two boxes of presents and kitchen utensils, altogether not more than five light loads, for which at a pinch three carriers might suffice. There were, of course, the provisions, but everything else I sent straight to Tangasi.

Of my household, I took only Dsumbe, Rensi, and Binsa, a maid-servant, and Saida, a ten-years'-old little girl, for whom I had taken a fancy, and who henceforth accompanied me on all my wanderings as far as Zanzibar. We were also joined by a half-starved Negro from Zemio's territory, who had been left behind invalided amongst the A-Barmbo, then had found his way to Kubbi, and now heard that we should soon be visiting Zemio again.

THE KUBAI HEIGHTS SEEN FROM THE SOUTH.



MANGBATTU DOUBLE STOOL. (*Imperial Museum, Vienna.*)

CHAPTER III.

FROM KUBBI TO THE NEPOKO, AND BACK TO TANGASI.

Departure from Kubbi — Again across the Bomokandi — On the Route to Mbelia (Arama)—Welle-Aruwimi (Bomokandi-Nepoko)Water-parting—The Obae Swamps —To Malingde's—The Akka Dwarfs (Wochua) — Stay at Malingde's—Route through the Obae—Sanga—On the Nepoko—Stanley's Account of its Confluence with the Aruwimi—Sanga's Territory—Inhabitants—Ailments—Lack of Supplies—Sanga detains me as a Hostage—Secret Message to Gambari—Return to Malingde's —Poisoned Arrows and *Atherura Africana*—Reports of my Death—Remarkable Variety of Maize—Maeje Workshops—Metal and Woodwork—Snakes—Fresh Sufferings—From Malingde's to the North—At Dida's—In Karanga's Zeraba—Better Days—Large Species of Poultry—Difficult Journey to Tangasi—Mangbattu history.

AT last, on April 6th, I left the station of Kubbi in company with Gambari. Although my leg was not yet healed, I was heartily glad to be again on the road, especially as the last few days the local officials had been very troublesome. Our company was again somewhat numerous, and presented a bright, animated picture. Here were the body-guard, who always attend the district rulers, then the riflemen and native warriors, besides long lines of women with their baskets and all kinds of household utensils.

After an inevitable delay at Gambari's residence, we struck

due south, and later south-south-west, crossing the Gadda half an hour from Gambari's village. Beyond the Gadda, here fifteen yards wide, there followed the first two days about a dozen of its affluents, including the upper courses of the Naya and Au, which we had crossed lower down on the road from Tangasi to Kubbi, and which drain the Iddu and Nabata (Tena) uplands.

The inhabitants of the whole of this region stretching southwards beyond the Bomokandi to the Nepoko are also Momfus, who, however, do not all recognize the authority of the A-Bangba settled in their midst. Besides the Momfus, there are also some colonies of Maigos, a people related to the Mangbattus. Near our first encampment stood the sometime residence of the Mangbattu prince Mbelia, who was still living, though belonging to a former generation, his father, Massimbani, having been the son of Munsa's father, Tukuba. Mbelia had been conquered by Gambari and driven across the Bomokandi, where he had settled with his followers at the Araba station, from him named Mbelia. But he was also expelled from that place by Gambari's people, and compelled to cross the Nepoko, where he founded a new home, while Gambari's brother Arama established himself amongst the Momfus and Mabodes in the territory abandoned by Mbelia.

On the first day's march I again met my old servant Adatam, who had made a home for himself in this district. The first night in camp I scarcely closed my eyes, having been driven from my hut by a legion of fleas. Luckily this pest of the human race is by no means universally spread in Central Africa, and in some districts is altogether absent. Gambari spent a day here, hoping the Momfus would assemble to welcome him ; but very few presented themselves, though I was expected all the same to entertain the company with music and my raree-show.

On the next day's march, after passing the Au, here ten yards wide, we crossed the Gadda-Bomokandi water-parting, a broad ridge commanding a view of the low Kaya range towards the south-east, and of the Nai away to the south beyond the Bomokandi. The Ai, the first stream flowing southwards, a broad

swamp river fed by the rivulets crossed on the third day, was again crossed at its confluence with the Bomokandi, where it is fifteen yards wide.

Here also Gambari spent another day with no better results than before; very few of his Momfu subjects made their appearance, and he complained to me that they had become very unruly since the Government had deprived him of the right to inflict capital punishment. Even the supplies on which he had depended were kept back, and I thought myself lucky in securing ten eggs and a dried fish, for I had often nothing better than kisra bread and honey. However, Gambari so managed

VIEW OF MOUNT TENA.

that, at all events, there was no stop to the flow of merissa. Like so many of his compeers, he prized the foaming bowl above all earthly treasures, and often came and sat for hours helping himself to my store. On such occasions he was at times joined by another well-seasoned cask, the Arab, Abd Allah, with nick-name Bagla, who had formerly been in Schweinfurth's service in East Sudan, and was at present superintendent of the Mbelia station.

On April 10th our route led beyond the Gadda-Bomokandi water-parting, at first westwards and then again southwards to the Bomokandi. Here the land was more grassy than wooded, while the uniform rolling surface now and then afforded wide

prospects of distant ranges, such as Mount Tena, which now lay due east of our route.

The Momfu tribes along the line of march had only to a small extent been reduced by Gambari; in fact, the whole region in the east, south from Tena nearly to Gango, was hostile territory, so that Mbelia could only be reached from Gango by making a great detour round to the north.

Now the Bomokandi was crossed at a fourth point, where it was about 125 yards wide, but tolerably deep only along the steep north bank, some sixteen to seventeen feet high; on the south side it was shallow, and obstructed by sands and reefs as far as mid-stream. The Momfus cross it on rafts made of tree-stems lashed together; we got over in canoes of a very primitive type.

Next day's march swept round from west to south, for the direct road to Mbelia was just then rendered dangerous for small expeditions by the Momfu tribes in revolt against Gambari. Quite recently they had attacked a small station and massacred ten of Gambari's men.

On April 11th a short march brought us to the settlement of the A-Bangba head-man, Gumba, and although Mbelia was now no great distance off, we stopped overnight at Gumba's to give the A-Bangba colony in the district an opportunity of welcoming their suzerain, Gambari. The country so far traversed south of the Bomokandi presented the usual aspect of a rolling steppe; but the wooded tracts did not extend so far north as farther west between Bakangai's and Kanna's. As in all those regions, the soil is a red laterite; only in the broad depression of the Bomokandi valley I noticed a light gray clay in three places widely separated from each other.

Gumba's territory is so far remarkable that it lies on one of the most important water-partings crossed by me, for it forms the divide between two of the largest Congo affluents, the Welle and the Aruwimi, or, more exactly, between their tributaries, the Bomokandi and Nepoko; yet the parting-line is so imperceptible that the actual relations can be detected only by the altered directions of the watercourses. These had hitherto flowed

north-west to the Bomokandi; but in the district between Gumba's and Mbelia, traversed on April 12th, they trended south-westwards.

Here we soon crossed the Maemae, which forms part of a highly characteristic system of swamps draining to the Nepoko. West and south of Mbelia dwell the Mabode, who, like their Momfu neighbours, are practically independent of Gambari, except in the vicinity of the station. Like the Momfus also, they are a very large family, with numerous sub-tribes stretching southwards far beyond the Nepoko. Besides the dominant A-Bangbas settled in colonies round about Mbelia, here are also the Majo, a Mangbattu people not to be confounded with the Maeje.

Our last day's march was greatly impeded by a species of tall tufted reed, through which we had much difficulty in forcing our way. Although garrisoned only by five Arabo-Nubians, the zeriba was well constructed on a large scale, for it was also occupied by Gambari's brother, Arama, and his followers.

On my arrival a number of people had already assembled under a long shady avenue to pay their respects to the administrator, who, as was his wont, had lagged behind. He had a warm reception, especially from the women, who often held his hand in their grasp for a few minutes together. Then began the festivities and all manner of rejoicings, intermingled with interminable harangues. Arama also, like Mambanga on a former occasion, made his appearance decked out as an accomplished dancer in the midst of some forty women, who nodded applause while he performed before the enraptured spectators. But to me this was nothing new, for in their customs the A-Bangba show their close relationship to the Mangbattus.

I was more interested in the various groups of surrounding aborigines, who during the first days trooped to the station. For many of the A-Bangba chiefs were accompanied by their Momfu and Mabode subjects, and paid tribute to the administrator with the produce of their land. Now were to be seen live poultry hanging in rows from sticks resting on the shoulders of the people; native salt was also brought in the same way, carefully packed in dry banana-leaves. Others drove a few goats

before them, or else presented baskets of bananas, sweet potatoes, manioc, and the like. It was a very animated and pleasant spectacle, if one could forget that all offerings were squeezed out of the unfortunate people by the fear of pains and penalties, and even death itself. I noticed many a poor devil wearing the heavy forked stick in punishment of his lack of patriotism; some innocent Mabode chiefs were even brought in and kept under arrest as hostages for their refractory fellow-tribesmen.

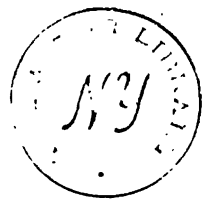
The above-mentioned natural products call for a few remarks. The salt produced by the Mabode, in excess of the local demand and utilized by them for the purposes of tribute and barter, is extracted from the ashes of various plants; it is consequently an alkali, but so carefully prepared that it is superior in every respect to the ordinary salt derived from lye. It is obtained in such abundance that we were regularly encumbered with the blocks, of which Gambari sent me six, and I might easily have had more.

South of Mbelia, the road to the Nepoko being closed by hostile Mabode and Momfu tribes, I had planned a visit to the Mangbattu prince, Sanga Mombele, whose territory lay south-west of Arama's station, and bordered on the Nepoko. But the direct road to that district was also obstructed, not by the local Mabode tribes, who had been reduced, but by the characteristic swamp system of the so-called "Obae," of which I had already heard at Kanna's. To the natives these grassy, boggy tracts present no great obstacle, but are impassable by quadrupeds, so that I had to leave my ass behind, as no less than five of such obae are crossed by the direct route to Sanga's.

I had already prepared Sanga for my arrival by messengers and presents despatched from Kubbi. Sanga had now sent his son to Mbelia, not however on my account, but to get further information from Gambari, lately returned from the land of the "Turk" (Egyptian), regarding "the hated intruders in those parts." At the same time the envoy informed me that his royal father awaited me.

Meanwhile the state of my health was causing me serious anxiety. In my journal I find at this date the following entry:

PAYMENT OF TRIBUTE IN KIND AT THE MBELIA STATION. (*Drawn by L. H. Fischer.*)



"Am much distressed; the wounds in the legs unhealed, and now the troublesome skin affection. A painful irritation gives me no rest day or night. The skin of the legs, when rubbed, breaks into large coarse blotches, as in nettle-rash, and on the breast temporary red patches. When the irritation is so great that I cannot refrain from scratching, scabs are produced on the arms, pustules and blisters on the hands, all very hard to heal. I often lie down and apply alternate hot and cold poultices, and rub the whole body with oil. Unfortunately the carbolic acid was left behind at Tangasi; there is also a lack of good material for bandages."

This condition made me very despondent and even alarmed about the immediate future. I also lost all pleasure in regular work, and at most could bring myself to enter the most essential memoranda in my day-book. The continual uproar amongst Gambari's people become intolerable, and many other things were causing me annoyance. The promises of Gambari and Arama were no more kept than those of the higher officials formerly. I had often asked for skulls and other objects for my collections, and also offered a handsome reward to any one bringing me a few of the Akka dwarfs, who were found in small nomad groups amongst the Momfus, and even near the station. But all ended in empty promises.

Gambari also kept putting off my departure, and my only comfort in those days of worry and anxiety was the Arab, Abd Allah, who often visited me on my sick couch. He showed himself most friendly and obliging, often sent for palm-wine, which I greatly enjoyed, and gave me a goat and a kid, sesame, oil, and other things. Altogether, there was no lack of provisions, but only of appetite, and I often preferred a batata, some manioc or cooked bananas, to any meat.

Since my stay with the Mangballe in the middle of March, the wet season had returned, and heavy downpours were now frequent. Nevertheless, I made every preparation for the journey, and sent all kinds of presents to Gambari, including a musical-box and an accordion, receiving in return a few ethnological objects for the collection.

Meanwhile Malingde, a Maeje chief, had arrived at the station. The detour to the north on the route to Sanga's lay through his territory, and he therefore hastened back to await me. After a twelve days' stay in Mbelia, I at last got away on April 12th. Before starting I had the pleasure of receiving a letter from Bohndorff in reply to mine of February, from Tangasi, accompanied by twelve packages of cigar-paper that I had asked for.

HUTS OF THE WOCHUA DWARFS.

I regretted, however, to learn from him that he was frequently ailing.

The few carriers I now needed were engaged for the journey as far as Malingde's, and some Negro soldiers were told off to look after them. After retracing our steps to Gumba's, we at once struck north-west to the settlements of tributary Momfus. Here we again approached the Bomokandi, to which the streams crossed by us all flowed. Here we were also beyond the limits of the districts traversed by the Arabs and Gambari's people.

I was greatly exhausted by the march on April 25th, during which we had to traverse trackless wildernesses, often obstructed by tall grass and brushwood, swamps and impracticable riparian woodlands. We first described a bend northwards, and then struck south-west through an uninhabited district separating the Momfu from the Maeje people. During the second half of the route the streams flowed to the Nala, a large affluent of the Bomokandi. In the afternoon we at last reached the first habitations of the Maeje, and the hut set apart for me was heartily welcomed, for I was wearied to death.

During the toilsome march my long-cherished hope of seeing the Akka, or Tikkitikki, dwarfs, as the Arabs call them, was at last fully gratified. Having heard of a nomad group in the Momfu district where we had encamped for the night, I held out tempting offers to my informants if they would conduct me to their settlement. Thus, after an hour's march, we came suddenly on about fifty little Akka huts, which stood close together in the forest. They were all empty; but my guide managed to detain two of the Akkas, whom I loaded with presents, promising more if they waited for us farther on with their brothers, wives, and children. This time I was completely successful, and soon found myself surrounded by about forty or fifty of the little folk with their women, while as many more could be seen peeping out through the foliage some distance off. I at once distributed amongst them strings of many-coloured beads and other trifles, by which their shyness was somewhat overcome. Then they were completely gained over, and thrown into raptures of delight at the sound of my various musical instruments and the exhibition of pictures of wild beasts. Thus I had leisure to study the little people; but the time pressed, for we had still a long march through rough ground before us, and my followers were getting impatient. So their friendship had scarcely been secured, when the dark goblins of the forest had again vanished in the bush.

We are indebted to Schweinfurth[1] for the first detailed account of the pigmies of this region; he calls them Akka, the

[1] *Heart of Africa*, Vol. II.

name current amongst the Mangbattus, while to the Zandehs (and Arabs) they are known as Tikkitikki. Du Chaillu had

AKKA (WOCHUA) NEGRESS.
(*From a photograph by R. Buchta.*)

already at an earlier date met the Obongo, a similar race, dwelling amongst the Ashongos of the Ogoway basin. Stanley,

who tells us that "their kinsmen are known as Bushmen in Cape Colony, as Watwa in the basin of the Lulungu, as Akka in Monbuttu (Mangbattu Land), as Balia by the Mabode, as Wambutti in the Ihuru (Upper Aruwimi) basin, and as Batwa under the shadows of the Lunæ Montes (Ruwenzori Mountains),"[1] first met a specimen in December 1876, at Ikondu, below Nyangwe, near the Elila confluence.[2] Later he heard of the Watwa dwelling on the west bank of the Lumami.

Wissmann also on his first journey across Africa found the first village of the "Batua" on the right bank of the Lubilash in March 1882, though "much mixed with other tribes."[3] But Dr. Ludwig Wolf gives us the first full description of pigmies living south of the equator.[4] During his journey to Bakoba Land (March 1885) he repeatedly came upon small settlements of the Batua (singular Mutua, root *Tua*, *Twa*), and this explorer tells us that a connection between the Akkas and the South African Bushmen seems undoubted ("nicht zweifelhaft erscheine)." Certain deviations in their physical appearance might be explained by different geographical and climatic influences, or by different modes of life in environments so far removed one from the other. The hanging paunches noticed by Schweinfurth amongst the Akka, and by Fritsch amongst the Bushmen, were not to be seen amongst the Batua.

Latrobe Bateman also, who was superintendent of the Luebo station in the Kasai district during the years 1885—86, describes his relations with the Batua, of whom he mentions two distinct nomad tribes—the Batua Bakonko and the Batua Basingi.[5] On their physical features he is silent, but speaks of their warlike qualities, their skill as archers, and their cunning, owing to which they are much dreaded by their neighbours. Lastly, in 1885, C. von François met a Batua colony on the Chwapa and its Bussera affluent.[6]

[1] *In Darkest Africa*, Vol. II. p. 42.
[2] *Through the Dark Continent*, Vol. II. pp. 171, 172.
[3] *Unter deutscher Flagge quer durch Afrika*, p. 135.
[4] *Im Innern Afrikas*, pp. 258—61.
[5] *The First Ascent of the Kasaï*, pp. 23, 68, 85, 145.
[6] *Die Erforschung des Tschuapa und Lulongo*, 1888, pp. 154—59.

My own observations of this dwarfish race may here be recorded. They call themselves Achua (Wochua), but the Momfus give them the name of Affifi. But we have here merely a difference of sound, for the root of the words Batua, Watwa, and Achua is the same, and points at a relationship between all these widely-scattered groups. The *W* in the word Wochua is the plural prefix *Wa*, *Ba*, *Va*, etc. of the Bantu languages.

As regards their mean height, those seen by me reached to about the shoulders of a middle-sized man; the smallest reached only to the pit of my stomach, while the tallest, the "giant dwarfs," so to say, were little under the stature of middle-sized people, and so far as regards size might have passed for members of any ordinary Negro tribe. Hence the term "dwarf" as understood by us cannot, strictly speaking, be applied to those Wochua nomads here met by me. Still it is highly interesting to find whole tribes whose members are of far shorter stature than the average of mankind. The striking differences observed within the group itself may perhaps be due to crossings with their Momfu and Mabode neighbours. The few Wochua women seen by me did not seem to fall below the mean height of the men.

The complexion was, in most cases, a dark coffee brown, that is, the colour of the burnt berry, not of the drink. The members are well proportioned, though the oval-shaped head seemed somewhat too large for the size of the body. In the upper jaw the facial angle showed a high degree of prognathism, and in those of lighter complexion the crisp hair was of a dark, rusty-brown hue. This is certainly one of the most marked peculiarities of the race, for the hair of all other Negro peoples, however light-coloured they may otherwise be, is always the deepest black. This is the case even with the Egyptians themselves. Many had full beards and hairy breasts, though my observations did not confirm the statement that many of these pigmies have very hirsute bodies.

Hands and feet are of elegant shape, the fingers long and narrow, with relatively large nails. I found no trace of steatopygia and some other features characteristic of the Hottentots.

MY INTERVIEW WITH THE WOCHUA DWARFS. (*Drawn by L. H. Fischer.*)

All things considered, the Wochua must be regarded as normal (healthy) members of a widespread race of remarkably short stature, but otherwise fairly well-proportioned and well-developed. Hence they cannot be described as a morbid, degenerate people, as appears to be conjectured by Professor Ratzel, who recently spoke of them, in connection with Stanley's account, as "a social rather than a natural race."

In these districts the Wochua lead a purely nomad existence; at the same time they show a certain preference for the territory of particular tribes, and a corresponding aversion from others, whom they carefully avoid. In this respect they are reported to prefer the Momfus, Mabode, and Maigo, whereas they never enter the lands of the Maeje and other branches of the Mangbattu people. Although grouped in small communities, often of not more than a hundred individuals, they are feared by all their neighbours, and despite their thievish habits, permitted to frequent the cultivated grounds.

In many cases the Wochua have allied themselves with the chiefs in whose territories they lead a wandering existence; but they still keep aloof from the settlements, and in every respect preserve their freedom intact. So long as they keep on good terms with the over-lord, they remain in his district, otherwise they remove to that of some neighbouring chief. To him they send some of the game taken in their hunts, receiving in return bananas and other agricultural produce, for they cultivate no land themselves. The women make little half-cone-shaped huts of foliage in the recesses of the fluvial woodlands, while the men occupy themselves with the chase, remaining in the same place as long as game can be procured, and then migrating to another district. They are much feared for their revengeful spirit; but being skilful bowmen and astute warriors, they are readily engaged by the local chiefs to join in sudden attacks on hostile tribes, and always show themselves willing to perform such services. They use the bow and arrow, and occasionally the spear; but, as already stated, they procure these weapons from the Momfus and other tribes, for they occupy themselves with no branch of industry, unless the preparation of their little

bark costume be regarded as such. They are unrivalled marksmen, as I could observe even in my Achua servant, Akangai. When the arrow misses its mark, they are said to fly into a violent passion, breaking bow and arrows and all.

Of their artful, suspicious, revengeful character I heard many a tale. For instance, they stick an arrow in a bunch of bananas still on the stalk to mark it as their own when ripe, and such is the dread of their vengeance, that the owner never thinks of touching the fruit so claimed by them. They are also distinguished by sharp powers of observation, amazing talent for mimicry, and a good memory. A striking proof of this was afforded by an Achua whom I had seen and measured four years previously in Rumbek, and now again met at Gambari's. His comical ways and quick, nimble movements made this little fellow the clown of our society. He imitated with marvellous fidelity the peculiarities of persons whom he had once seen; for instance, the gestures and facial expressions of Jussuf Pasha esh-Shelahis and of Haj Halil at their devotions, as well as the address and movements of Emin Pasha, "with the four eyes" (spectacles). His imitation of Hawash Effendi in a towering rage, storming and abusing everybody, was a great success; and now he took me off to the life, rehearsing after four years, down to the minutest details, and with surprising accuracy, my anthropometric performance when measuring his body in Rumbek.

We met with a tolerably comfortable reception in Malingde's huts, built with gabled roofs, Mangbattu fashion. The day after my arrival messengers went off to Sanga's, and returned two day's later, April 28th, with fifteen men to accompany me. After some hesitation, owing to the state of my health, and the lack of tea, coffee, quinine, and other indispensables, I decided to continue the journey, and announced our departure for the next day. Dsumbe, who had hurt his foot, remained behind at Malingde's with the maid-servants and the ass, useless for the swampy tracts we would have to cross on the road to Sanga's.

Our route lay due south, and after crossing two small affluents of the Nala, we surmounted the Bomokandi-Nepoko water-parting, which is here revealed in a far more conspicuous rising-

ground than farther east. Towards the west we noticed the sources of an obae, which drains to the first swamp that I had to cross an hour farther on. I had brought with me a small light Mangbattu angareb (couch), which was now transformed to a sort of palanquin by means of two poles attached underneath. On this I was carried safely across the treacherous quagmire, which was about 300 yards wide.

Beyond it the road ran south-westwards over flat ground, scantily wooded, to a second obae, an hour farther on. At first sight it looked like a depression, over 1000 yards wide, and overgrown with grass one or two feet high; but the buoyant surface yielded to our weight and again rose behind our feet as we passed along. Owing to their small feet and great weight these morasses are impracticable for such quadrupeds as buffaloes, elephants, or antelopes, which inevitably perish or fall victims to the natives whenever they happen to stray or get driven into the treacherous depressions.

The previously-mentioned Maemae is the source of the great obae, which collects the drainage of all the others in the district; in its lower course, where it takes the name of Maeka, it becomes a broad open river, falling into the Nepoko to the west of Sanga's territory.

Beyond the great obae the road ran for an hour due east, and now we entered Sanga's domain, which, however, was here an uninhabited wilderness. At intervals we passed a few temporary huts, which afford the people shelter during the termite harvest. Farther on, the route trended sharply round to the south, and followed that direction for the rest of the way. It crossed several brooks flowing west to the obae, and in some places forming the only track. Elsewhere progress was impeded by tall reedy grass, and now and then I had to toil wearily through the underwood, contact with which caused increased pain to my aching limbs. To crown our troubles, we were overtaken by a heavy downpour, so that I was drenched to the skin when at sunset I reached the first settlement in Sanga's territory.

In the early morning I was surrounded by a crowd of curious natives, including many women, who followed my every move-

ment with wondering eyes. Now the route traversed an inhabited district occupied by the Maeje people, and in many places under manioc, batatas, and other crops. Then it made a bend round east and south to the next obae, which was soon followed by another resembling those of the previous day, but narrower.

Farther on we crossed four wooded brooks, and towards noon entered Sanga's residence. I was conducted by his brother Abondomassi to the chief himself, who advanced to meet me surrounded by a throng of retainers.

Sanga Mobele is a son of Tukuba, consequently brother to the late King Munsa. Tukuba had formerly resided north of the Bomokandi, midway between that river and the present little Soliman station; but during the wars and chaos following the death of Munsa, he withdrew, like his brothers, Sanga Popo and Mbelia, towards the south, where some six years previously he had occupied his present domain on the Nepoko.

Sanga was in the middle of the thirties, with a complexion like the darkest oxidized bronze, darker than that of his nephew, Mambanga. He had almost handsome features, adorned with a beard, carefully plaited and tipped at the point with brass wire. Brass rings also encircled his neck, but in other respects he resembled all Mangbattu princes, such as Mambanga, whom I have elsewhere described; only, to secure his high Mangbattu hat, Sanga used the long tibia of a monkey, sharpened to a point, an ornament often used in this way like the ivory pins.

The dwellings fell short of my expectations, and the assembly-hall alone reminded me of what the Mangbattu people could do when so minded. Many of the small huts were already old and dilapidated. Sanga's séance lasted for hours, and the pressure of the importunate throng was on this occasion peculiarly irksome. Not a breath of fresh air could reach me, while I had to inhale the stifling odours from hundreds of Negro bodies and of their dirty, worn-out, bark-cloth rags. All my protests were in vain, and although Sanga made the crowd fall back from time to time, they always pressed forward again. At last the clouds consider-

ately sent a heavy downpour, which drove them to their homes, and gave me some relief for the rest of the day. But day after day the nuisance was renewed; and now, to add to my distress, I found that Sanga was, by various crafty and well-calculated devices, gradually converting my intended stay of a few days into an enforced detention, which in fact lasted from May 1st to June 23rd.

Meanwhile I had sent him the customary gifts, and exhibited the few foreign curiosities still in my possession. Fortunately during the first days there was at least no stint of food, so that I was able to put aside many things for subsequent periods of scarcity. Keeping the main object of my journey steadily in view, I kept urging Sanga to conduct me without delay to the Nepoko, which lay some hours farther south from his residence. But he put off the trip from day to day, until, by dint of angry expostulations, I at last carried the point on May 5th.

IN THE SEDAN-CHAIR TO THE NEPOKO.

For this excursion special arrangements had to be made. In Egyptian Sudan invalids are carried, couch and all, on the heads of two Negroes; and the reader may well fancy how pleasant this primitive means of transport must be when you are often borne by untrained and reckless carriers through wooded and scrubby districts. I had had sufficient experience of this on the route from Malingde's to Sanga's, so much so that I often preferred walking to riding in that fashion. But walking to the

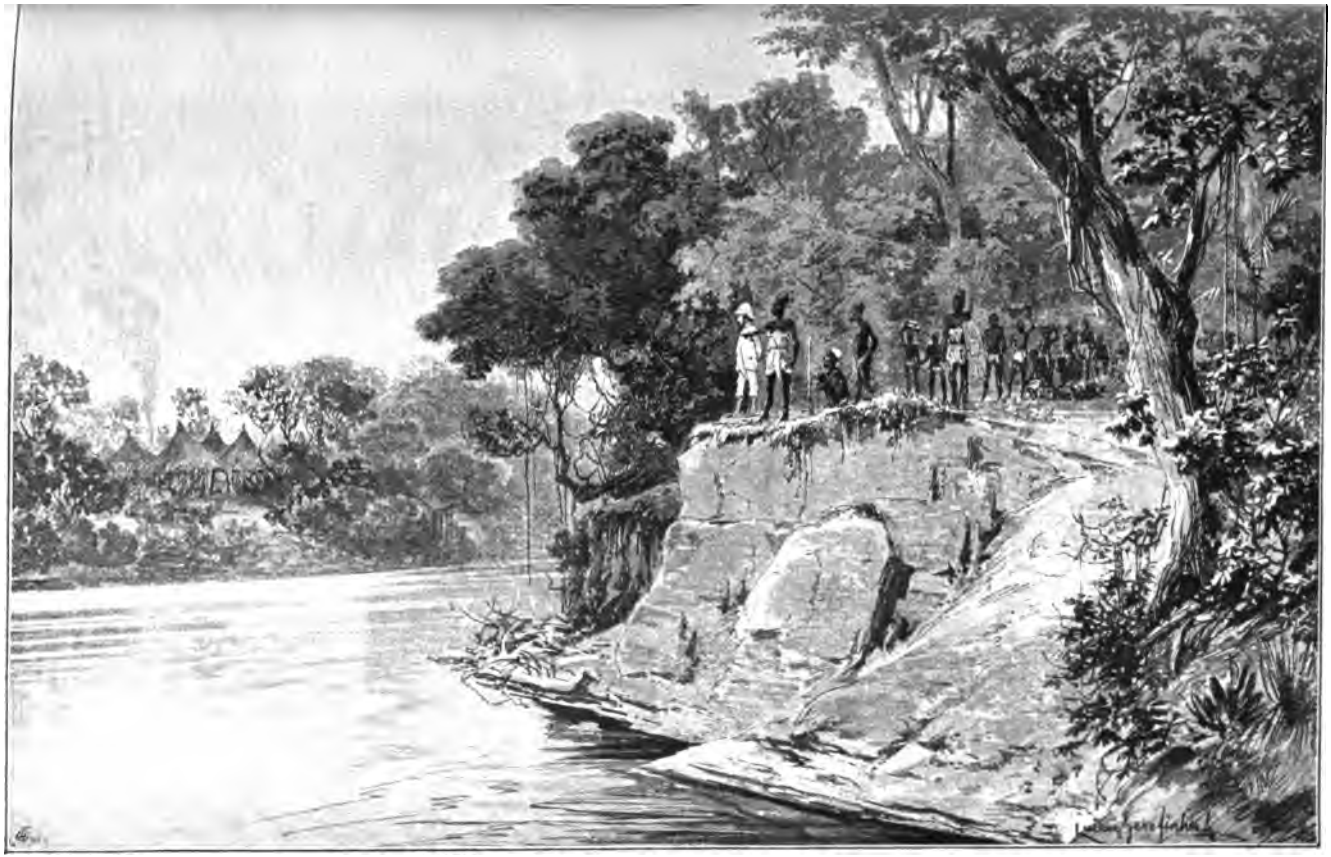
Nepoko being out of the question, I devised the arrangement here illustrated to carry me through.

We had a numerous following, which was later joined by Sanga. Our first goal was chief Teli's, whose district lay two hours farther south. To reach it we had to cross several rivulets fringed with broad, leafy woodlands. I should have preferred going straight on to the Nepoko, but Teli detained me, falsely stating that the river was still a long way off. This was done merely to await the arrival of Sanga, whose late arrival obliged me to put up for the night at Teli's.

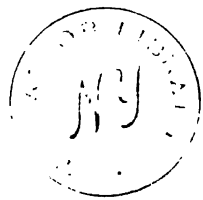
The next stage brought us in half an hour to the river, and now Sanga's motive in delaying the march became evident. He had on one occasion heard me express my intention of having a plunge in the Nepoko, and this caused him the greatest anxiety, for should a crocodile make a meal of me, or any other mishap overtake me, he felt that he would be responsible to the authorities. He was so far right enough, for the river swarmed with crocodiles, on which account I had myself long given up the intention of having a swim. On the other hand, the boats had also been removed from the landing-place, as they fully expected that I should want to cross over to the hostile Mabode on the opposite side.

Anyhow, on May 6th, 1882, my wishes were at last gratified by the sight of the stream, whose name had haunted me throughout my southern wanderings. My desire to visit it was all the greater that I felt assured it could not possibly flow to the Welle-Makua, and consequently must be identified with the Aruwimi affluent of the Congo.

When reached by me, the stream, though at low level, was about a hundred yards wide, but the banks, partly rocky and over thirty feet high, stood from fifty to sixty feet farther back, forming lower down flat margins, which are flooded at high water. The upper edge of the banks, and partly also the overhanging bluffs, were shaded by venerable forest trees, underwood, and bush, while the flats were under grass. In many places the lianas and creepers twining round the undergrowth formed an impenetrable tangle of thickets. But the stream was visible



VIEW OF THE NEPOKO. (*Drawn by L. H. Fischer.*)



only for a short distance, for towards the west it soon trended sharply round to the south. Its smooth surface showed no sign of reefs or ledges, and in mid-stream there was a strong current, while the water, which I tasted, was clear and pure, which doubtless is not the case during the floods. It is said to abound in fish, some of them five or six feet long, though I saw nothing but some dried cat-fish.

Since my visit, Stanley, during the Emin Expedition, passed the mouth of the Nepoko, which he regarded only as a tributary of the Aruwimi. Its farthest sources, like those of the Bomokandi, lie far to the east in those uplands which slope gradually westwards from the mountains skirting the Albert Nyanza. Its confluence with the Aruwimi, here called the Ituri (Stanley), lies some sixty miles from the point where I struck it, and this point itself was the southernmost reached by me during my wanderings south of the Welle-Makua basin. Stanley writes:— "This latter river, of which Dr. Junker was the first to inform us, and which he had crossed far up, tumbled into the Aruwimi, now called the Itiri (Ituri), by a series of cascades over reefs of shaly rock from an altitude of forty feet. The mouth was about 300 yards wide, narrowing to about 250 yards above the cascade. . . . The colour of the Nepoko was of chocolate, that of the Itiri was of tea and milk."[1]

In reference to his route, he remarks in the same place:— "Had I known that one week later I should have encountered Arabs and their desperate bands of Manyuema, there is no doubt that I should have endeavoured to put a degree of latitude between the centre of their influence and our route. Even as it was, I mentally debated a change of route from some remarks made to me by Binza (Dr. Junker's Monbuttu boy),[2] who suggested that it were better to travel through lands inhabited by 'decent men,' to such a horrid region infested by peoples who did not deserve the name of men applied to them, and that the Momvu tribes were sure of according a welcome to

[1] *In Darkest Africa*, Vol. I. p. 185.

[2] Binsa is here wrongly called a Monbuttu (Mangbattu); by birth he belonged to the A-Madi living in the bend of the Welle.

those who could show in return that they appreciated hospitality. Binza was most enticing in his descriptions of the Momvu nation. But food with the Avejeli was abundant and various, and we hoped that a change had come over the land;" and so on. In short, the expedition continued to follow unknown and untravelled paths eastwards to the south end of the Albert Nyanza. From the standpoint of geographical exploration this was anyhow more useful, and could only bring fresh laurels to the leader of the expedition.

We tarried a few hours on the banks of the Nepoko, and after recording my observations, I had to resign myself to my gloomy thoughts. These later took the following shape in my journal: "With a heavy heart I yesterday saw in the Nepoko a limit put to my farther wanderings. It were madness, it is in fact impossible, to cherish hopes of further results, for even, as an African traveller, I stand on the verge of the bitterest poverty. Thanks to the greatest economy and foresight in past years, I certainly still possess some of the most essential things, can even still boast of a new shirt; but at every turn and corner I miss those almost indispensable aids and comforts which are the hardest to do without when beyond our reach. My greatest deprivation is tea, which I had only occasionally tasted during the last few months. Moreover, throughout the past year, I had fared almost exclusively on the local produce, without any change, often even badly cooked; and although the stomach did not rebel, my strength had already been greatly impaired. The ailing body had lost much of its former staying-power, a circumstance which alone imperatively demanded a speedy return. But still how far from my effects at Zemio's! I dread the weary return journey, and my condition leaves me little confidence. Even home memories, hitherto almost constantly in my mind, I can no longer dwell upon as formerly."

In this despondent mood I got back to Teli's little settlement, to face fresh hardships, and to seek fresh nursing, for my sores had to be washed and bandaged.

Of late years Sanga's territory had become a haven of safety for refugees and exiles from other districts. Hence, besides his

own people, this Mangbattu prince now ruled over fragments of Mangballe, Majo, Maeje, Niapu, and Maigo people. The smaller aboriginal groups, as well as the Mabode, rightful owners of the land, had been partly driven out, and some few reduced, and raids were even still undertaken against the surrounding populations.

Sanga's domain was bounded by the river Maeka towards the west, where lie the sources of previously-mentioned rivers, such as, taking them in their order from south to north, the Nawa traversing a Mangballe country, the Pokko inhabited by A-Bissangas, and the Teli occupied by a group of Maigos under their chief, Jakoda. West of the Maeka, another obae was reported to drain to the Nepoko ; the Ngadda, as it was called, was said to be held by some Mabode people, and in the same district a certain Mount Bambula was spoken of. The Wochua dwarfs also showed a great preference for those western Maigo lands.

Dsumbe, whose foot was now well, had come on from Malingde's, reporting that Malingde awaited my return, in order to accompany us with his people northwards, when he wished again to visit Gambari, who was still at Mbelia. Hence I resolved, after my return from the Nepoko, to humour Sanga by staying three days longer with him, and then retrace my steps northwards.

But even then Sanga made no arrangements for my departure, on the plea that his son with his people must first proceed again to Mbelia, after which he would think of my journey. But these were mere subterfuges to cloak other widely different designs of this selfish ruler.

May was now half over, and Sanga had still fresh and equally empty pretexts for his delays. Had I been in as good health as some months previously, I should have doubtless taken the bull by the horns, simply saying, " Omnia mea mecum porto," and should have gone off with my servants, leaving my few things behind. Then Sanga would have most probably sent them forward, for even the independent tribes, especially since Gambari's reinstatement, always stood in fear of the Government.

So great was my resentment against Sanga, that I scarcely had any personal intercourse with him, and conducted everything mostly through a dragoman. Nevertheless, I sent for him on May 18th, and insisted on his letting me know how many days longer he intended keeping me, at the same time requesting him, as was customary, to indicate the number of days by so many bits of stick. Thereupon he gave me fresh promises, spoke of a raid he intended shortly making against the Mabode, and ultimately handed me five sticks. He also wanted to add a present of a bow and arrows. This I not only declined, but, returning to my hut, sent him back his previous gifts—knives, a goat, parrots, and a leopard-skin. Now he sent me word through the dragoman that he feared my wrath, and would flee with his people to the wilderness. Perhaps, in his simplicity, he thought with this to alarm me, but I sent word back that he might go if he pleased, then I should at least get enough to eat from his fields, and could find my own way back to Malingde's; the responsibility of all this would rest, not with me, but with him.

About this time chief Teli visited us from the Nepoko. I told him how falsely and basely Sanga was acting, complaining that after weeks of an enforced residence with him, I had nothing left with which to give his people any presents. This was enough to arouse Teli's cupidity; then indignation got the better of me, and with bitter contempt I turned out the contents of a little bag—a few beads, a bronze bracelet, and two cheap knives. "There," I cried "take all, it is my last!" Possibly a spark of honour glimmered in his breast; possibly my scornful tone made him fear some sinister purpose; anyhow, he took nothing but the bracelet.

Certainly I could not have procured much with this object, for I had recently had some experience of the ideas prevalent amongst these people on the subject of the barter trade. I had vainly offered a woman several strings of little round beads for a few handfuls of sesame; she would look at nothing but large beads. Like all the rest, she was prompted by the desire of the moment, without any regard for the intrinsic value of things.

At my interview with Teli messengers from Malingde were present, again urging a speedy return. But they soon noticed how matters stood, and I then entrusted them with a secret message to Malingde, asking him to communicate with Gambari, in the hope that he would either compel Sanga to let me off, or else send me carriers himself.

Thus passed the five days, and, as I foresaw, still no movement on the part of Sanga; and now his people went off on the projected razzia. With all these cares and worries the whole month of May was consumed, my sufferings growing daily worse, and travelling becoming more and more difficult with the advancing rainy season. My right hand was so painful that I found it difficult even to write; the bandages were also running out, and a fresh supply was out of the question. However, a vigorous application of hot compresses brought an improvement in the leg, and to my great joy the local sores began to heal, five of the largest closing by the middle of June. At the beginning of the same month there was also an improvement in my appetite, which I now and then stimulated with a little quinine. The dark, thick oil extracted from the kernels of the oil-palm also worked wonders in allaying the irritation of the skin, which at times had become past endurance. Here Binsa was of great help, begging the oil from the Mangbattu women, and daily rubbing it into the inflamed parts. He was a noble little fellow, docile, a willing worker, and in fact now my only prop, Rensi being useless for such ministrations, while Dsumbe had again been despatched to Malingde with a secret message.

Our position was rendered more irksome by the scanty and irregular supply of food, which Sanga prevented us from purchasing, while always promising, and always breaking his promise, to provide himself for our wants. To be sure there were the termites, which in these parts also are collected and eaten; the oil-palm, here indigenous, also yielded a refreshing beverage. But best of all was the young maize, at the time not yet quite ripe. I now learnt the art of preparing a kind of polenta from *pokuta* (maize-pap), a common article of diet in Mangbattu Land, but amongst the Zandehs reserved for chiefs and the favoured few.

The milky cobs are pounded in a wooden mortar, and the mess then put into leaf bags, each large enough to hold sufficient for one meal. The bags are tied up with the stalks of foliage; but the Zandehs wrap it up in banana-leaves, in which it is steamed, by being placed on cross sticks fixed above the surface of the water in an earthenware pot. When properly prepared, this is a savoury dish, of which Sanga's wives would put up eight or ten for me at a time, although it will keep only for a few days. But I managed to prevent it from getting mouldy by first roasting it a little over a charcoal fire. Strange to say, this treatment of unripe maize seems quite unknown in those parts of Europe, such as Lombardy and Hungary, where the cereal is chiefly grown.

With Sanga's women-folk I got on altogether much better than with Sanga himself. In the evening, when I was seated before the hut, they often came with their little benches, and grouped themselves round the fire, communicating through Binsa their regard for me, as I was so quiet, never abused anybody, and allowed them to associate with me. My policy was naturally to keep on as good terms as possible with Sanga's people, and with this view I also attracted the men, had the nugara sounded, got up dances, and once, when I was getting a little stronger, joined the circle myself, to the great delight of the multitude. I would often tell them of our manners and customs, encouraged them to laugh and joke without fear, and thus had many an opportunity of studying the mode of thought and inner soul, especially of the Mangbattu women.

On the days when Sanga was away plundering his unfortunate Mabode neighbours, things went merrily round about my huts, and on these occasions the women would even bring supplies of food with them. Once they introduced me to a matron who filled the office of royal cook; this responsible position she had previously occupied under Tukuba, and later at Munsa's court, and at present it was her special duty to look after Sanga's table, and take care that nothing was served up by which he might get poisoned or bewitched. For this is the constant dread of those native potentates, so that the office of the royal cook is by no means a sinecure. Considering her long tenure of office, I

AKKA GIRL. (*From a photograph by R. Buchta.*)

could not but be surprised that she had not yet learnt to have the poultry drawn before being cooked. Owing to this primitive treatment, I personally much preferred the reed-rat (*Aulacodus Swinderianus*), cooked in oil, which Sanga once sent me. This animal, which has a wide range even north of the Welle, where the Arabs call it Far el-Bûs, resembles the mole-rat, being tailless, about a foot long, and given to burrowing in the ground; the natives pursue it for the sake of its flesh, which certainly ranks with the best and most savoury known to me.

Very different were my feelings at sight of the stewed foot of a Negress, which I had requested Dsumbe to bring me under the following circumstances. A few hundred yards from my hut a woman, whom the oracle had pronounced guilty of witchcraft, had been lynched by the people; Dsumbe, who had witnessed the scene, reported the horrible proceedings to me. The inhuman fiends had ripped up the still quivering body to get at the gall-bladder, which was extracted and burnt, as it was supposed to contain the magic charm. The cooked foot, which Dsumbe brought me wrapped in banana-leaves, was discoloured, and the nails had fallen off in cooking. Human flesh is always cooked with the skin after the hair is singed off.

We naturally turn with loathing from the perpetrators of these atrocities. But the people themselves act in their dark superstition according to the traditional laws handed down from their forefathers, and round about they see no better models, no higher standard, to follow. So I ask myself, are they not rather to be pitied and pardoned than those murderers in civilized lands, who, despite their better environment, commit in cold blood the most atrocious crimes for base motives? Anyhow the practice of cannibalism, when studied on the spot, will be judged more leniently than when viewed from the standpoint of a higher culture.

In other respects the natives have their own standard of taste, and turn with aversion from certain European delicacies. I remember on one occasion how some A-Barmbo were disgusted at the smell of some genuine old Edam (Dutch) cheese, of which I had eaten a few scraps, and gave out that the white

people eat "the foulest muck." Many smells affect them differently from us, and they turn with loathing from eau-de-Cologne, for instance, and from scented soap. We see something analogous in the colour sense, and it is noteworthy that most Negro languages have expressions for only three primary colours—red, black, and white. Yet in their surroundings the most varied shades must be focussed in the retina. The best proof of this is the fine discrimination and independent taste with which they make their selections from the beads of every imaginable hue which are laid before them.

One evening, having ascertained beforehand that his presence would not be unwelcome, Sanga again made his appearance with all the presents which I had sent back, together with three goats recently stolen from the Mabode. After long pressure I allowed myself to be persuaded to accept the gifts, as I did not wish to drive things to extremities. But I let him plainly understand that my resentment against him would continue to rankle in my heart until I was safely landed on the off-side of the obae, when my ill-will could be buried in the swamp. I again rated him for his unworthy conduct, repeating all the lies with which he had already deceived me. At this he reiterated his empty assurances, or interrupted them to laugh like a child at my vivid picture of his backslidings, and then all his suite would roar in concert. At last, to show my utter contempt of his character, I told him that, as regarded the time of my departure, I would take no more promises from him, as he never kept any of them.

His motive in detaining me he had once frankly explained to Dsumbe. He held me as a hostage for his brother Abondomassi, who had in the meantime gone to see Gambari at Kubbi. Gambari, he told me, had formerly murdered many of his kinsmen, but so long as I remained in his power he had no fear for his brother's life. My presence also gave him a good opportunity for making raids on the Mabode, who, as I had heard, were terribly afraid of me ; and of course it served Sanga's purpose to intensify this feeling by spreading lying reports regarding me.

Now I hesitated no longer, but on some innocent pretext sent off Dsumbe with secret instructions to despatch messengers in all haste to Gambari, and get him to send Abondomassi back without delay. Then the report got about that I had asked Gambari for some soldiers to come to the rescue, and henceforth Sanga and his people lived in the greatest alarm. He came in hot haste to ascertain the truth, and I then explained that in consequence of his remarks, I had sent to Gambari requesting him to let Abondomassi return forthwith; but as to soldiers he might make himself easy. I noticed later that Sanga's son again started for Mbelia. On his return he reported that after Dsumbe's arrival Arama had the war-drum beaten and other preparations made; while, on June 20th, orders came from Gambari to have me at once escorted back to Malingde's, as in the meantime Abondomassi would return home.

Sanga now felt humiliated, while I gave expression to my jubilant feelings by playing a few airs on the accordion, which I had not touched for a long time. However, he utilized the last few days of my stay to make another raid on the Mabode beyond the Nepoko. In their physical appearance these Mabode resemble the Momfus much more than they do the Mangbattu, from whom they differ in their darker complexion. But their language is distinct, as are also many of their industrial products. Their artistic taste is shown in their iron coronets and flat bracelets, exquisitely chased; their delicately-shaped spear-heads also rival those of the Momfus in the variety of their forms; while they excel many of the neighbouring peoples in wickerwork—specially remarkable are the large, beautiful mats, finer than any I saw elsewhere, and the wickered bottle-shaped vessels made to hold liquids.

My desire to see more of the Wochua dwarfs was rarely gratified. As already stated, they lead a nomad existence in Mabode Land, and had also a few colonies in Sanga's district, but were as shy and timid as the Mabode themselves. When one or two ventured to approach me, they scarcely dared to look me in the face, so that I learnt little beyond the fact of their existence in this region.

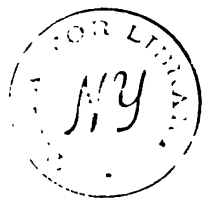
On the other hand, I had to make a nearer acquaintance with the rat tribe, which were here as great a plague as previously at Kanna's. It was scarcely possible to keep anything out of their reach by locking it up or hanging it from the roof. They devoured all the leather straps to the last shred, and once fastened on the neck of my servant, who, by the time he woke from his leaden Negro sleep, found himself deeply marked by their teeth. They often carried off the long greasy hairpins from the sleeping women, and it was in vain that I surrounded the huts with a whole system of traps like those used for snaring small wild-cats, besides various ingenious devices suggested by Binsa. Less troublesome were the cockroaches (*Blatta orientalis*), although they also invaded pots and pans and left nothing untouched.

During the months of May and June the rains were more equally distributed than farther north; they lasted longer, but were not so heavy, and were preceded by fewer thunderstorms than at the beginning of the wet season. They were brought for the most part by east and south-east winds.

On June 21st, the day after the arrival of Gambari's messengers, Sanga summoned his people, presumably to select the carriers for my return journey the same day. But that and the next day passed in useless expectation. Now, however, came the report that Abondomassi had started from Kubbi. Evidently this was what Sanga was waiting for, and I was at last able to get away on June 23rd. Although still ailing, with bandaged hands and legs, I thought myself more than fortunate in my release from this most wretched of all the places visited by me.

We did not actually start till late in the afternoon, and to the last moment we were surrounded by women and children, who, with much pantomime and hand-pressing, expressed their regret at my departure; for I had given them many an hour's pleasure, and also perhaps afforded them a little protection from their capricious master, of whom they stood in constant dread, being at any time liable to be accused by the mapinge (oracle). Sanga, in fact, had once plainly told me himself that after my departure he should consult the oracle, and, according to its response, immolate one or two of his wives, for if this was not done now

PASSAGE OF THE OBAE. (*Drawn by L. H. Fischer.*)



and then they became too overbearing. He accompanied me personally till we got clear of the last obae, but probably less through regard for my safety than from curiosity to see my ass, of which he had heard so much, and now wanted to behold the wonderful beast with his own eyes.

PUFF-ADDER SLAIN.

Our path diverged here and there from that by which we had arrived. Thus the first obae was crossed farther west, at the point where it forms the connection between the last two traversed on the way hither. Hence it was now considerably wider, and we had a hard struggle to wade through the swampy depression. Beyond it the ground rose perceptibly, affording a wide prospect southwards and westwards over swamp, bush, and woodlands. We

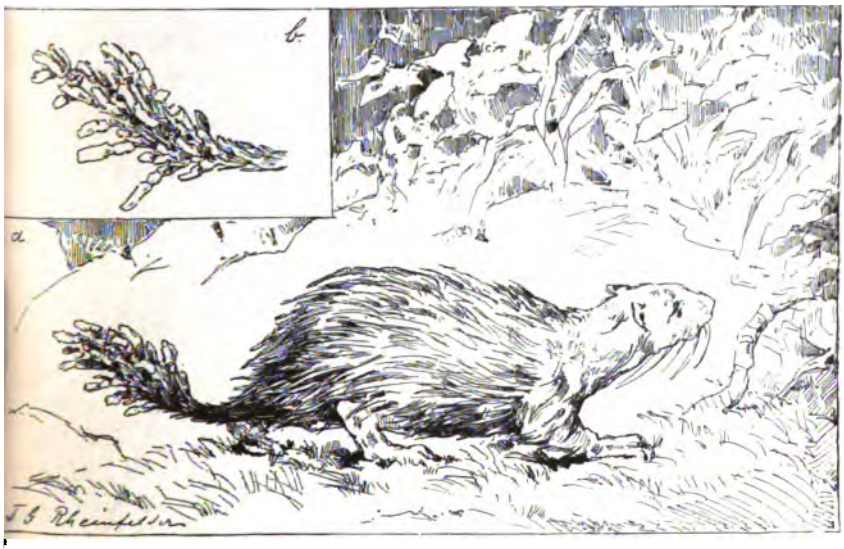
encamped for the night on the rising-ground where stood the last habitations of a Mangballe colony.

Next day striking north, we reached our previous track southwards, and followed it, still to the north, through an uninhabited wooded wilderness. But an hour before reaching the largest obae, we again diverged by a north-westerly path, which brought us to the point where the swamp had to be crossed. The carriers, who were a lazy lot, every moment pulling up to settle their incessant wranglings, had compelled me to traverse a good part of the way on foot, and as it was threatening to rain, I decided to encamp a second night at some temporary huts beyond the obae. The spot was indicated by a few oil-palms, dense copse, a close tangle of impenetrable trailing plants, and gourds of such luxuriant growth that they had to be cleared away before we could take possession of the sheltering roofs.

These were the characteristic indications of one of those plantations run wild, which are the favourite haunts of venomous reptiles. Even in the open country they were met much more frequently than in the north. At Sanga's the natives, who fear them greatly, had brought me several species, and here I now saw a specimen of the puff-adder family. It was nearly as thick as one's wrist, but scarcely two feet long, with a broad, flat head attached to a slender neck. I kept the skin, in which beautiful yellow, black, and brown hues prevailed; but the head was useless, having been pierced by a number of darts, suspended to which the dead snake was brought to me by a Maeje native.

Here it may be remarked, that of those southern tribes that carry the bow and arrow, the Maeje and Maigo poison the arrows for special purposes, in a way known only to themselves. Those parts are frequented by the slender-tailed porcupine (*Atherura africana*), which is about two feet long. Noteworthy is the tail, which terminates in a tuft, formed of fine parchment-like bristles arranged in an oval-shaped bunch. Some of these bristles are steeped in the poison probably of some species of euphorbia, and attached to the arrow-heads. Hence the natives preserve all such tufted tails, some of which I was able to procure.

Meanwhile the clouds had banked up, and soon a heavy shower was pouring down on the leafy roof of our solitary shelter on the margin of the morass. We were all packed together in the narrow space, which was exposed on one side to the driving rain, and which was soon flooded with roaring torrents rushing under our feet. Thus we passed a cold, damp night in the midst of the dripping vegetation. Early next morning the dragoman and Rensi were off at once to bring



(*a*) ATHERURA AFRICANA ; (*b*) TAIL OF THE SAME.

the ass to the north side of the last obae still to be crossed. We had ourselves to await Abondomassi, messengers having come in with the news that he was on the way hither. On his arrival he had a long conversation with Sanga, of which I heard nothing. The march was resumed along the already-traversed route going southwards, and after crossing the last obae, I was rejoiced again to meet my trusty little mount.

Hitherto the journey had been more toilsome for me than for my numerous bearers frequently relieving each other. I had to

be seated astride a Mangbattu angareb, the men finding this an easier way of carrying me. But they went right on through thick and thin, heedless of consequences, so that it needed all my care to avoid getting brushed off or torn to pieces by the branches and thorny scrub. Withal I was unable to save my legs from several severe blows, and I often remained myself suspended by the beard to the thorns, or else half strangled or lashed behind by the elastic creepers. But all these disagreeables were forgotten when I at last perceived Dsumbe and the ass awaiting me beyond the obae. Sanga and his people crowded round, lost in amazement; nor could I grudge the brave beast a momentary triumph. But I was soon in the saddle, trotting merrily off.

The prince did not return at once to his residence. A number of retainers had accompanied him for a hunt, to which the whole rabble now went off. On such occasions the people employ their small red-brown hounds, who have to scent out and keep to the spoor of the game. They wear wooden bells round the neck, in order not to get lost in the tall grass; the neck is also protected by a hard, leather band four fingers wide from the bite of wild cats, who are very dangerous in the high herbage. Nevertheless, Sanga, as I afterwards learnt, lost some of his dogs at that hunt, but captured two buffaloes and a chimpanzee.

Meanwhile the wildest rumours regarding me had been spread amongst the Maeje, many of whom believed me dead. Hence the maid-servant left behind at Malingde's, fearing to be killed and eaten by the Maeje, had gone off and remained hidden for days in the grass, until at last she plucked up courage to return. I found that my other servants had also suffered much distress and hunger at Malingde's, especially the poor fellow who had followed me from Kubbi, and whom I now found half-starved.

My return filled all with joy, and I myself immensely relished the kisra-bread prepared for me by the maid-servant. The maize had already ripened, and there were gourds, but all in small quantities, so that I had still to be very economical, and all the more that there were no bananas or manioc.

In Maeje Land there is an excellent variety of maize, not the

small kind, which ripens in a few months, and which is cultivated in all Negro lands, but one whose cobs are scarcely inferior in size and quality to the best European and American varieties, but which also take longer to ripen. It is yellow, without any mixture of dark or reddish grains; nor is it transparent, but mealy. The Maeje also grow tobacco somewhat extensively, and I was always glad to barter my beads for some.

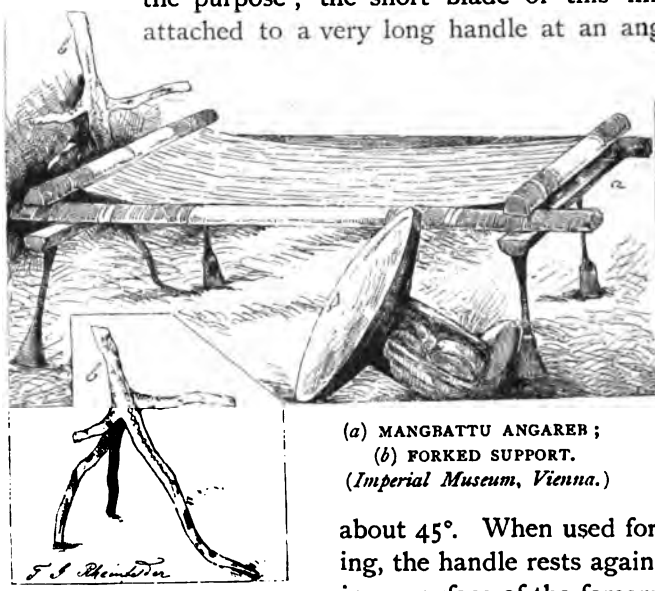
But despite these and other comforts, my health still left much to be desired; the irritation especially again became troublesome, and compelled me to have again recourse to the thick palm-oil lotion with salt added. Still, on the whole, my spirits were better, and by dint of presents I was hopeful that Malingde would soon consent to my resuming the journey.

Malingde daily passed several hours in his forge and finishing workshop. This establishment stood under a spacious awning, where his people usually assembled on ordinary occasions. The workmen's tools I saw there were simple enough, miniature anvils of various sizes, the largest only two to three inches in diameter, all tapering downwards, and with their sharp wedge-shaped end embedded in a beam firmly fixed in the ground. The hammers were iron wedges exactly like the anvils, but smaller, with a split wooden billet for handle, in

MANGBATTU KNIVES

which the wedge was inserted and securely fastened with swathing bands.

Yet with these primitive implements are produced the beautiful and diversely-formed knives and broadswords, the many-toothed spears, and all the other ironware of the Mangbattus and of the kindred Maeje people. The various wooden objects are first roughly shaped by a tool resembling our cooper's hatchet, and then carefully finished off with a knife specially designed for the purpose; the short blade of this knife is attached to a very long handle at an angle of



(*a*) MANGBATTU ANGAREB; (*b*) FORKED SUPPORT. (*Imperial Museum, Vienna.*)

about 45°. When used for carving, the handle rests against the inner surface of the forearm, and often serves as a lever. But all is not carving that seems so. Thus the various intaglios or sunken designs on many wooden objects, and especially stools, are not carved, but rapidly burnt in by means of long iron styles, varying in strength, the object having first been lightly and skilfully blackened over the glowing fire of the smithery. Many wooden articles, notably the shields, receive a last touch with the rough leaf of *Ficus asperifolia Miq.*, which has somewhat the consistency of our sand-paper. This species of fig is widely diffused throughout the upper Bahr el-Ghazal affluents, as well as in the Welle basin, and grows both

as a tree and a shrub, especially along the river banks. It is noted for the great diversity of its foliage, smooth-edged and jagged, broad and narrow leaves often growing on the same plant. The same species also occurs in the uplands of Arabia Felix, where its leaves, which feel like the skin of a shark, are used for furbishing ironware.

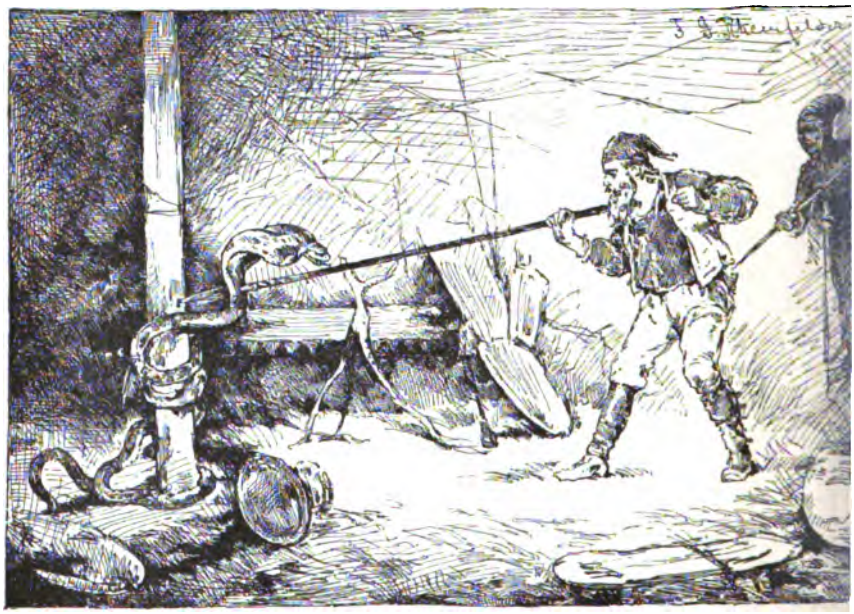
The preparation and adornment of the Mangbattu angarebs calls for special notice. These couches are made with split strips of the raphia palm-leaf stalks, laid side by side and bound together. The fresh, greenish petioles, when dried, become a straw colour, and before being used often receive a striped design. This process is also effected by fire, the parts not intended to be attacked being wound round spiral-fashion with swathes of fresh reeds. When the whole has been blackened over the flame, the spirals are again removed, leaving the well-preserved natural colour exposed.

It needed no little self-command not to sacrifice the five goats I had brought from Sanga's. But how much soever I yearned for a little meat, they were all brought safely to my new station at Zemio's with others picked up on the way. The Maeje also possess goats, although, like all Mangbattus, they are not stock-breeders in the strict sense of the word. But the Maigo farther west are said to be great breeders of goats, and still more so the Momfus and Mabode, from whom the Maeje capture most of their goats. The milk they never taste, but appreciate the flesh, while the goat has a special value amongst the Mangbattu tribes as convenient currency used in the purchase of women, goat and women being of about equal worth. The animals' front teeth are always knocked out, to prevent them from nibbling the rokko fig-trees planted about all the settlements, an expedient that might well be recommended in many European countries against these mischievous quadrupeds.

At Malingde's venomous reptiles again became so obtrusive that many were killed in the huts themselves. One was six and a half feet long, of a dark colour, and very like the Egyptian hooded-snake (*Naia Haje*), which, according to Brehm, ranges over the whole of Africa, and which is repeatedly mentioned by

Livingstone. It had coiled itself round the central post of my hut, and as I approached with a spear it inflated the hood behind the flat head, and assumed an offensive attitude; but in an instant I spitted it to the post by a lance-thrust.

After a fourteen days' stay at Malingde's we were again on the move; but on the journey to Tangasi I suffered much from



COBRA (*Naia Haje*) SPITTED TO THE POST OF MY TENT.

an abscess on the back, which broke out just before starting, and which had several times to be lanced *en route*.

After the usual difficulties with these southern carriers we got clean away, and were accompanied for some distance by a crowd of women and even men, who kept up such a din that after a ride of a few hours I dismounted from my ass quite stupefied. The path ran northwards to the A-Bui people, a Maeje tribe, with whose chief, Agengue, we passed the night. Both on this and next day's march the little streams were all affluents of the

Nala, already mentioned as tributary to the Bomokandi. Although the land is well peopled, the natives, as in all frontier districts, are concentrated at certain points with intervening spaces of uninhabited wilderness.

On July 1st we made a stiff tramp through such a wilderness to chief Dida's, Malingde and his carriers having accompanied me so far. After a short march to the north-west, the Nala was crossed, the road then keeping steadily north. The river had flooded its banks, so that we had to wade some forty yards through three feet of water. Farther on the Nala receives several more tributaries flowing in deep channels, while the main stream ran at a short distance from, and paralled with, the route to Dida's district. The track ran through continuous forest, and was often crossed by elephant spoor, which might easily lead the wayfarer astray, as in fact happened in one instance to myself and some of the people who had pushed ahead. The whole afternoon we wandered about in the dense woodlands, emerging at last towards evening on more open cultivated ground. Here we were in the territory of the Mambaras, a Maeje tribe, whose elderly chief, Dida, placed at my disposal a wretched hovel, from which I was soon expelled by the rats. My old friend, the moon, however, stood full in the sky, and gave me peace and sleep in the open.

All along this line of march neither chiefs nor carriers could be depended upon, and the stay at Dida's was made more irksome by the incredible importunity of the natives. They penetrated everywhere, even into my maid-servant's hut to stare open-mouthed at the kitchen utensils. Here also I had some fresh experience of the childish and capricious views entertained by the peoples of these parts on the subject of regular trade. A man sold me an elegant ivory horn, but rejected everything that I offered him in return, having set his heart upon a blue-and-white enamelled iron platter that lay on the table. Although it was my last, I had reluctantly to part with it in exchange for the horn. The dealer went off well pleased, but in the afternoon he was back again with a fowl and some tobacco, which he wanted to swap for the horn, but still keeping a firm hold of the plate.

I confess I should have liked to send the fellow to the right-about with all his perverse notions of fair dealing, but restrained myself, lest he should suppose he had been "bested," so I simply broke off the whole bargain.

On July 3rd we struck north-westwards to the residence of Karanga, the paramount chief of the A-Bui nation. They are the most numerous of all the Maeje tribes, and their settlements were crowded close together. The watercourses all the way to the Bomokandi are tributary to its Rungu affluent, which flows northwards east of the line of march. Close to Karanga's three deep boggy depressions were crossed, his fenced station standing on a rising-ground just beyond them.

These Maeje surround their habitations with palisades, not only against the common foe, but also in consequence of the frequent feuds between the kindred tribes themselves, and lastly as a protection against marauders. Karanga's enclosure was very extensive, not only embracing the scattered huts, but also the intervening maize-fields. On my arrival an unruly throng pressed close behind, and became so troublesome, that to over-awe them I had recourse to a rifle, the very last resource in such cases. I quietly loaded it with two bullets in their presence, and cried out that I should shoot the first and foremost, if Karanga could not protect me from their intolerable molestation. This was enough, for they firmly believed I would be as good as my word. By way of enforcing the argument, I showed them what the rifle could do by firing at a neighbouring branch, which came down with a crash in their midst.

Now I was safe, and took up my quarters in a spacious hut with pointed roof, where I made things comfortable, knowing there would be a delay of several days while messengers were sent to Niangara's for carriers needed to continue the march north of the Bomokandi.

Karanga was a somewhat corpulent personage, advanced in years; he showed himself very affable, and our relations were soon on a friendly footing. Like Malingde, he passed much of his time in the workshop, where I often looked on while the craftsmen plied their trades. Just now he was busy with a block

of wood which had to be hollowed out for a drum; he had been working slowly at it, apparently for months, and also occupied himself carving handles for knives. For me he had a mighty Maeje blade forged in my presence, and this he handed me the day of my departure.

Our entertainment was also good, the maize being of the same excellent variety already described, while the manioc-root tasted well with Mabode salt. There were even poultry, though small, belonging to the diminutive Negro breed common in all those lands. But it is noteworthy that south of the Bomokandi, and especially amongst the Maeje, besides that breed there are also some very large fowls with long featherless legs, presumably of different origin. My own impression is that they come from the east coast, introduced by the Arabs to the intervening regions of Buganda and Unyoro, whence they spread to Sanga's and Maeje Land. At least later, when east of Albert Nyanza, I noticed, besides the small native breed, some large birds of a similar kind. All these amenities at Karanga's I enjoyed all the more that my general health was now much improved; even the right hand had so far healed that I could again write legibly and without pain.

The heart of the Maeje territory is conterminous northwards with the Bomokandi; towards the east stretched an uninhabited tract, beyond which followed Momfu Land; in the west the territory of the fugitive, still-surviving descendants of the Mangbattu dynasty extended to the district of the vassal chief, Kanna. Such were, especially, the possessions of Sanga Mobele's brother, Sanga Popo, and since quite recent times also those of Mambanga. But close to Karanga's west frontier was the petty Mangbattu chief Saensae, a son of Nadiri, whose father Mopa had been brother to Tukuba.

Saensae at once sent me envoys, and a few days later arrived himself at Karanga's. Such visits of one chief to another are rare in those parts, and under other circumstances Saensae would scarcely have presented himself at Karanga's, although there was no feud between them. Visits are avoided partly through mistrust and caution, partly through pride and arrogance.

Even Saensae's present visit to Karanga's mbanga, where meanwhile a numerous assembly had gathered, was carried out in a strange way. Without at all greeting Karanga, he settled down with his following some one hundred yards off, nor did the host on his part make any approach to his guest. No friendly intercourse, no banqueting together, no kind of social intimacy is possible between these princelings bred in an atmosphere of suspicion and haughtiness.

Later Saensae called on me, and at once fell in love with my accordion. To me it was no longer of the same value as at the outset of my wanderings, and in any case there was a duplicate amongst my effects at Zemio's; so I parted with it, indemnifying myself with a large ivory horn and a trumbash. It had, nevertheless, been a good friend, which in its time had delighted and won over thousands of natives, though its leathern harmonies had lately become quite repugnant to me.

Despite Saensae's great reserve towards his princely neighbour, on one occasion it broke down over a game of chance. The Negro is so addicted to gambling that, as with more cultured peoples, it often becomes an uncontrollable passion. Especially amongst the Mangbattu there are many inveterate gamesters. Mostly they play at simple odd and even, with little pebbles, which pass with incredible rapidity and accuracy from hand to hand. Even the youngsters display surprising dexterity at the game, as we have seen at Mambanga's. Often the demon of play becomes so strong that all the effects of the wretched victim pass to the winner's side. There is nothing they will not stake, or at least pledge—bow and arrows, iron objects of all kinds, poultry, female slaves—and of course not always without strife.

Now Saensae was a slave to this passion, and on the present occasion he lost to Karanga's people several hundred arrows, all kinds of other things, and lastly a number of fowls, which he punctually paid as a debt of honour. My servants also only too readily acquired this bad habit, and when I lay ill at Sanga's they would often sit all day long at the "table." For stakes they mostly used carved wooden arrows, such as are employed at fowling.

Sanga Popo and Mambanga sent me no messages, though I had expected them, my stay at Karanga's being widely known. A few of Sanga Popo's people, who called to see me, declared that they were not envoys; nevertheless I treated them to a few trifles, taking this opportunity of sending my reproaches to their ruler for his vile treatment of Casati.

Thus passed five days at Karanga's, and still the messengers were not yet back from Niangara's. The most frequented road northwards led across the Bomokandi to the little Soliman station in the Tangasi district. But there was a shorter and more direct way to Tangasi, which we decided to take, in the hope that the carriers from Niangara would meet us on the road. In this expectation Karanga's people also readily took up the loads, with which, on July 9th, we set out, reaching the Bomokandi in a few hours. Here the land was an uninhabited, thinly-wooded steppe, traversed by a few streams, and during the last hour's march a treeless savannah.

The way to the Soliman station branched off north-eastwards, leading beyond the Bomokandi through the former territory of Napeso, a deceased brother of Niangara. We crossed the river by the short road to Tangasi, and encamped for the night on the opposite side. In the wooded bank I had found a canoe hidden away, and in this I launched for the fifth and last time on the waters of the Bomokandi, which was here 150 yards wide, although high-water level had not yet been reached.

Next morning, Niangara's carriers not having yet arrived, Karanga's people, who had proffered their services only to the Bomokandi, struck work; some had even made off during the night. Nothing could induce them to go farther, although there were more than enough hands for the few loads, and even these had been lightened by a few unnecessary things left behind at the encampment. While a few of the better-disposed were arguing with the others, I started at all risks with my attendants, but we lost our way in the tall grass, where many scarcely-perceptible tracks crossed each other.

After a little while the Maeje men relented and followed after us, and by dint of much shouting and casting about, came at last

on our track. Peace, however, was by no means insured, the stumbling-block now being that neither Dsumbe nor the dragoman carried any loads, but only led the goats by a string. Two of them threw down their loads on the spot, taking charge of the goats and leaving the things to be carried further by the servants.

Unfortunately an extensive uninhabited wilderness stretched away to the north, and the obstructions to our progress now exceeded all past experience. Primeval nature seemed here to be arrayed against its bitterest enemy, man, and wonderfully furnished with defensive weapons. The track was often not even visible, and we mostly followed elephant spoors, which, however, had constantly to be shifted in order to keep to those running north. In the tall grass these spoors are broad enough, and easily followed; but the route lay almost continually through thick forests, which increased our difficulties almost beyond endurance.

Most impassable were the patches of abandoned plantations, where the last visible traces of a path through bush and underwood were lost. And we had to make our way through many such places, for the district had once been occupied by Munsa's brother, Numa. Often we had to get along on all fours, the gnarled and thorny branches causing acute pain to my sore back.

Through the first part of that wilderness flows the Duku, a northern affluent of the Bomokandi. Here it was twenty yards wide and three feet deep, and on its banks a fresh plague awaited us. For a long stretch the ground literally swarmed with one of the most ferocious species of ants. When they are met in this way they, luckily for the wayfarer, for the most part keep in serried ranks, only now and then breaking into foraging parties, and then woe to any one falling in their way.

We had been warned by the shouting of the leading carriers; but too late, for we had already come within reach of myriads of these voracious little beasts. A precipitous retreat could no longer prevent them from finding their way under my clothes, and dozens were already pitilessly torturing me. On getting

clear of their hordes I had to cast off everything, and carefully destroy all creeping things, to get rid of my tormentors. In such cases the Negroes are much better off, being able to brush off the insects as fast as they appear on their naked bodies. My ass was badly bitten, and lashed out wildly with pain until I had him thoroughly groomed.

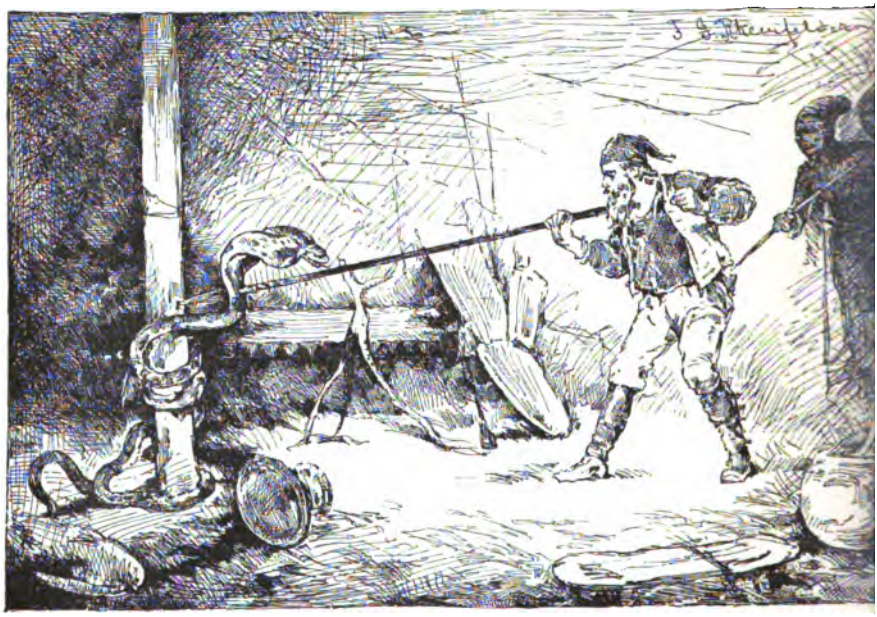
To reach the stream we now made a great round, but only to meet a new trouble on the river banks. Here clouds of blood-thirsty mosquitoes were hovering on the surface, and caused a regular panic amongst the Maeje carriers. In their agony many left loads and goats in the lurch, even threw away their bows and arrows, as after a lost battle, and fairly bolted. This time I had at least the satisfaction of knowing that the naked people fared worse than I did in my clothes. The river was breast-deep, and beyond it all kinds of swamps and stagnant waters had also to be crossed. Amid all these troubles my attendants behaved admirably, showing great self-sacrifice, and bringing in the abandoned goats, while an hour passed before the cowardly Maeje turned up again.

Now the road plunged once more into the forest, through which I had to struggle for hours in dripping clothes. A large clearing, now covered with brushwood and culture plants run wild, indicated the former residence of Prince Numa. Here the men encamped long before sunset, partly through laziness, partly in the hope that Niangara's people would at last make their appearance. The place abounded in the oil-palm, and presently the air was alive with the hammering of the carriers cracking the hard nuts to get at the kernels, which with the pulpy fruit helped, with a little abre soaked in water, to appease our hunger.

Meantime I sat drying my clothes at the fire, while the carriers indulged in fresh wranglings and bickerings, and protested that they would go no farther next day. Luckily their head-man took another view of the situation, declaring that it would be dastardly and unworthy conduct to forsake me in the wilderness; consequently he promised in any case to see me to the next settlement. Thus passed the second anxious and almost sleepless night in the lone-land north of the Bomokandi.

Livingstone. It had coiled itself round the central post of my hut, and as I approached with a spear it inflated the hood behind the flat head, and assumed an offensive attitude; but in an instant I spitted it to the post by a lance-thrust.

After a fourteen days' stay at Malingde's we were again on the move; but on the journey to Tangasi I suffered much from



COBRA (*Naia Haje*) SPITTED TO THE POST OF MY TENT.

an abscess on the back, which broke out just before starting, and which had several times to be lanced *en route.*

After the usual difficulties with these southern carriers we got clean away, and were accompanied for some distance by a crowd of women and even men, who kept up such a din that after a ride of a few hours I dismounted from my ass quite stupefied. The path ran northwards to the A-Bui people, a Maeje tribe, with whose chief, Agengue, we passed the night. Both on this and next day's march the little streams were all affluents of the

Nala, already mentioned as tributary to the Bomokandi. Although the land is well peopled, the natives, as in all frontier districts, are concentrated at certain points with intervening spaces of uninhabited wilderness.

On July 1st we made a stiff tramp through such a wilderness to chief Dida's, Malingde and his carriers having accompanied me so far. After a short march to the north-west, the Nala was crossed, the road then keeping steadily north. The river had flooded its banks, so that we had to wade some forty yards through three feet of water. Farther on the Nala receives several more tributaries flowing in deep channels, while the main stream ran at a short distance from, and paralled with, the route to Dida's district. The track ran through continuous forest, and was often crossed by elephant spoor, which might easily lead the wayfarer astray, as in fact happened in one instance to myself and some of the people who had pushed ahead. The whole afternoon we wandered about in the dense woodlands, emerging at last towards evening on more open cultivated ground. Here we were in the territory of the Mambaras, a Maeje tribe, whose elderly chief, Dida, placed at my disposal a wretched hovel, from which I was soon expelled by the rats. My old friend, the moon, however, stood full in the sky, and gave me peace and sleep in the open.

All along this line of march neither chiefs nor carriers could be depended upon, and the stay at Dida's was made more irksome by the incredible importunity of the natives. They penetrated everywhere, even into my maid-servant's hut to stare open-mouthed at the kitchen utensils. Here also I had some fresh experience of the childish and capricious views entertained by the peoples of these parts on the subject of regular trade. A man sold me an elegant ivory horn, but rejected everything that I offered him in return, having set his heart upon a blue-and-white enamelled iron platter that lay on the table. Although it was my last, I had reluctantly to part with it in exchange for the horn. The dealer went off well pleased, but in the afternoon he was back again with a fowl and some tobacco, which he wanted to swap for the horn, but still keeping a firm hold of the plate.

Next morning the Maeje were in a somewhat better frame of mind, and resumed their loads, though not without a murmur of discontent. Thus the struggle with the forces of nature again began in the almost uninterrupted forest.

The existence of such extensive woodlands north of the Bomokandi is specially remarkable, and after my experiences in other districts north of that river, was to me a great surprise. Soon after crossing the Maeka, last affluent of the Bomokandi, we reached the water-parting between it and the Gadda. In the latter basin both marshy lowlands and woodlands disappear, and the ground rises perceptibly to a weathered rocky tract, where the streams crossed farther on were found flowing to the Tibbo affluent of the Gadda. The forests were followed by grassy steppes, very slightly wooded, and a beaten path soon led through some cultivated ground to the residence of Jakko, chief of a Momfu settlement.

MAJOR HAWASH MONTASSIR.

My anticipation that Niangara's carriers had taken the more easterly route was now confirmed, for Jakko and some of his people had also been with them. I was unwilling to wait any longer, being anxious to reach Tangasi as soon as possible. Hence, after a short rest in Jakko's enclosure, I pushed on, accompanied only by two attendants. Dsumbe and the dragoman were to follow at once with fresh carriers and the loads.

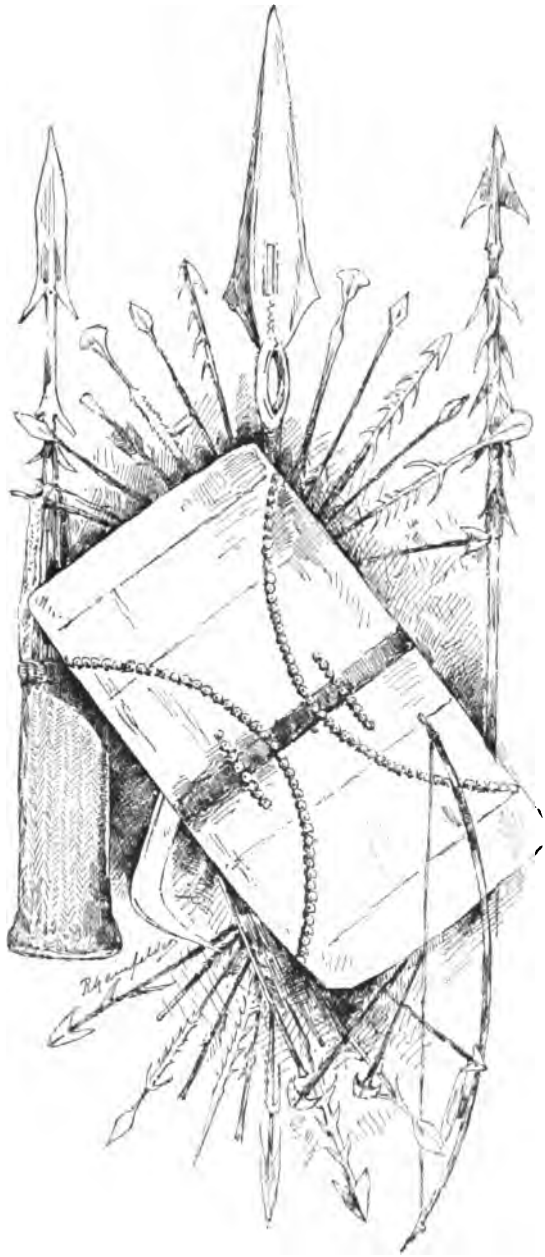
The richly-cultivated tract now traversed was inhabited, besides the Momfus, by A-Bissanga and Niapu people, and there

were, moreover, some Mundu people in the district. These belong to the great A-Bangba nation, some of whom had wandered north-eastwards to Makaraka Land, where we have already met them. Here the little watercourses also flow to the Tibbo, and the well-kept path brought us in an hour and a half to the highway from Tangasi to Soliman-Kubbi. Thus Tangasi was reached on July 11th, and the same evening Dsumbe and the dragoman turned up, having pluckily brought my couch all the way from Jakko's.

In Tangasi I took possession of the vacant huts belonging to Hawash Effendi, who was again away on a round of inspection in the western districts. Meanwhile Captain Casati had carried out his journey to Bakangai's and Kanna's, and was now again in Tangasi. The last hours of the day were passed in friendly conversation with him.

I had been four and a half months absent from Tangasi, having during that time traversed a distance of over 370 miles; nor could I regret the expenditure of so much time and suffering, for all that could be done had been done. My health still left much to be desired, and I consequently gave myself up to thorough rest for the next few weeks. In the station I had a good store of many comforts—such as rice, maize, tea, and coffee—while my maid, Halima, who had also recovered, was able again to minister to my wants.

I treated the local affections with carbolic acid, and treated myself to a cure often adopted by the Arabs, which consists in a combination of a vapour-bath with a general aromatic fumigation of the whole body. For this purpose a hole an arm's-length deep, and nine inches in diameter, is dug in the floor of the hut; in this are put chips or shavings of a forest tree, the wood of which is of a lemon colour. The chips are kept smouldering to produce smoke, and then the patient sits cowering over the pit, enveloped from neck to the ground in some large wrap, so as to let as little as possible of the smoke escape; I found an oilcloth covering very useful for the purpose. The process would be pleasant enough but for one rather serious drawback, the fire being apt at times suddenly to flare up.



MANGBATTU WEAPONS.

When this happens, the victim is reminded by the flames from below of the martyrdom of St. Lawrence, while at the same time he runs the risk of being asphyxiated by the volumes of smoke enveloping his head. Apart from this, the object is achieved, and in a short time such a profuse perspiration is set up that the water streams down the whole body. In a quarter of an hour the victim is released from his artificial purgatory, when the body is vigorously rubbed with fresh dough, and then gently lubricated with oil of sesame. All that time I frequently indulged in such fumigations, whereby the body was dyed all over yellow as a quince; but for the time

being it was quit of the intolerable irritation, and I looked forward with confidence to the long journey to Zemio's.

From Casati I learnt that soon after my departure both Bakangai and Kanna had removed their residences farther south, the former nearer to the Mokongo, the latter to the Pokko.

With Niangara we were by no means over-pleased. He looked after the Government interests in a very negligent way, and shared the failing of his fellow-officials to promise everything and do nothing. Farag Aga, in command at Tangasi, often complained to me of his distress, and just then the supply of maize promised for the soldiers had not yet been consigned. Yet Niangara had been warned, besides the formerly staple banana crop, to have as much cereals grown as possible. In consequence of such warnings, maize had in fact been in recent years much more extensively cultivated in the Mangbattu districts; but the economic sense was lacking properly to distribute the supplies over the different seasons. So it came about that the tribute in corn was delivered to the stations in a very irregular and arbitrary manner. Casati also complained that he and his people had been neglected by Niangara.

Towards the end of July I began to think seriously of the journey; but I first kept my promise to visit Niangara, and was received with all honours by him, surrounded by a numerous gathering of his subjects. I brought some presents which I had kept in reserve for him, amongst others an illustrated book about birds and a musical-box—two things which had already afforded amusement to thousands of natives. In return he gave me some valuable ethnological objects, and even sent a hundred loads of corn to the station, on my reproaching him for keeping back the supplies from the troops.

I may here mention that the cola-nut, such a valuable article of trade in West Africa, is also occasionally masticated by the Mangbattu and Zandeh princes. This was first noticed by Schweinfurth during his expedition to Mangbattu Land, and I was able to confirm his experience, although the practice seems restricted to the chiefs, and even they only use it as a relish with

their beer. In West Sudan the expression "Cola" is applied indifferently to various species of the same genus; but the chief variety is *Cola acuminata, Rob. Brown.* Other kinds, however, are also used, although they contain less caffein.

Besides the genuine cola, a second kind is distinguished in West Africa, known as "cola bitters" and "male cola" (*faux Cola mâle*). It is not a sterculeacea like cola, but belongs to the guttifer family (*Garcinia Cola, Heckel*), and is unknown in the Zandeh and Mangbattu Lands. On the other hand, the *Cola cordifolia, Cav.* (the "Kockurucku" of the Zandehs) is noteworthy as one of the largest and most widely-spread trees along the river banks. Its branchless stem shoots up eighty to a hundred feet high, and bears gigantic, heart-shaped leaves, often with three to five lobes, and long stalk. Usually four oval receptacles, four to five inches long, and containing eight to ten kernels, are grouped together, as in the Sterculeacea. The kernels also are exactly like those of the true cola, but only half as large, and within the integument blood-red instead of pink.

I cannot say positively to what species belong the cola-nuts that I often saw eaten, and myself tasted in Mangbattu Land. The decided rose-red colour pointed at the true *Cola acuminata*, and the bitter taste was doubtless the reason why it was not more generally used. Anyhow, the presence of the true cola in Mangbattu Land is attested by the specimens collected there, and now in Schweinfurth's herbarium.

In recent years more attention has been directed towards the cola-nut, careful analysis showing that it contains more caffein than either tea or coffee, and, moreover, contains theobromine and other properties.[1] Hence preparations of cola-nut have already become widely known as valuable medicines, and for the same purpose cola-chocolate and cola-biscuits are now manufactured.[2]

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[1] "*Die Kolanuss in ihrer kommerciellen, kulturgeschichtlichen und medizinischen Bedeutung. Geschildert von Dr. Bernhard Schuchardt.*" Gotha, 1889.

[2] Julius Krahnstöver, distiller of Rostock in Mecklenburg, has also recently prepared a cola-nut liqueur and cola-nut tablets (pastilles) according to medical prescription, and successfully placed them on the market.

G. SCHWEINFURTH.

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Before finally leaving these regions south of the Welle, I may here give a brief survey of Mangbattu history during the last decade. From the traditions of previous years I was able to collect little more than a few dry names.

These traditions go back to the supreme ruler, Rhua, whose successors were Maeburra, Nabingballe, and Tukuba or Tuba. As already stated, Tukuba, with three of his brothers, were the ancestors of some Mangbattu princes still living in my time. Most powerful of Tukuba's sons, and last supreme ruler in Mangbattu Land, was Munsa, although even under him there were dynastic ramifications, with wars of succession fomented by the Arabs.

Like many after him, Munsa fell a victim to the Arabo-Nubian domination. In the very year of Miani's death, Munsa had given to Mayo, leader of the expedition to Bakangai, a female slave, who afterwards escaped from him. Mayo wanted at the time to make Munsa responsible for her; the affair, however, was arranged by the Arabs, Ali and Osman, during the expedition to the north. Previous to this event, that is, after the death of Munsa's brother, Sadi, who resided in the district on the Bomokandi wrested from him by the Zandeh prince Mangi, father of Bauli, Sadi's eldest son, Nessoggo, had escaped with his followers northwards beyond the Welle. When Mayo returned the next year, 1873, to Mangbattu Land, Nessoggo induced him to make war against Munsa, and it was in this war that Munsa was shot by a Sudanese soldier.

Nessoggo was installed in the place of Munsa, but the same year he attacked the Arab station, killing the administrator, Saleh, one of Bashir's brothers. Then Nessoggo was driven out by Bashir, and became a refugee with his younger brother, Mambanga, building for himself a fenced station ("handak") against further attack.

But in Munsa's old territory the supreme power passed under Niangara to the A-Bangba dynasty. At that time some of Munsa's brothers perished, while others escaped southwards beyond the Bomokandi. Thus Numa lost his life fighting against Mbelia and Gambari, while the latter was still acting

ROYAL MANGBATTU LINE.

RHUA
MAEBURRA
NABINGBALLE

- Massimbano
  - Mbelia (now south of the Nepoko)
  - Tungulu
  - Nabingballe
  - Mbimba
- Tukuba or Tuba
  - Sadi
    - Nessoggo
    - Mambanga
    - Yodi
    - Nendi
  - Munsa
    - Bala
    - Bellae (both at Sanga Mombele's)
    - Nismapa
    - Ndimma
    - Babo
    - Aesoma
  - Numa
    - Sanga (Popo)
    - Sanga (Mombele)
    - Mokinda
    - Antiopa
    - Abondomassi (at Sanga Popo's)
- Abunga
  - Gango
  - Zizi
  - Norei
  - Damma
  - Bangusa
  - Gumbali
  - Neselli
- Mopa
  - Sanga
  - Nadiri
  - Saensae

ROYAL A-BANGBA LINE.

NDENGANDILE
MAGAPA
DEGBERRA

- Kupa or Kuffa
  - Neringanda
  - and six brothers killed by Gambari
- Kubbi
- Bondo
  - Ndeni
- Banda
- Mgusa
- Niangara
- Mapata
- Bukuma
- Tauli (Dragoman at Tangasi)
- Munseko
- Bamu
- Konso
- Messa

ALEKU

- Arama
- Sanga
- Kelima
- Gambari
- Gansi
- Makassa
- Nesille
- Mbaiga &c.

as an Arab dragoman. Mokinda and Antiopa also fell in the war against Kipa.

Meanwhile Bashir and Nessoggo patched up their quarrels, and planned a common attack against the Zandeh prince, Bauli. But Nessoggo, at least according to Bashir's version, played the traitor, and so got knocked on the head by Bashir himself. Then Mambanga was left alone till my arrival; his subsequent fate is already known to the reader. Besides his brothers and other relatives, Munsa's sons also perished early in life; Nismapa, for instance, fell with Munsa himself fighting against Mayo.

The A-Bangba line was founded by Ndengandile, who was succeeded by his son, Magapa, and Magapa by Degberra, whose territory in Munsa's time still lay chiefly between the Kibali and Gadda rivers. His sons Kupa, Kubbi, Banda, Bondo, and others, were his district administrators, and after his death became independent rulers.

Meantime Gambari had removed as an Arab dragoman to a station north of the Kibali. He was son of Aleku, a blacksmith at Bondo's, and after the foundation of the Kubbi station at the end of Haj Ali's wars against Degberra's sons, he was installed as ruler of the land. In the course of a few years most of Degberra's sons fell in the war against him, and he gradually replaced them with his own brothers. But the sons of those previously killed, as well as several Mangbattu princes—Gango, Zizi, Norei, and others—also fell victims to Gambari's ambition in recent years, and this led to his imprisonment for two years at Dem Soliman. According to Bashir, the sanguinary episode occurred in this wise. All capable of bearing arms had been summoned to the war against Soliman in the north, and Gambari led his own contingency, being followed next day by Bashir at the head of Niangara's men. But in the middle of the extensive wilderness in the Abaka country, Bashir suddenly came upon eight mangled bodies, all huddled together. These were Ndeni, Neringanda, and six of their brothers, sons of Bondo and Kupa, all treacherously massacred by Gambari, ostensibly at the instigation of Yussuf esh-Shellali's brother, Burais.

I had resided at Tangasi from July 12th to August 8th, when I took leave of Casati to start on my journey north-west to Zemio's. Now I turned my back for ever on the domain of the Mangbattu people, who are undoubtedly one of the most civilized races in Central Africa.

HORNS OF THE ELAND ANTELOPE (*Buselaphus Oreas*).

PASSAGE OF A DIFFICULT SWAMP.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM TANGASI TO MY STATION AT ZEMIO'S, AND FIRST RESIDENCE THERE.

A New Route to the West—Meeting with Hawash Effendi—The Aged Buru—Fifth Passage of the Welle—Masinde—Official Caprice—In the Wilderness to Palembata's and Badinde's—Parting with Masinde—The Selim Station—With Badinde to the Werre—At Kipa's—March to Yapati's—Zandehs and Mangbattus—Tidings of Bohndorff—From Yapati's to Rufai's Zeribas—Toilsome Passage of Swamps and Rivers—Unfriendly Welcome at Idris Zeriba—Deleb Zeriba—March to the Mbomu—Wando's Territory—Bridge over the Kelle—At Gasua's—Overflow of the Mansa—A-Kahle Land—Meeting with Zemio and Bohndorff—Bohndorff's Departure for Europe—Plan of the Station—Raid upon the Western A-Kahle—Burning of the Station—Construction of a Fire-proof Hut—Disquieting Reports from Lupton—Preparation for the next Journey.

THE present chapter leads the reader through districts already partly explored. Doubtless the route itself is for the most part new; but it runs near former lines of march, and frequently crosses them. Land and people have already been fully described, hence in the following pages will call for little special notice.

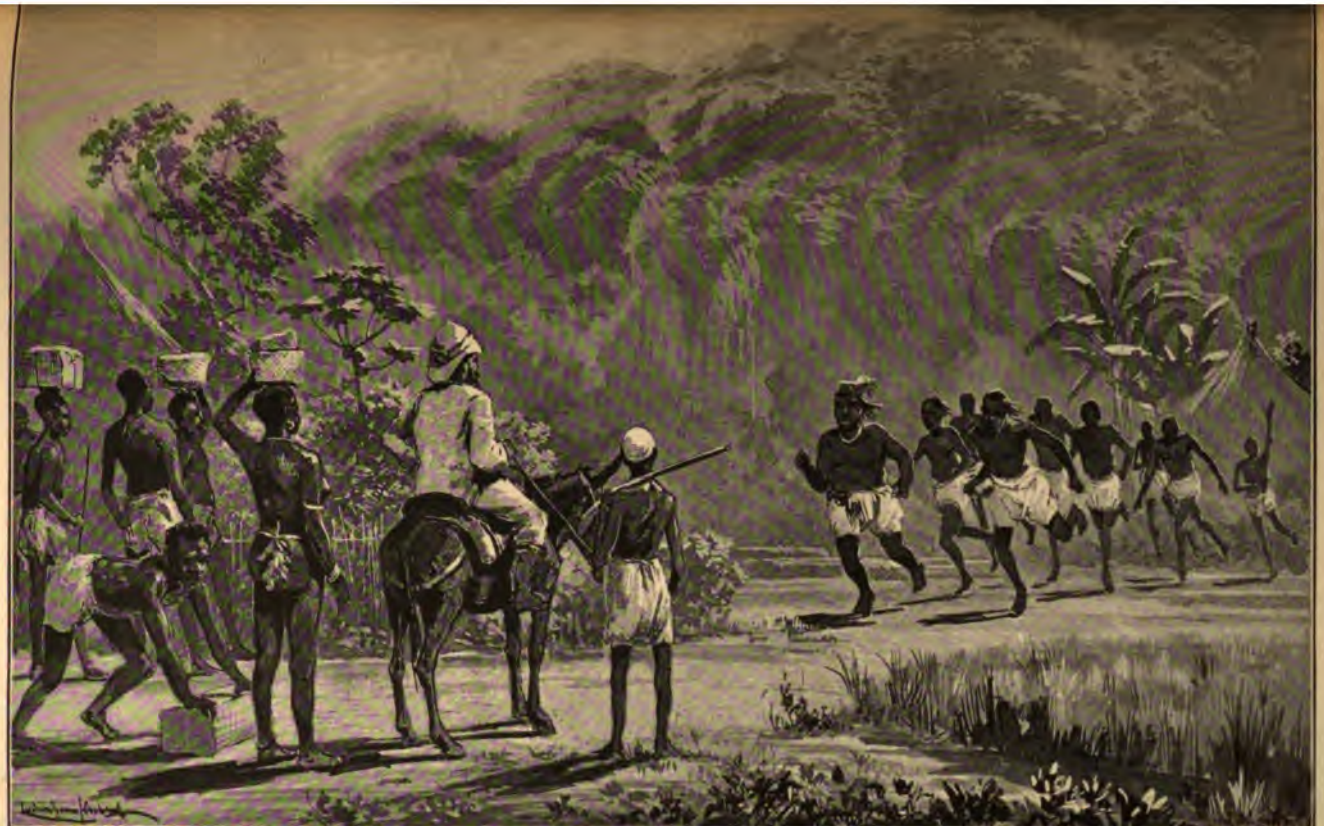
I left Tangasi on August 8th, 1882, with a complete household consisting of Dsumbe, Binsa, Rensi, Farag, Halima, the little Saida, the Akka Akangai, another young Akka, Afifi and Kahle, who had followed me from Kubbi. The loads had again increased to thirty-five, besides a little flock of goats, of which I was quite proud.

The route ran through Mambanga's former territory to the Hawash station, then over the Welle north to Badinde's district, and so on north-westwards through Yapati's territory to Rafai's zeriba, and over the Mbomu to Zemio's.

The present district of Mambanga's successor, Mbittima, was now crossed in a north-westerly direction to Mangi's, who governed the northern Niapu people in Niangara's domain ; but the second march led over the boundary westwards to the station of the dragoman Ngettua, where a range of hills running south and north culminated in Mount Gungu. Here was the former administrative district of Munsa's son, Nismapa. Now Ngettua, farther on Gangura, and beyond him Zangbauli, with whom we passed the third night, superintended a number of little Zandeh colonies, which had migrated thither from Mbittima's in order to establish communications with Tangasi.

Zangbauli's settlement stood on the river Keliwa, near a spot where I had formerly encamped, so that the route traversed on the fourth day coincided with the old line of march. Next day we met Hawash Effendi, who had again gone west to quell a revolt amongst the A-Barmbo, and at the same time to avenge the death of Kipa's son, Gansi. The reader will remember that after Mambanga's flight, Gansi had been appointed to the Magaragare station to control the A-Barmbo. But he soon fell, probably by the hand of an assassin hired to avenge the death of Bobeli, who had lost his life in the war against Buru and Gansi. Then Gansi soon took his father's place, and the rebels were again subdued, and some unruly chiefs arrested.

Meanwhile Mambanga had been hard pressed by Sanga Popo, and had turned to Hawash for aid ; he would doubtless be glad enough now to resume possession of his former territory, even under the administration of Mangbattu Land. I also learnt



RECEPTION BY MASINDE. (*Drawn by L. H. Fischer.*)

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that Mbittima had been sent across the Welle to Wando's brother, Ngerria, to found a station at his desire in that district. This was certainly an unwarrantable step on the part of Hawash, for the district belonged undoubtedly to the administrative province of Lupton Bey.

On the fourth day we diverged from the old road to Mambanga's zeriba, and struck westwards to Mbittima's new station, and a day or two afterwards reached the head-quarters of Hawash. All the streamlets crossed since leaving Tangasi were the same affluents of the Welle that we had met on the previous journey, only the route now lay mostly across their upper course or else their head-waters.

We found things greatly improved in the district of the aged Buru, who was still hale and jovial as ever, and who, to my great satisfaction, accompanied me on August 14th from Hawash's westwards to the Welle, never leaving us till we were safely landed on the other side. This was my fifth passage of the river, and from the spot where we crossed I had a view of Mapangi, the last considerable island in the upper reaches.

Continuing our westerly march, we soon came within ear-shot of the drums belonging to the people whom Masinde had sent to clear the way for us. We jogged along between the rows of jubilant spectators, many old faces shouting a hearty welcome. At the first habitations my black friend came running forward with his whole following, evidently rejoiced again to meet me. I had never been so honoured before. Then he conducted me to his new settlement, to gain which, besides the Burna crossed on the previous journey, we had to wade through several difficult swamps and wooded tracts.

Some of my effects and two kids, which had been left in charge of Masinde, I found safe and sound ; only the kids had become goats, and one had now a kid of her own. But Masinde himself had found little rest in his new home, and was just now suffering from the ill-will of Derideri, superintendent of the Magaragare station. It was merely a question of some palm-oil and other tribute from chief Nangu, which Derideri insisted on being consigned to him, but which should be forwarded to

Hawash through Masinde, under whose jurisdiction Nangu had been expressly placed. So here was another instance of the arbitrary and capricious conduct of the underlings, which breaks out the moment the higher official's back is turned.

This, combined with other troubles, had naturally caused much alarm amongst the people, who were now afraid to leave their homes and engage as carriers for our several days' march to Palembata's. My departure from Masinde's was thus delayed ten days, and in fact I could not get away at all until I had first patched up a sort of peace amongst the litigants. Meanwhile, the Mohammedan *ramadân* ("Lent") had been followed by the great feast of *el-Id*, in which the Negroes have already begun to take part. Even Masinde had received a varnish of Arab culture, and was now honouring the occasion with a general distribution of presents, much feasting, deep potations, and other rejoicings.

In the meantime I had sent off messengers with a letter for Bohndorff, and to inform Badinde of my approach. Others had also been despatched to Ndoruma to get tidings of the war with Mbio. The rainy season was now also well advanced, bringing almost daily showers, and promising to increase the troubles of the ensuing march.

We started on August 24th, striking north through the eastern frontier wilderness of the A-Madi. We encamped for the night on the little river Baraga, where the frail structures offered but little shelter against the heavy downpour. On these occasions my little Saida had always the best of it, for her place was always under my angareb, where room had latterly also been made for Halima. If I happened to frighten the little thing with stories of nightly visits from prowling leopards, nothing would induce her to emerge from this retreat for the night.

Masinde accompanied me personally, that is, he followed with the little flock of goats and with the rest of the carriers, whose number had not been completed at the start, and on the third day overtook us at Nsupa's huts. On the second and third days we went northwards through the wilderness, again crossing the

Zangambara, Nsara, and Ziri rivers, which had already been crossed at other points. Now, however, they were much more copious streams, and it took much time and trouble to get over. For instance, the Zangambara had to be crossed on a slippery tree-stem, which made me very anxious for the goats and loads. The Ziri, also a tributary of the Gurba, which was reached on the third day, presented quite a formidable obstacle; its wooded banks were flooded far and wide, and had to be traversed on a frail bridge of branches, where my ass was in imminent danger of perishing.

After struggling through, we soon reached the residence of Nsupa, a chief whose district lies in Palembata's southern frontier territory. Shortly before our arrival we crossed the route which I had followed in the year 1881 from Palembata's to A-Madi Land. The same evening Masinde came in with the rest of the carriers and the goats, all of which he had safely brought through the swamps and deep waters without losing one. Only one fine buck got lamed, and had to be sacrificed.

Since my last journey nothing special had occurred in the territories of Zemio's vassals, Palembata and Badinde. In Badinde's district a small station had been erected, with a garrison of fifteen Negro soldiers under Zemio's brother, Selim, and I at once sent off messengers thither, as also to Palembata, to procure carriers; for my next line of march led through Palembata's northwards to Badinde's. On August 28th, Selim himself arrived in the afternoon with a few Negro soldiers, followed by Palembata with the carriers. To prevent them from bolting in the night they were at once loaded, and some of the servants also sent forward with the goats.

I followed next morning, but before starting I received tidings both of Bohndorff, who was reported well, and of Lupton Bey, by whom a mule had been sent on to Zemio's for me. News also came of the war with Mbio, in which the Government troops had suffered heavy losses, so that Rafai had to be summoned with his men. Thereupon followed, quite recently, the reduction of the last independent Zandeh ruler north of the Welle.

On August 29th the road to Badinde's deviated from that previously followed by me from Palembata's to the A-Madi ; it trended north-westwards, and as far as the Welle-Werre water-parting, crossed no stream except a little rivulet still tributary to the Ziri. Here the water-parting is indicated by some rising grounds and Mount Nambuta, and coincides approximately with the frontier line between Palembata's and Badinde's territories.

Farther on we met a number of small water-courses, all now flowing east to the Bansala, which is tributary to the Hako, the already-described southern affluent of the Werre. In the district of some local chiefs we passed the habitations of their Zandeh subjects, and besides these there were also some A-Barmbo, A-Masilli, and Bashir (Shere) settlements.

A stiff day's march brought us at last to Selim's station, a little west of which stood Badinde's residence. Badinde gave us such an abundant supply of provisions that I was able to put by a large quantity of beans (*Phaseolus lunatus*) for our residence at Zemio's. I rewarded his generosity with all kinds of little presents, besides some Mabode salt and palm-oil, the latter being all the more appreciated that the oil-palm is not indigenous in the country.

The two last days of August were passed at Selim's, and on September 1st the route was continued north-west, and over the Werre to Yapati's territory. Badinde and a number of people accompanied us as far as the Werre, which here forms the northern frontier. It was reached in two days, the night being passed about midway at the residence of Bakasa, one of Badinde's chiefs. All the numerous streams and swamps here flow north to the Hako, except the last few, which are direct affluents of the Werre. It was a toilsome march through flooded tracts, densely-wooded river banks, and depressions overgrown with sharp, reedy grass. For hours I plodded or rode through the grassy fens, often with upraised arm to protect my eyes.

The Werre, where we now for the third time crossed it in boats, was seventy-five yards wide, and very deep, having reached high-water level. Badinde's carriers still continued with

us as far as Kipa's residence, which was soon reached, lying a little farther down the river to the north-west. Kipa was at heart disloyal to Badinde, against whose will he had recently settled in this district. He seemed to have but few followers, for his people had to divide the loads and make two journeys with them to Yapati's. However, he treated us generously, supplying my men with telebun porridge, while I enjoyed some slices of pumpkin (*Cucurbita maxima*) fried with sweet potatoes, a palatable and harmless dish.

NARROW ESCAPE OF MY BOYS FROM DROWNING.

We were now beyond the limits of the banana zone proper, though a few were still cultivated by the Zandehs of this district. I missed them greatly, for I had grown accustomed to the different preparations of the fruit, as I had also to the sweet manioc, instead of which the Zandehs mostly cultivate the bitter kind.

On September 4th we struck northwards across the extensive uninhabited wilderness between the Werre and the Duma, its largest northern affluent. Tall reed-grass impeded our three

hours' march, during which no streams were met. The Duma was from forty to fifty yards wide, with a strong current at its narrowest point, which had nigh proved fatal to some of my attendants. After safely crossing with my greatest treasures, the journals and other writings, the boat returning with Dsumbe and Binsa was carried by the swift stream right against a snag and capsized. Fortunately they got safely ashore, while most of the loads were brought over on a very primitive and rickety bridge.

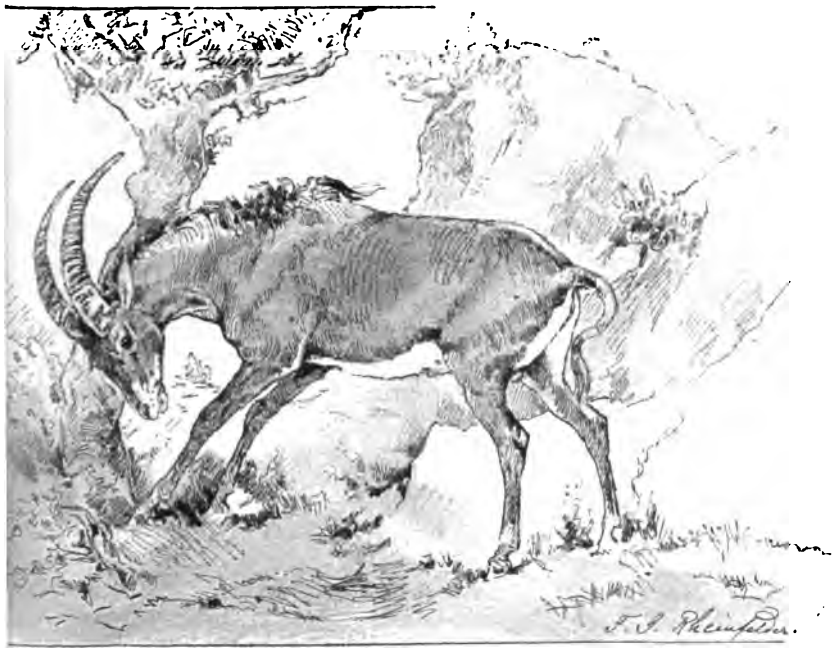
The Duma forms the boundary of Kipa's towards Yapati's, but we found that the loads, which had been sent on in advance, had only reached the first habitations of Yapati's subjects. Here there was again a lack of carriers, so that I had to push on at once with the most necessary things to chief Mangaru's, the rest of the loads following next day.

North of the Duma the road still ran north, during the last stretch trending round to the west. Here the country is much poorer in running waters than the districts south of the Werre. The few streams crossed as far as Yapati's residence are northern affluents of the Duma, flowing in deep channels between swampy banks, mostly destitute of the characteristic terraced formation and riparian woodlands. Owing to the scarcity of rivers, the grassy steppe, with sparse, stunted undergrowths, is much more extensively developed than in the southern regions. In traversing it I suffered much from the tangle of dense sharp grasses beating against arms and legs, and setting up a troublesome irritation, which I attributed to the fine prickles penetrating through my clothes.

Prince Yapati came as far as Mangaru to meet me, and then accompanied me to his residence. He was a lineal descendant of the Zandeh king, Mabenge, whose son, Nunge, was father of Yango and grandfather of Yapati. But this Yapati is not to be confused with another, who was son of Mabenge, and from whom many powerful chiefs, such as Mbio, Wando, Malingde, and Ngerria, traced their descent. Zandeh names often recur, and we shall even meet a third Yapati, one of Zemio's uncles. But even in the time of Yapati's father, Yango, the power of

Mabenge's dynasty had already been broken by the Arabs, who, after the violent death of Yango, distributed his state amongst a number of tributary chiefs. The policy of the Khartum traders always was to dismember large and compact Negro kingdoms in order to profit by the rivalries of the petty chiefs.

Personally, however, Yapati still bore the unmistakable stamp of a Zandeh prince, his tall, manly figure reminding me of



BASTARD CHAMOIS (*Antilope leucophaea*).

Ndoruma. With it he had also in common a calm, dignified bearing, a sound judgment, and a pride which was far more justified than the senseless arrogance of the Mangbattu princes. But these qualities are largely shared by the Zandeh nation itself, and were doubly agreeable to me after my long intercourse with the cringing, importunate, and forward Mangbattu peoples.

Yapati's residence stood on the broad, gradually sloping water-parting between the Werre and Mbomu basins. Here also rises the Fallu, another important Werre affluent, and here my route intersected that of Bohndorff, and then crossed a few head-waters, and (on the return march from Zassa's) the lower course of the Fallu.

In Yapati's district eleusine corn was again largely replaced by red durra, which, however, may be attributed to Arab influence, as the Arabo-Nubians prefer to receive tribute in this form. The small kidney-bean (*Phaseolus mungo*) was also extensively grown, besides gourds and the like, so there was no lack of supplies. My sportsman, Dsumbe, even provided some game, and besides guinea-fowl, brought in a bastard chamois (*Antilope leucophaea*).

Yapati complained of the arbitrary conduct and grinding system of the officials at Rafai's stations, though he spoke in laudatory terms of Rafai himself, dwelling on the fact that Rafai alone protected him and his people from even worse excesses on the part of these officials.

I tarried from the 7th to the 11th September at Yapati's, had long conversations with him, and had to thank him for much valuable historico-geographical information on the country. According to old Zandeh usage, some of his brothers were still district superintendents, but like him had also lost their original position as independent chiefs since the Arab intrusion.

At Yapati's letters came to hand from Casati, announcing Emin's return from Khartum to Lado, and approaching visit to Mangbattu Land. Many months, however, passed before this took place, and the governor's short excursion to Tangasi was deferred to the year 1883. Meantime, Hawash Effendi had been installed as responsible administrator of the Mangbattu province. I also received letters from the north, though not the longed-for tidings from home. Bohndorff sent me the written recommendations to Rafai, for which I had applied to Lupton Bey, with a view to my intended expedition westwards. But Bohndorff told me nothing about himself, although I was anxious about him, knowing that in August he had been taken ill at Yapati's, where

he had come to inquire about me, and whence he had returned to Zemio's.

On September 11th we resumed our journey, going northwards to the residence of Yapati's brother, Aeso. The first streamlets beyond the Werre-Mbomu divide flow westwards to the Dulu, which runs north to the Mbomu. Amongst the Zandeh people of the district are some A-Barmbo colonies, and the second day we passed from Yapati's domain to that of the widely-scattered Bashir (Shere). These natives occupy an extensive territory along the Mbomu, and the following days our route still continued beyond the Arab stations to traverse their country. But although numerically the dominant race, they are mixed with other peoples, especially Zandehs.

The goal of our second march was the residence of the Bashir chief, Nakani, which lay to the north-west of Aeso's. In Yapati's frontier district we crossed the Kuru affluent of the Mbomu, which is here fifteen yards wide and two feet deep. On September 13th the road from Nakani's to the Arab station of Idris followed the swampy and swollen river, Asa, which flows north to the Mbomu, and which had to be crossed in three places, together with a number of marshy affluents. A serious obstacle, especially for the ass and goats, was presented by the Buye, which was met on the last stretch before reaching Idris, and which had largely overflowed its banks.

At Idris I was reluctantly compelled to lose a day in unpleasant contest with the truculent Arab rabble. The loads did not arrive till next day, and I had to borrow a couch, of course without a mosquito-net, although north of the Welle this pest is almost intolerable. Mustapha, the local superintendent, whose name will frequently recur, behaved, like the other Arabs, at first most ungraciously. But when they had thrown off their spleen and I had shown them my teeth, they became somewhat more accommodating. Nevertheless I left the place in a towering rage, rudely repelling their entreaties to stay longer.

The general appearance of the zeriba reminded me of similar stations in Makaraka Land, implying like them a certain sense of security, achieved by the same relentless oppression of the

natives. The groups of huts were scattered about over a wide space, and only slightly fenced, not strongly palisaded against sudden attack.

Our next goal was Deleb, the chief zeriba in Rafai's province. It lay north-west from Idris, and was reached in two days. Bohndorff's route from Idris runs at first more to the south, and on the second day joins the road taken by me, with which it coincides for the rest of the way to Deleb. We passed the night at a Zandeh settlement of chief Nambo, where, however, the Bashir are still the most numerous element. Of these people we shall have more to say farther on, and here it will suffice to remark that their women pierce their lips for the insertion of large bits of quartz.

On the road to Nambo's, only a few small affluents of the Buye were crossed; but farther on others had to be forded, all flowing north to the Mbomu. The Katta and Kango, which converge in a single channel, gave us a great deal of trouble, caused mainly by their flooded condition, due to the advanced rainy season.

Deleb stood on the gently sloping east bank of the little Gigo river, and was scattered even over a larger space than Idris. Farafalla, the superintendent, received me far more hospitably than Mustapha had done, and also gave us good fare. I was especially grateful for vegetables, such as the bamia (*Hibiscus esculentus*), and tomatoes of the large deep-red grooved kind, which had been raised from our stock of seeds brought thither by Bohndorff.

Bohndorff had taken a westerly route from Deleb to Sassa's, whereas I, after resting on September 17th, struck north to the Mbomu. The track skirted the east bank of the Gigo, whose flooded affluents had to be crossed on their lower course. Then the rain compelled us to take shelter for the night at the Bashir chief Samungo's, whence the Mbomu ferry was reached next day. It was a toilsome trudge for me through the tall reedy grass of the fluvial depressions, for the ass, after partly recovering from an abscess in the back, had got lame, and obliged me to trust to my sore legs. Luckily he was soon

well again, and continued as before to be my trusty four-footed companion.

Here the Mbomu, some one hundred yards wide, flowed in a regular channel between high treeless banks through a reedy depression. On the road from Dem Bekir to Ndoruma's I had already crossed some of its north-eastern head-waters, as mentioned in connection with my exploration of the Nile-Congo water-parting.

Beyond the Mbomu we found ourselves after a long interval in a broken country. Near the river ran an unbroken chain of hills, while westwards a similar low ridge skirted the settlement of the Bashir chief, Bauli, with whom we passed the night. Next day's march to the north-west also ran for some distance along the foot of a hilly range. Being now in the neighbourhood of zeribas, I had no need of carriers, the Bashirs being always ready to help through fear of the Arabs; in fact, like the Makaraka, Bongo, and other tribes, they were daily accustomed to statute labour of this sort. Most of them wore thick chaplets of grass or rokko, on which they carried their loads.

A long march on September 20th brought us to Musieh's, on the road to the residence of his father, Wando, brother to Zemio. Wando was himself a district administrator under Rafai, to whom he consigned not only ivory, but also at times a tribute of the local produce. The frontier of his district coincides with the west border of the chief centre of the Bashir domain, though there are also Bashir colonies in Wando's territory, which is traversed by the Baki, a stream fifteen yards wide, and at the time five or six feet deep. It is fringed with tall forest-trees, and gave me the opportunity of a refreshing plunge while the goats were being got over. Many of its affluents rise in Wando's district; but the undulating land again rises to ranges of hills near the little river Dsonga, beyond which it again falls down to the Baki valley.

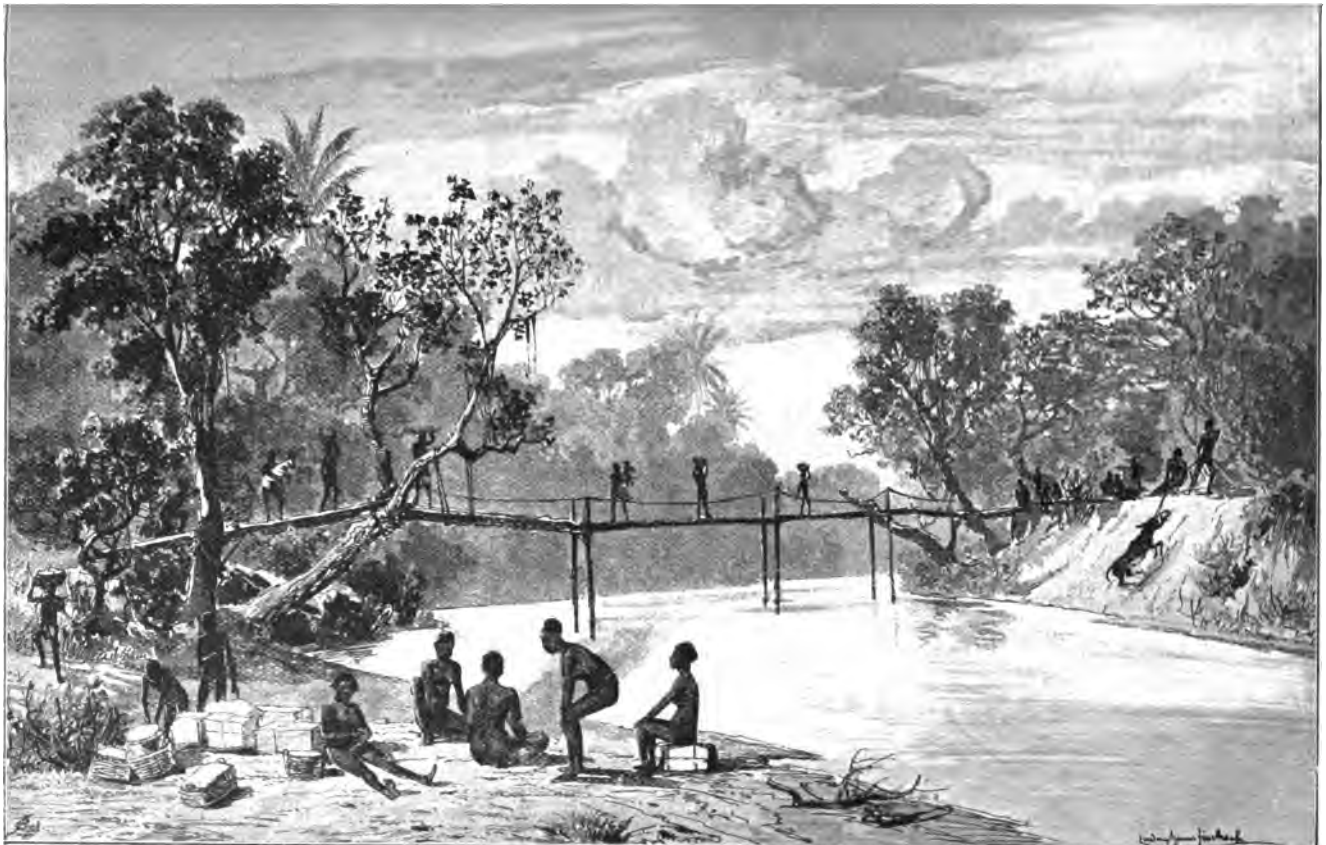
At Musieh's I was surprised to see a divan with mud walls recently erected in the Arab style, and here I found comfortable quarters next day, which was very wet. But no messengers had yet arrived from Zemio's, which, however, was explained at

Wando's. The letters to Bohndorff had evidently been long delayed at the Arab stations, so that they had reached Wando's only a few days before our arrival, and consequently only quite recently sent on to Zemio's.

From Musieh's the road again ran through rolling land, and then across a last very marshy river, and so on through more open ground westwards to Zemio's residence. Although younger than his brother Wando, son of Tikima, Zemio was a much more powerful and distinguished person, thanks to the special privileges granted to him by Gessi Pasha. The ruling class in both districts were Zandehs, although greatly inferior in numbers to the other inhabitants. In Wando's we now for the first time met colonies of A-Kahle, who farther west form the majority of the population, and are there probably the aborigines. Besides them there were Bashirs, A-Barmbos (A-Boddo branch), and Shirwas, as well as A-Babullos, Embiddimas, and A-Pakelle, whose origin and affinities I cannot venture to determine in this mixture of ethnical elements.

Wando gave me a courteous reception, and also made handsome provision for the comfort of my people. In him I again got an insight into the hidden feelings of the natives. He was still lamenting with genuine sorrow the recent death of one of his sons, grieving over his loss, and singing the praises of the deceased. The body had been deposited in an open chamber amid the other huts, and a large mound had been raised over the grave. The mourning father often lingered about the place, and in sign of grief had his hair cut short.

Despite the light rain, I pushed on next day, September 23rd, striking westwards through an uninhabited tract to the river Kelle. The march was one of the hardest during the whole expedition, for it soon began to pour in torrents for hours together. My people shivered with cold and damp, and reached the Kelle half-frozen. My daily surveys of the routes also show here a serious gap, the incessant downpour preventing me from taking any observations. After many failures we at last managed to kindle a fire, and the rain also ceased, so that fire and sunshine helped to warm the people and dry our things.



PASSAGE OF THE KELLE. (*Drawn by L. H. Fischer.*)

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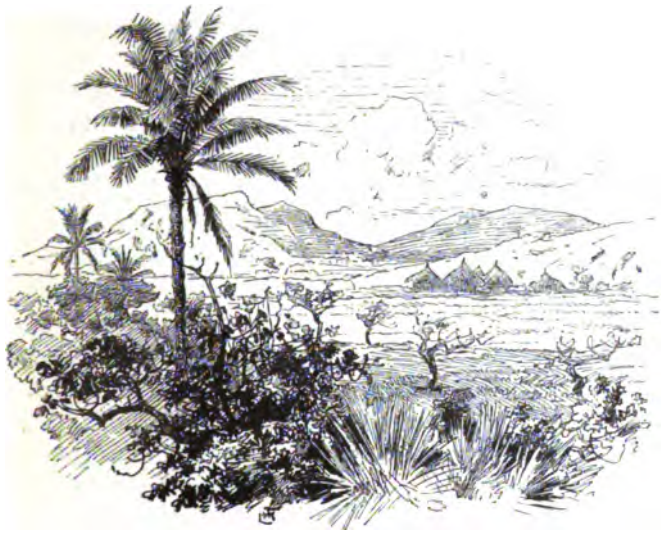
The Kelle, some forty yards wide, flowed between steep banks, and was here bridged by a lightly-timbered structure, over which the goats had to be brought one by one. But the ass again gave us endless trouble; when he had got over he had to be literally hauled up the steep bank by the halter. Then we again struck westwards, and reached Zemio's territory, where I was able to resume my surveys. On the west bank of the Kelle I was all the more surprised to meet a little oil-palm grove, though this plant properly belongs to more southern latitudes, and was



GASUA'S VALLEY.

nowhere seen north of A-Madi Land as far as the A-Kahle domain. But my amazement was increased when I found that many parts of Zemio's and Sassa's territories abounded quite as much as the southern regions in this valuable plant.

We came upon another palm-grove at chief Gasua's, with whom we passed the next night. Gasua's residence lay in a lovely valley, which was enclosed southwards by Mount Bugale and a few isolated hills, northwards by the continuous chain of the Haw hills. The luxuriant growth of the useful

Elaeis guineensis not only gladdened the eye, but also supplied us with a superabundance of the delicious palm-wine.

Being still without news from Zemio and Bohndorff, I could give myself no rest, and despite my sore feet pushed on next day to meet further unexpected vexations. From Gasua's valley the road led north-west through some flooded depressions to the river Mansa, which in less than an hour farther on joined the Mbomu. The Mansa was only ten yards wide, but at the time deep, while the west bank was flooded for a space of several hundred yards. A felled palm-tree served as a bridge, beyond which we plunged into a dense jungle of tall grass and reeds, where the water reached our hips and in some places our necks. The passage would have been fatal for my little maids, but for the timely aid of the A-Kahle, who saved them from drowning.

Here we were at last met by a number of Sudanese troops sent forward by Zemio, and with their assistance the goats, the young folks, and all my effects were got through safely. Now, however, I learnt that we should presently have to cross the Bahai, another and still more copious stream. Here a boat should have been available; but it was nowhere to be found until it was brought round next day from the Mbomu. Thus we had to pass two nights in the wretched hovels of the A-Kahle on the narrow tongue of land between the Mansa and Bahai. The timid inmates had taken flight, but my people were compelled by hunger to help themselves to the maize-cobs and gourds lying about. To indemnify the absentees I left them a handful of beads, though it may be doubted whether these reached the hands they were intended for.

Here another despatch reached me from Zemio, with some of his brothers and his nephew Kipa, son of Wando. Kipa brought me some poultry, and accompanied us with his people the rest of the way to Zemio's.

On September 26th, a forty-five minutes' march brought us to the Bahai, which was now over twenty yards wide and very deep. It was crossed partly on a primitive bridge formed by lashing together the branches from both banks, partly in a large

dug-out, which is used for spearing hippopotami in the Mbomu. In the dry season these northern affluents of the Mbomu are of small account; but now they formed extensive backwaters and inundations which persist throughout the greater part of the year, in many places impeding the development of a riparian vegetation along the rivulets in the depressions draining to the main stream.

Beyond the Bahai the route ran north-westwards over a flat grassy plain, and again through an extensive open palm-grove. After crossing another river we traversed a broad, stony rising-ground, and beyond it the last, but by no means the easiest, swampy tract. Here were some A-Kahle settlements under the Zandeh chief, Nbassani, ruler of the district. At this place Zemio awaited me, and Bohndorff had also come forward from the neighbouring station. Here was a joyful meeting, though the greatest exuberance of feeling was displayed by my little dog, Lady, who came yelping and bounding about me, and in fact quite beside herself with delight.

September 22nd, 1882, was noteworthy in the history of my ramblings, as the day on which I entered my new station at Zemio's. The work that I had marked out for myself in Europe was done, and the four volumes of journals that I had brought with me were the result so far. It was with a certain satisfaction that I surveyed my various routes, which showed no gaps of any moment from April, 1880, when I left Meshra er-Rêq, till to-day.

I had even the right at last to look forward to the home journey, which during many a sleepless night, on the lonesome bed of sickness, in times of extreme distress, had hovered like a delusive mirage before my eager gaze. But now the situation was changed; I felt myself again tolerably well, and . . . so much still to be done away in the southern and western lands! I felt as if bound to seize this favourable opportunity, if everlasting self-reproach was not to be the final issue of my African wanderings.

I weighed my state of health, though, to be sure, the word "health" has for most Europeans in Africa an altogether relative

sense. Slight sufferings, what could that now matter! Dysentery, and the serious forms of malaria, fatal to so many African travellers, I had never suffered, and subsequently also remained exempt from them. I considered the ways and means, and found myself in this respect fairly well off. The reserve boxes were full, ready for a fresh start; my thrift also had borne fruit, and I was again in a position even to be generous, should the occasion serve. In a word, on that last morning I hopefully mounted my ass, already full of new plans for the next dry season, and rode off with Bohndorff and Zemio north-westwards to my future temporary residence.

FIRST EVENING AT THE STATION.

It was pleasantly situated amid a few clumps of oil-palms. On the way thither we passed Zemio's huts, which, like those of his people and of some poor Arabs, stood surrounded by separate enclosures. Presently my gaze fell upon a number of spacious huts, above which the Russian colours streamed towards me. Zemio had only recently founded this station; hence everything still wore a new look. The necessary fence also was still wanting to complete the quarters that had been erected for me under Bohndorff's supervision. Nevertheless, a first hasty glance at my several apartments, and at all the reserve loads

carefully arranged on stands, produced a pleasing sense of satisfaction.

My disappointment at finding no letters from home was the only drawback to an otherwise comfortable situation. The last received were dated May 1881, and they had come to hand the following December in A-Barmbo Land. Hence I was without any communications for seventeen months, whereas I was posted up in general news to December 1881, thanks to the packets from Emin Bey received at Tangasi last February.

Fortunately my moody thoughts were interrupted by visits from some old friends and new acquaintance, to whom I gave up the rest of the day. They sat in groups under the shade of the oil-palms, whose feathery crowns overtopped by the dozen the conic roofs of the huts even in my station. As the sun went down we gathered in smaller circles, and the falling shades of night were illumined by a few paper lamps, and some resin torches a yard long that I had brought from Mangbattu Land; and now we crossed glasses of European wines or brandy-and-water. The guests had their share of everything that was going, while Zemio was treated to a supper of fowls with Julienne and fresh kisra bread.

During my absence Bohndorff had often been ill, and although at present comparatively well, he still expressed a wish to return to Europe. I was anxious to utilize the occasion to forward my collections, so everything had to be packed without delay, as he had arranged to depart. When the provision boxes were opened, the last Edam cheese was found to be in perfect condition; and when the little tins of preserved fruits and bottles of sauces were produced from their tow wrapping, the astonishment of the spectators at all these curious novelties was strained to the utmost, and expressed itself in the most eloquent natural exclamations. True to my principle of familiarizing the natives with the products of Western culture, I had several of these things opened in the presence of Zemio and his attendants, allowing them to sample some of the more choice fruits preserved in sugar, which naturally produced a lively impression on the palates of my dark friends.

Bohndorff had been staying since the beginning of the year with Zemio, to whose station he had removed from Sassa's. Various objects of barter, presents, and the like had been placed absolutely at his disposal, yet but few of these things had been used. Such economy, however praiseworthy in one respect, had on the other hand impeded the collection of large zoological objects and skins, for which there was no lack of opportunity at Zemio's. The picture-books, the great barrel-organ, and other things intended to divert the natives had also remained unused; Zemio himself had received no presents, but had been put off till my return.

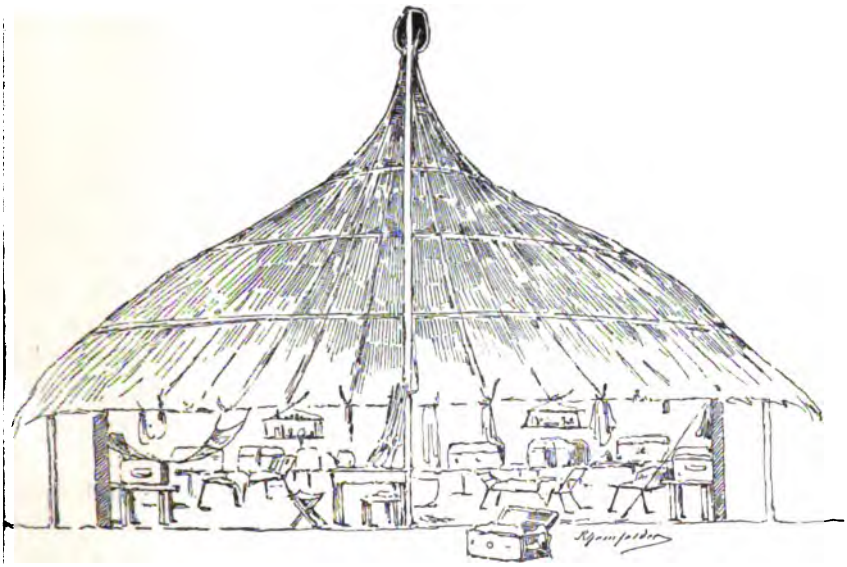
All this had now to be made good, and while lengths of cotton cloth were distributed to his people, Zemio received a revolver with many other trifles, besides my two Mauser rifles, which I had long intended as a parting gift. But in the expectation of returning to Europe in the spring of 1883, I took this occasion to make him this royal gift. He was highly delighted, and showed his gratitude by remaining loyal to me to the last day of my second and long-protracted stay with him. Meantime he sent me a long string of vessels full of palm-oil, large jars of honey, quantities of maize, and other local produce, besides much game. The honey I had separated from the comb and clarified, and then put aside in two empty demi-johns.

The fencing of my station was soon completed by means of palm branches, placed fifteen or so together and horizontally attached to high posts firmly sunk in the ground at short distances. Then the foliage is closely plaited together, the whole forming a stout and perfect enclosure. The station was disposed with its longer sides facing north and south, a gate on the north side leading to the neighbouring little Liwa rivulet, while an outlet on the south gave access to Zemio's residence, a few hundred yards off.

On October 16th, 1882, Bohndorff left Zemio's for the Bahr el-Ghazal province with my collections, which made altogether thirty-two loads. Besides these there were twenty-five loads of his own effects, the large number being explained by the fact that I had given him many things which I thought could

be spared, as I hoped soon to be able to return myself to Europe. As he hoped to make some collections on the way, I also supplied him with everything necessary for the purpose, as well as two rifles and revolvers. This apparent superabundance stood him later in good stead, for his journey from Meshra er-Rêq to Khartum was delayed a whole year, as will be seen farther on.

Zemio also had already made his preparations for the journey

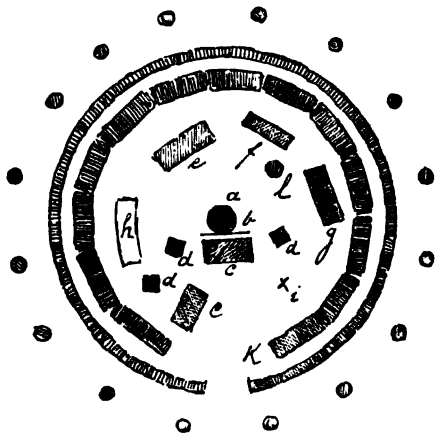


INTERIOR OF MY DWELLING.

to Dem Soliman; that is to say, he had got together his ivory and the stores of provisions required for the Government station. In his company Bohndorff travelled with some young Negroes as servants to the Bahr el-Ghazal province. At parting I felt naturally anxious about my collections, remembering the fate of those that I had sent down the Nile four years previously. My anxiety was only too well grounded, for of these also not a single article was fated to reach its destination.

And now I could give myself up to a little rest in my new

home, which had been constructed on the model of that at Ndoruma's. Unfortunately an unexpected end was soon put to my hopes of repose. Meanwhile a package from Emin Bey, forwarded through Mangbattu Land, at last brought me advices from Europe and Khartum. Amongst them were the letters from October 1881, to May 1882; the previous despatches, from May to October 1881, were certainly still missing; but these also ultimately reached me through Rafai. Osman Bedawi had sent them at the time to Ndoruma's, and had then taken them with him in the war against Mbio, whence the delay.



PLAN OF MY RESIDENCE AT ZEMIO'S:
(*a*) Central post; (*b*) rifle stand; (*cc*) tables; (*ddd*) chairs; (*e*) angareb; (*f*) camp bed; (*g*) hammock; (*h*) Mangbattu angareb; (*i*) fireplace; (*k*) stands for boxes.

From home the tidings were good, but the news from Egypt and Sudan was less satisfactory. It reported the beginning of the revolution at Alexandria, the excitement in Sudan, the massacre of the expedition organized by Giegler Pasha, and sent under Yussuf Pasha esh-Shellali against the Mahdi Mohammed Akhmet; lastly, that the road through Shekka for Government despatches was closed.

All this caused me serious alarm for Bohndorff's home journey. From Emin I again learnt of his intention to visit Mangbattu Land without delay, when he hoped somewhere to meet me. Having already got together a number of little "surprises" and New Year's gifts for him and Casati, I sent them off with Buru's A-Barmbo people, who were now returning, and who had previously come to these parts with Zemio. But Emin

again failed to carry out his long-projected visit to Tangasi, so that the things were sent on to Lado.

I communicated the disquieting news to Lupton Bey, although he had himself presumably been informed of the relations in the north. At the time, however, he was on a journey to the western districts of his province, and had already left Dem Soliman before Zemio and Bohndorff reached that station. Then I unexpectedly received a letter from him on November 6th, sent from Ombanga, a station some four days' march north of Zemio's residence. Lupton invited me thither, but various matters detained me for the present at the station. I, however, took the occasion again to ask his aid for Bohndorff, and the forwarding of my collections.

My sore feet had now healed, and I was able to attend to various domestic duties, as well as to my maps and journals. I also set up a native forge to make bracelets and anklets with the bars of copper, a finger thick, which I had brought from Khartum, but had not yet utilized. I hoped thus to provide myself with a fresh stock of valuables for barter and other purposes during future journeys.

Moreover, two boxes were now opened containing objects of barter, specimens of all kinds of wares imported from Cairo into Sudan, but of which I had no knowledge except from the invoice. One of the boxes yielded some things of use to myself, such as a large quantity of cigar-paper and scented soap. The rest consisted of many-coloured cloths, assorted beads, earrings, knives, scissors, yarn of every imaginable shade, needles, and other precious things, which caused ever-increasing amazement to my young people. At such unpackings they took care always to be present, and were always ready to lend a hand. These, and divers other objects suitable for the barter trade, I now re-distributed, according to the usual plan, in a number of loads, all of equal and convenient weight. A portion of these were stowed away in the huts left vacant since Bohndorff's departure; but the greater part were, luckily, as it happened, disposed ready for use on the stands running round my own dwelling.

Unfortunately Bohndorff had laid out no garden at Zemio's,

nor had he sown anything. Yet the previous year he had raised a good crop at Sassa's, of which I still found some sacks of beans. His meteorological observations, however, were attended to in both places, and now continued with all the instruments, chiefly for the purpose of comparing results over a given period of time. Of the instruments, one thermometer alone had got broken; but three watches, of which two were in Bohndorff's keeping, had been rendered useless. However, this was of little consequence, as I had some watches in reserve.

During his absence from the station, Zemio was represented by his uncle, Foye, a brother of Tikima's. Foye was still a young man, and much attached to me, carefully providing for all my wants. He was also an excellent shot, and supplied us with more game than I had ever received before, although the tall grass at this season rendered hunting very difficult. I took care to have some jerked-meat prepared for future use, and even made some meat extract, which, taken with abré, always made an excellent dish. I often roasted a fillet of antelope for myself, or else set the meat-mincing machine at work to chop up the tough flesh of old animals, or manipulate the giblets and scraps from poultry. At that time I was even able to fry and bake with real butter, for I had still a small demi-john of Khartum butter in excellent condition. For a second course, or in case of scarcity, there was also rice remaining, which was taken with prunes or other dried fruits.

From Foye I also received the skins of the animals captured by him, and this afforded occupation for the young people, who had to stretch the skins, to detach the adhering tissues, ligatures, and muscles, and remove every scrap of fat by long and careful rubbing with suitable porous stones. I had already taught Dsumbe how to prepare skeletons of mammals, and this work was now again taken in hand. The beginning of fresh collections was made by frequent hunting expeditions, in which Dsumbe would at times spend the whole day.

These collections were now enriched by the gruesome present of a number of human heads. I had merely given a general order to procure bleached skulls, should the occasion present

itself. But Zemio's people having once made a raid on some unruly A-Kahle people, those who fell were beheaded, and the heads not eaten, as is customary, but brought to me. I had them for the present buried in a certain place, and after my next journey prepared for the collection.

Amongst my frequent visitors at that time were Yapati and Rabe, two brothers of Foye, besides Nbassani, whose districts lay nearest to Zemio's residence. For Foye I had great projects in view. From this time I decided to let him have my Express rifle on his hunting excursions, in order to bring down large

A GRUESOME GIFT.

game with the least possible damage to their skins. On November 13th we had some final practice with this gun, as he was to start on an expedition in a few days. But that very day a blow fell suddenly on me, like a bolt in the blue, which caused me most serious loss.

During dinner I had already detected the crackling of a steppe-fire a long way off, and although faint, the sound was quite distinct. This surprised me all the more that, owing to the high north-east wind prevailing about noon, it was not customary to fire the dry grass at that hour, but, as a rule, towards evening in inhabited districts. But on that unlucky day the

wind was even stronger than usual. Hence I soon hastened out of the station, and beheld the fire a long way off, but still in the dangerous north-east quarter, so that it was driving before the gale south-westwards in the direction of the station.

For the moment there was apparently no great danger, nor perhaps even later, for I had had the dry grass round about the station already fired on calm evenings. Just then, however, it was not all quite dry, so that some patches still remained standing. By way of precaution, I now had this burnt in small lots, and the plan was successfully carried out without accident. The conflagration, however, approached more rapidly than was expected; the glow could already be felt, when it reached the place where the grass had already been consumed, and having nothing to feed upon, the flames had already died out.

I breathed again, and made the round of the whole station, while the people of the neighbourhood, who had hastened forward to be ready for an emergency, again withdrew. Then I returned to the north side of the station, and was about to enter my hut to resume my cartographic work at the table. At that moment one of the lads suddenly pointed to the top of a palm, whose dry, fibrous foliage was smouldering and presently burst into flames. The palm stood outside the station, but on the north side, and I at once recognized the imminent peril. The next puff of wind might easily waft some burning fibre on to the thatched roofs of the huts that stood to windward. But the thought had scarcely crossed my mind when the mishap actually occurred. The roof of the nearest hut took fire, and was in a moment ablaze right to the top. Luckily it happened to be the hut vacated by Bohndorff, and now used as a box-room.

I at once rushed to my own dwelling, where most of the effects were housed, and began the work of rescue. Unfortunately Dsumbe had gone a-hunting with two of the attendants, so that at first the only available hands were two little fellows and the maid-servants. Later others turned up, and with perfect presence of mind I passed them the boxes in the order of their intrinsic value; then throwing everything lying about into baskets

BURNING OF MY STATION AT ZEMIO'S. (*Drawn by L. H. Fischer.*)

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and cloths, I cleared out of the hut, expecting every moment to see it catch fire. A recently-erected cone-shaped awning, which served as my reception-room, stood next to the burning hut, and also more to windward. So this was the second structure to be seized, and so absorbed was I in the work of rescue, that I did not notice it at the time.

But on leaving my now nearly empty dwelling, and hastening to save the things in the box-room, I perceived the flames enveloping a third roof, beneath which were still stored the reserve loads. Everything here was consumed except two sacks of cloths and a load of salt, which lay near the door, and thus got rescued. It would be difficult to tell all my losses.

I should have been as good as ruined, but for a quantity of things which had been stored in my hut, and which were now needlessly removed, for, as it happened, that structure escaped the flames. But even so I had to deplore many irreparable losses, first and foremost three boxes containing 1500 cartridges for the Express rifle, nearly all I possessed ; then most of the preserves, and the last remaining box of alcoholic drinks, not to mention some loads of objects for the barter trade, for which I was able to substitute things of equal value. Hundreds of other odds and ends disappeared, and to crown all, the supplies received from Zemio were entirely consumed.

I stood on one side and listened with suppressed feelings to the detonation of the 1500 exploding cartridges, which lasted for perhaps fifteen minutes, and resembled distant volleys of firearms. Luckily the powder was saved, as it happened to be in my hut, and was one of the first things put out of danger's reach. An hour later, on the site of the conflagration, nothing was visible but heaps of charred refuse and ashes within the still standing round earthen walls of the huts. To me it was a grievous sight, and I sadly recalled the words of my honoured friend Schweinfurth, who had once to deplore a still more serious loss by fire at Jur Ghattas, and afterwards wrote to Giovanni Miani: . . . "e di tutto questo non mi restava che un mucchio di cenere" ("And of all this, nothing remained but a heap of ashes").

The flagstaff, which lay in a line with the fire, also caught, and as it was still smouldering, I had it cut down to avert further ruin. The afternoon was devoted to bringing together the saved but scattered things, and after sunset I was able to resume possession of my quarters. But the former sense of ease was gone, and never returned. On the contrary, I was now all eagerness to get away. My arrangements were unaffected by the disaster, for with renewed economy there still remained enough for the requirements of the proposed expedition. Two years before even a slighter loss than this would have been even a heavier blow; for at that time I still possessed no standard whereby to measure the actual value of things, and that would have probably deprived me of hope and confidence.

In order to mitigate the catastrophe to the utmost, days were now spent rummaging in ash-heaps, especially for shot and lead. Most of it was found fused in a single mass, though some of the shot was still in good condition. Then we had to re-assort it, and I thus saved a few little bags-full. The beads also strewn amongst the refuse were scraped together in the same laborious way. Many of the things in the tins had retained their actual form, or else were half carbonized; but in any case most of them were useless for my purpose, and I consequently let those have them who liked. It was grievous to see so much that could not be replaced thus distributed. For instance, many dozens of little looking-glasses, objects so eagerly sought after that I had often been rather niggardly over them, had been destroyed. The same fate had overtaken the numerous little musical-boxes, which now lay blackened amid the waste-heaps, and could never again delight the hearts of my native audiences.

Not without reason had the dread of fire haunted me on all my wanderings. I never omitted all possible precautions, had all fires extinguished on the approach of the storm, and breathed freer in camp after every shower, which saturated the thatch and thus preserved it from the risk of fire. With a view to their rescue in case of any outburst, my box of journals and drawings always stood close to the door, and the attendants were aware of this. For the same reason all my writings were always care-

fully replaced in the box when work was over. I had also recently warned Bohndorff to take special care of the collections, especially at the Arab settlements in the Bahr el-Ghazal province. All these precautions were fully justified by the frequent fires, such as those of Lado and Tangasi—the latter station twice half destroyed in the year 1881.

The first thing now to be done was to erect a small fire-proof structure where I could confidently store the boxes I should leave behind during the next journey. Foye met my views in this respect, and provided the hands required for the building.

Forthwith the framework of a little gable-roofed house, about the size of the small Mangbattu huts, was constructed according to my instructions and under my supervision. Then the side walls and roof were made of stout beams and joists, strong enough to support a layer of mud half a foot thick. The roof was also propped on the inside with three parallel rows of posts, while the side walls and both slopes of the roof closed with lattice-work, which was then filled in hermetically with clay and chopped grass, kneaded together in lumps about the size of a man's head. These masses were prepared at the neighbouring brook, and while still wet and soft crammed into the framework and into all the interstices of the structure. Then the most skilful craftsmen completed the plastering with half-liquid mud, until the whole of the wooden framework was thickly coated all over with clay; only doorways were left in the front and back walls for ventilation. Shrinking and fissures doubtless arose as the layers of mud dried from the heat of the fire kept constantly burning in the interior; but these cracks were repeatedly filled in till the building was thoroughly dry, and no more rents made their appearance. Lastly, to the outer surface was applied a thin coating of a more tenacious substance, made with pieces of termites' hills pounded very fine. Both the large diversely-shaped hills and the smaller toadstool-shaped structures of the termites have a very close texture, due to the slimy secretions of these industrious insects incessantly working in colonies together. Hence, when dissolved in water, this substance yields a durable cement.

All this work, and especially the drying process, took days and weeks, occupying the whole of November and the first days of December. Yet the whole was completed without interruption from the rains, the heavy downpours having ceased since November 7th. The two light showers that fell on November 19th and 20th caused no damage. I may here remark that there was a copious rainfall throughout October, and even during the first week of November we had daily showers. Here the rain often began in the morning, not in the evening as in the southern regions, and lasted the whole day, though the discharge was lighter than farther south, and altogether more like the steady downfalls in our northern latitudes.

In order to protect my new storehouse from too much moisture, a light straw shed was raised above it, resting on separate stakes about a foot from the clay roof. Such a shed might even catch fire without seriously endangering the mud structure below. In the middle of the latter were arranged the stands for the boxes and packages, filling up all the space except a free passage running quite round.

On that unlucky 13th of November I also received a letter from Lupton Bey at Ombanga, in reply to mine. He said he should have come himself to see me, but for the heavy work awaiting him at the Mudiriyeh. From Khartum he had received orders to despatch 7000 black recruits to Fashoda, but where was he to get them? He added that Dar-Fôr was in a bad way, and that Slatin Bey was fighting the Arabs.[1] On September 10th he had received a gun-shot wound in the right hand; but he had routed the Arabs, though with heavy slaughter on both sides.

But for Lupton himself a period of the gravest anxiety was approaching. At the beginning of December I heard from him that all Dinka Land was in revolt, and that the rebel Dinka tribes had closed the road to Meshra er-Rêq, the starting-point of the Nile steamers for Khartum. The communications could

[1] Slatin Bey was an Austrian officer, and since 1879 Mudir of Dara in Dar-Fôr, where he had many a hard battle with the leaders of the Mahdist rebels. Later mention will again be made of him.

not for the present be restored, and Bohndorff would have to await a more favourable opportunity to continue his journey to Khartum. Hence he wanted to return to our station, where, in fact, he arrived safely after my departure from Zemio's. Meanwhile, under the advice of Lupton, whom I had consulted in the matter, my collections were stored in the warehouse of the Bahr el-Ghazal administration. Later Lupton wrote, in a letter of December 1882, that the garrisons of the remote stations were to fall back, in order to make head against the very numerous and well-equipped rebels.

ZANDEH GIRL. (*From a photograph by R. Buchta.*)

Meanwhile I had at last the pleasure of receiving the missing packages — correspondence and periodicals from May to December 1881. Rafai Aga, on his return from the war against Mbio, had stopped at his station of Deleb, and from that place sent on the packages by some Arabs. In return I sent him all kinds of little presents,

with the announcement that in a few days I should travel through Zassa's district to his zeriba of Mugaru, west of Deleb, and requesting him to send me an escort without delay. The result was that, on December 25th, the Arabs returned and remained with me, while Rafai arranged to meet me later at Mugaru. The meeting, however, never took place, Rafai having in the meantime been summoned to join Lupton.

Besides my household affairs, I was very busy with my pen during the last few weeks ; amongst other things, a volume of MS. and the copy of a map were got ready for Europe. But while we were enjoying an interval of peace and repose on the farthest verge of the vast Egyptian empire, in the northern provinces fanatic passions had broken loose, the destructive flames of revolt were spreading havoc in all directions, involving in utter ruin the young but promising Egyptian dominion in Sudan, and unhappily sweeping away the fruits of much strenuous work expended in the cause of humanity.

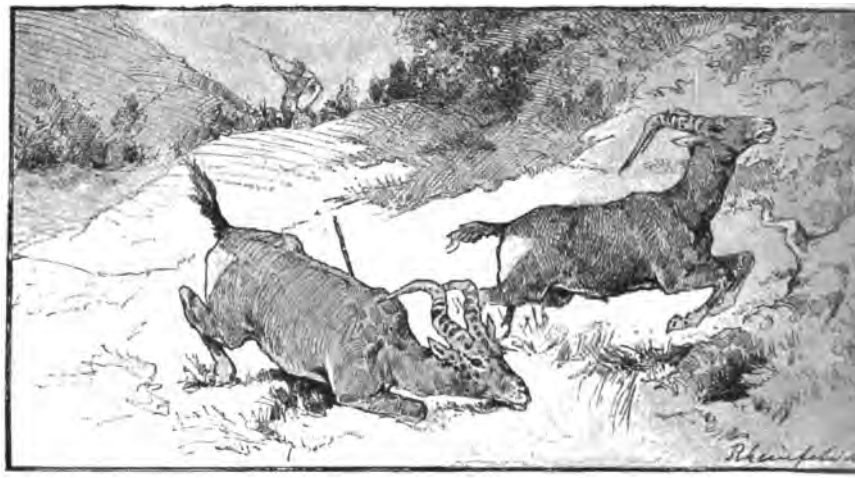
My departure was delayed some days, as I wished to await the return of Zemio, which, however, was put off so long, that at last I departed on December 12th. The little folks remained at the station, and I was accompanied only by the more experienced attendants, besides Halima, Saida, and this time my little dog, Lady. The stay of two months and a half at Zemio's was much longer than I had expected, and meanwhile a full month of the fine season had passed. But I could not possibly get away before the completion of my new storehouse.

ZANDEH STOOL.

ASTOR

were reluctant to let me go, and Foye had even concocted all kinds of false reports about the arrival of Zemio to keep me back till he reached the station. With Foye, who was a brave young fellow at heart, I left some powder and shot, so that during my absence he might collect some serviceable skins. Unfortunately, since the fire, the Express rifle could only be used with the few remaining cartridges on special occasions.

The first march ran southwards to the dragoman Ali's, and deviated from the route previously followed by me from Nbas-



HARTEBEEST (*Bubalis caama*).

sani's to Zemio's. The little river Liwa, which flowed by my station to the Mbomu, skirted the road at some distance, and was crossed near Ali's, at a point where it was rather deep, and where it had overflowed its banks. The stony ground, which eastwards rises to the flat Boyu ridge, was in some places sparsely covered with underwood. Thanks to a comical incident, our sportsmen made a fine bag. Some antelopes had sprung suddenly up on our very track, and had rushed wildly through the line of carriers in front, whereby one got speared and speedily captured.

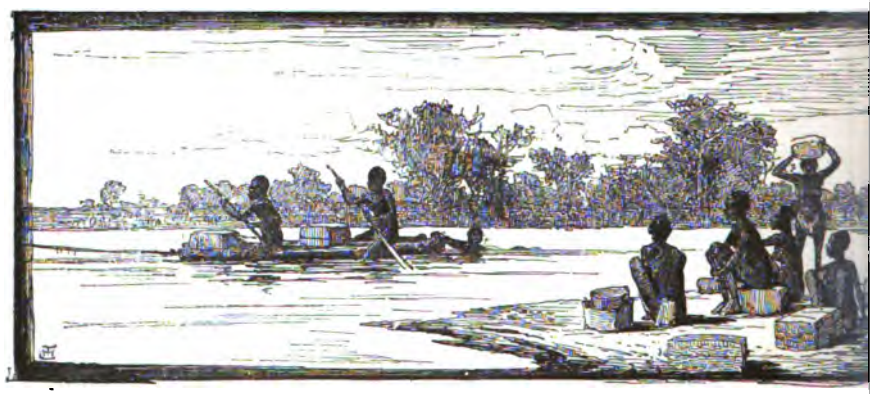
On this journey I approximately followed in the footsteps of Dr. Potagos, and picked up a good deal of information regarding his route, of which more anon. The maize harvest was long over; but maize in small quantities, and in moist fluvial bottom-lands, is often raised even during the dry season, but then only for the sake of the fresh cobs. Durra was also cultivated at Zemio's, and much of it was still standing, as was also the sesame; but the pumpkins had mostly been consumed. Large quantities of maize from the southern districts, more than I had ever seen elsewhere, were stored at Ali's. The cobs are tied together in bunches by means of the husks, which are first drawn back, and then the bunches are hung up close together on high vertical frames; many such frames placed in juxtaposition form, as it were, a compact wall of maize cobs.

The A-Kahle are split into numerous small tribal groups, whose districts are administered by Zemio's nearest relatives and his chiefs. Many of his retainers rule over several widely-scattered tribes, but they for the most part reside near the prince, leaving their subjects to the care of sub-chiefs.

Beyond Ali's we approached the Mbomu, near which river ran our next day's route. Here the river bends from the west round to the south, thus describing a semi-circle with its concave side turned northwards. Its first important affluent in this district is the Bamu, which rises in the northern part of Zemio's territory. Near it ran a long fence in the underwood, broken by numerous pits at intervals of from twenty to thirty yards, for capturing large game, especially buffaloes. Our track ran for some distance close by, not without risk to the unwary, and especially my mount, for such pitfalls, being covered with branches, foliage, and grass, are scarcely perceptible. They are broad at top, tapering considerably downwards, so that the animal falling in sticks fast, as if wedged in. Such snares occur everywhere in those Negro lands, but I nowhere saw them in such numbers, and so systematically arranged, as here on the banks of the Bamu.

Farther on the river brought me an unpleasant surprise. It was thirty yards wide, and deep, with a swift current. To be

sure, there was a ferry-boat to cross over, but what a boat! In its primitive simplicity comparable to the ambatch rafts of the Shilluk fishermen. It consisted of two tree-stems, so loosely lashed together that the first thing to be done was simply to unlash them. To this rudimentary craft all my precious effects had to be entrusted. The first essay was made with two less valuable loads, the men seated astride the log so that their legs hung down to the water; in this way they paddled across with the two loads, one in front of each, while a third native held on behind, and acted as a living rudder in steering and propelling



CROSSING THE BAMU ON TREE-STEMS.

the crazy bark athwart the stream. After landing the loads, the boat was towed back with a rope, and the process repeated until everything was safely got over.

Some of the Negro soldiers following in our wake were less fortunate, for the log on one occasion got entangled with some branches near the shore and swung round. Then in his fright one of the men let a rifle drop into the water, and while they were fishing it up, the whole company tumbled head over heels into the river, to the great amusement of the spectators.

After a few hours' rest, we started again, but only again to be

pulled up by the next flooded morass. Here the ass stuck fast, and the girth getting torn, I slipped, somewhat against my will, back into the water. Now my black friends could turn the laugh against me, for I stood dripping helplessly in the miry fluid, and must have cut a sorry figure.

As we approached the wooded banks of the Mbomu, we frequently caught a glimpse of the Nangaru hills east of the river in Zassa's territory. After crossing the Begwe, whose banks, twenty yards apart, were connected by a rickety bridge, we soon reached Nbassani's first sub-station. The kindly chief had prepared a few large new huts for our reception, with stands for the loads, and an awning.

Here we had a day's rest, enjoying the flowing bowls of palm-wine that awaited us. I was so hungry, that some abré washed down with this liquor seemed at the time as good as champagne and biscuits in Europe. In the evening my kind host also produced a number of pots and dishes full of fish, meat, and excellent sauces, their only drawback being a strong odour of decay, which speedily put me and my hunger to flight. However, my less squeamish attendants enjoyed the savoury meal with a relish. I fell back upon a risotto with gourd-seeds, freshly-prepared liquid cheese, and some sweet potatoes, which I had not tasted for a long time; in the north both batatas and maniocs are far less extensively grown than in the southern regions. To all this superabundance my little Binsa, radiant with joy, brought me a brace of birds shot by himself with the Flobert rifle. This was his first trophy as a sportsman, for after a loyal service of nearly eighteen months, I had at last allowed him to practise with firearms.

On December 15th the third march ran still southwards, very near a small bend of the Mbomu to the west. Beyond the river we skirted the spurs of Mount Nangaru; they are less elevated than the northern section of the ridge, which falls abruptly to the plain. An extensive swampy grass-grown depression, already partly dry, gave little trouble, and beyond it a bridge, repaired some days before, brought us across the Rhura, here fifteen yards wide. In this district I noticed that the plantain

thrived well, although this variety of the banana, distinguished by its larger and more angular fruit, is elsewhere indigenous only in the south. It is grown by the A-Babua people, while at Zemio's the smaller species of banana is much cultivated, in many places forming continuous thickets.

On the third evening we encamped for the night in another district belonging to Nbassani, and were here also well entertained.

Next day's march led over the Mbomu to the territory of Zassa, who had already visited me at Ndoruma's, had later come to our rescue on the Welle, and had last year given a hospitable welcome to Bohndorff. My present route did not pass by his residence; but although Bohndorff had not parted on very friendly terms with him, I was anxious to see him, and sent messengers with presents to arrange for an interview. To give him ample time, I remained on December 16th at Nbassani's second sub-station.

The last stretch to the Mbomu still ran southwards through the district of Zemio's uncle, Yapati, while the Mbomu now gradually curved round from south to west. Here the generally undulating ground fell rapidly towards the Mbomu, and the open, sparsely-wooded steppe between the affluents was found to be well-peopled and cultivated, extensive oil-palm groves occurring every half-hour, with intervening stretches under durra. The A-Kahle keep the corn for next sowing in small lots on high trees, where graceful sheds are erected over the sheaves of telebun. Such trees, with the seed-corn dangling from the branches, seem from a distance as if covered with large birds' nests. The huts of these people are wretched small hovels, their mud-walls pierced only by a tiny round doorway.

Altogether they stand on a much lower level of culture than the dominant Zandehs, as shown by the poor state of the industries, which produce nothing but objects of primary necessity. This is natural enough with a people living in servitude, for their Zandeh rulers soon learnt from the example of the Arabo-Nubians, Ziber and his successor, Soliman, to impose a severe system of tribute and statute labour on

their A-Kahle subjects. Even outwardly the western Zandehs show extensive Arab influences, many of the ruling classes having not only learnt to speak Arabic, but also acquired a taste for more civilized ways. Thus their spacious dwellings are built on the Arab model and often fenced round, as is customary throughout Dar-Fertit, as the vast region west and south-west of the Bahr el-Ghazal province is commonly called.

The A-Kahle have been so crushed by servitude, that the sight of every stranger causes a scare, and though we passed many of their hovels, I saw little of the people themselves. The dry grass was partly still standing; but it was now fired, and a hunt organized, which, however, brought in little provender, a bone of a dwarf antelope falling to my share.

Meanwhile the messengers had returned from Zassa, who urgently pressed me to visit his mbanga. But this would have taken too much time, and I sent off fresh envoys to say that I could only meet him somewhere on the route, and on December 17th continued the march to the Mbomu, here bounded by a treeless grassy plain. At the ferry it trended again westwards and was about a hundred and fifty yards wide, much wider than where I had previously crossed it on the march from Deleb. There was still a rapid current, but the flood-waters had already subsided several yards.

The diminutive ferry-boat gave me a start, for how was Dsumbe to get the ass over in such a frail dug-out? However, it was managed by making him swim across and guiding him by the halter from the stern of the boat, by which the risk of capsizing was naturally increased. It took hours to get everything over, as only three loads could be carried at a time.

On the south side the banks develop a few stony terraces, beyond which the road ran still southwards, passing many durra-fields, and bringing us in an hour to chief Sawa's. Zemio's domain is bounded on the south by the Mbomu, and on the west by Yapati's district, which we had just traversed, and beyond which dwell the still independent Mbata and A-Bola branches of the A-Kahle nation.

In Zassa's district the chief river is the Gonae, which flows

were reluctant to let me go, and Foye had even concocted all kinds of false reports about the arrival of Zemio to keep me back till he reached the station. With Foye, who was a brave young fellow at heart, I left some powder and shot, so that during my absence he might collect some serviceable skins. Unfortunately, since the fire, the Express rifle could only be used with the few remaining cartridges on special occasions.

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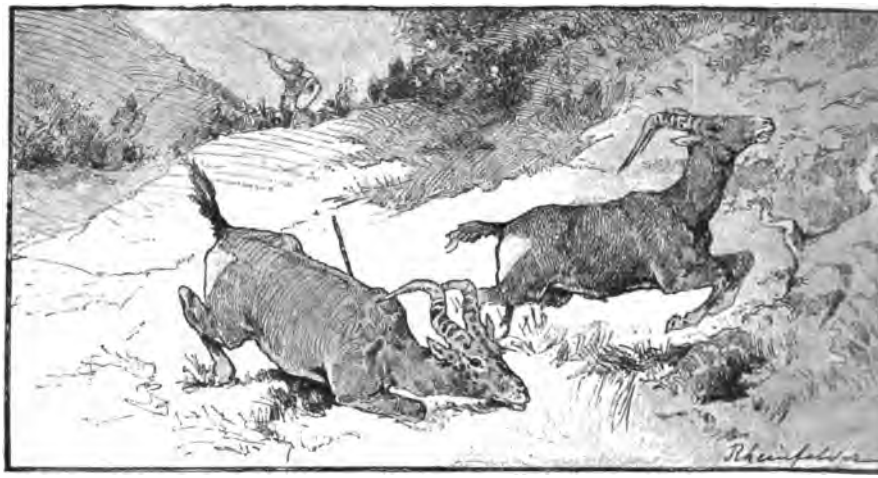


HARTEBEEST (*Bubalis caama*).

sani's to Zemio's. The little river Liwa, which flowed by my station to the Mbomu, skirted the road at some distance, and was crossed near Ali's, at a point where it was rather deep, and where it had overflowed its banks. The stony ground, which eastwards rises to the flat Boyu ridge, was in some places sparsely covered with underwood. Thanks to a comical incident, our sportsmen made a fine bag. Some antelopes had sprung suddenly up on our very track, and had rushed wildly through the line of carriers in front, whereby one got speared and speedily captured.

On this journey I approximately followed in the footsteps of Dr. Potagos, and picked up a good deal of information regarding his route, of which more anon. The maize harvest was long over; but maize in small quantities, and in moist fluvial bottom-lands, is often raised even during the dry season, but then only for the sake of the fresh cobs. Durra was also cultivated at Zemio's, and much of it was still standing, as was also the sesame; but the pumpkins had mostly been consumed. Large quantities of maize from the southern districts, more than I had ever seen elsewhere, were stored at Ali's. The cobs are tied together in bunches by means of the husks, which are first drawn back, and then the bunches are hung up close together on high vertical frames; many such frames placed in juxtaposition form, as it were, a compact wall of maize cobs.

The A-Kahle are split into numerous small tribal groups, whose districts are administered by Zemio's nearest relatives and his chiefs. Many of his retainers rule over several widely-scattered tribes, but they for the most part reside near the prince, leaving their subjects to the care of sub-chiefs.

Beyond Ali's we approached the Mbomu, near which river ran our next day's route. Here the river bends from the west round to the south, thus describing a semi-circle with its concave side turned northwards. Its first important affluent in this district is the Bamu, which rises in the northern part of Zemio's territory. Near it ran a long fence in the underwood, broken by numerous pits at intervals of from twenty to thirty yards, for capturing large game, especially buffaloes. Our track ran for some distance close by, not without risk to the unwary, and especially my mount, for such pitfalls, being covered with branches, foliage, and grass, are scarcely perceptible. They are broad at top, tapering considerably downwards, so that the animal falling in sticks fast, as if wedged in. Such snares occur everywhere in those Negro lands, but I nowhere saw them in such numbers, and so systematically arranged, as here on the banks of the Bamu.

Farther on the river brought me an unpleasant surprise. It was thirty yards wide, and deep, with a swift current. To be

thrived well, although this variety of the banana, distinguished by its larger and more angular fruit, is elsewhere indigenous only in the south. It is grown by the A-Babua people, while at Zemio's the smaller species of banana is much cultivated, in many places forming continuous thickets.

On the third evening we encamped for the night in another district belonging to Nbassani, and were here also well entertained.

Next day's march led over the Mbomu to the territory of Zassa, who had already visited me at Ndoruma's, had later come to our rescue on the Welle, and had last year given a hospitable welcome to Bohndorff. My present route did not pass by his residence; but although Bohndorff had not parted on very friendly terms with him, I was anxious to see him, and sent messengers with presents to arrange for an interview. To give him ample time, I remained on December 16th at Nbassani's second sub-station.

The last stretch to the Mbomu still ran southwards through the district of Zemio's uncle, Yapati, while the Mbomu now gradually curved round from south to west. Here the generally undulating ground fell rapidly towards the Mbomu, and the open, sparsely-wooded steppe between the affluents was found to be well-peopled and cultivated, extensive oil-palm groves occurring every half-hour, with intervening stretches under durra. The A-Kahle keep the corn for next sowing in small lots on high trees, where graceful sheds are erected over the sheaves of telebun. Such trees, with the seed-corn dangling from the branches, seem from a distance as if covered with large birds' nests. The huts of these people are wretched small hovels, their mud-walls pierced only by a tiny round doorway.

Altogether they stand on a much lower level of culture than the dominant Zandehs, as shown by the poor state of the industries, which produce nothing but objects of primary necessity. This is natural enough with a people living in servitude, for their Zandeh rulers soon learnt from the example of the Arabo-Nubians, Ziber and his successor, Soliman, to impose a severe system of tribute and statute labour on

their A-Kahle subjects. Even outwardly the western Zandehs show extensive Arab influences, many of the ruling classes having not only learnt to speak Arabic, but also acquired a taste for more civilized ways. Thus their spacious dwellings are built on the Arab model and often fenced round, as is customary throughout Dar-Fertit, as the vast region west and south-west of the Bahr el-Ghazal province is commonly called.

The A-Kahle have been so crushed by servitude, that the sight of every stranger causes a scare, and though we passed many of their hovels, I saw little of the people themselves. The dry grass was partly still standing; but it was now fired, and a hunt organized, which, however, brought in little provender, a bone of a dwarf antelope falling to my share.

Meanwhile the messengers had returned from Zassa, who urgently pressed me to visit his mbanga. But this would have taken too much time, and I sent off fresh envoys to say that I could only meet him somewhere on the route, and on December 17th continued the march to the Mbomu, here bounded by a treeless grassy plain. At the ferry it trended again westwards and was about a hundred and fifty yards wide, much wider than where I had previously crossed it on the march from Deleb. There was still a rapid current, but the flood-waters had already subsided several yards.

The diminutive ferry-boat gave me a start, for how was Dsumbe to get the ass over in such a frail dug-out? However, it was managed by making him swim across and guiding him by the halter from the stern of the boat, by which the risk of capsizing was naturally increased. It took hours to get everything over, as only three loads could be carried at a time.

On the south side the banks develop a few stony terraces, beyond which the road ran still southwards, passing many durra-fields, and bringing us in an hour to chief Sawa's. Zemio's domain is bounded on the south by the Mbomu, and on the west by Yapati's district, which we had just traversed, and beyond which dwell the still independent Mbata and A-Bola branches of the A-Kahle nation.

In Zassa's district the chief river is the Gonae, which flows

from the south to the bend of the Mbomu, a little east of the place crossed by us. At Zassa's I had good reason to regret the good, clean huts at Nbassani's. Here a legion of fleas recalled the painful memories of my more southern wanderings; they had evidently been left behind by some of Sassa's people returning from a raid against the A-Bolas.

Zassa himself arrived soon after, and I spent December 18th with him at Sawa's residence. Thankful for former services, I gave him a hearty reception, and a number of presents from my remaining stock. He had heard of the fire at Zemio's, and was consequently satisfied with the gifts, presenting me in return with palm-oil and other local produce, and even placed a boy and a girl at my service. The latter I declined, but sent the former with some of Zemio's people to my station for Bohndorff, all of whose servants had run off during the journey to the Bahr el-Ghazal.

Zassa complained of the doings of Rafai's administrators, and of the many plundering expeditions they had made to his vassal territory south of the Werre. We parted good friends on December 19th, our next march passing many A-Kahle habitations in a richly-cultivated land stretching southwards. Here the eye lingered long on the few still visible oil-palms, which are nowhere met throughout the whole of the northern and western regions as far as the Welle-Makua. The road to chief Ungelli's, our next night encampment, ran by the head-waters of several affluents of the Assa, which was crossed next day on a recently-repaired bridge.

At times I was again troubled with the eczema, and at Ungelli's it for once, and only once, assumed the character of normal nettle-fever. Here I had much trouble with the servants, and especially with Rensi, who neglected the ass, and played me so many tricks that my patience was at last exhausted, and I discharged him.

On the march from Ungelli's to Zelenga's the landscape underwent a marked change. Immediately after starting we ascended a rising-ground, which sloped westwards down to a plain watered by a tributary to the Assa. Farther south we

THE ASSA FALLS. (*Drawn by L. H. Fischer.*)

NYU

entered a more hilly district, with many depressions, and much disintegrated granite, bare rocky tables, crags, and stony heights. Then the land sloped down to the Assa, which, however, was masked from view by granite cones and eminences, even when within hearing distance of its rapids. But on suddenly emerging from a chaos of weathered rocks tossed about in disorder, I came upon a magnificent stretch of fluvial scenery. Here the Assa forms roaring cataracts, while its swirling waters, divided into three streams, rush tumultuously over and between the rocky ledges. On the opposite bank the bare cliffs culminated in a bold granite bluff, while three flat ledges in the river-bed served as piers for a wooden bridge disposed in three segments.

But the bare cliffs extended only a few hundred yards along the banks, which, especially above the falls, were clothed with a rich forest vegetation. Here the stretch of placid waters, contrasting with the foaming cataracts below, presented a charming picture, which lingered long in my memory. The bridge itself was in its way a work of art; but for its light structure of slender, pliant, but tough saplings, it must certainly have been swept away by the raging torrent. The Assa had already considerably subsided; but at its lowest level, the rocky bed was said to be fordable without the bridge, which is always carried off during the floods, and re-erected when the waters have sufficiently fallen.

The Assa, which was here from fifty to a hundred yards wide, rises on the Werre-Mbomu water-parting towards the south-west, its course forming the frontier between Zassa's district and Rafai's domain.

South of the Assa stretched the district of the Zandeh chief, Mugaru, who was already under Rafai's jurisdiction. But on the road to his residence we encamped for the night at his brother Zelenga's. The last section of the route also traversed rolling land and granite heights, rising near Zelenga's, and on the west, to a small mountain range, where the Zimbango and Galemba peaks stood out conspicuously.

So far the route from Zemio's had run approximately southwards; but the next two days it took a south-easterly direction.

I remained on December 22nd and 23rd in the Arab settlement at Mugaru's. His district, like that of Zassa, is inhabited by a mixed population, comprising the dominant Zandehs, the far more numerous A-Kahle, and some A-Ngaddu groups, these last apparently related to the A-Kahle. At least they are said to speak the language of the northern A-Kahle, while their distinctly more muscular and fuller build may perhaps be ascribed to a more comfortable social condition in former times. Outwardly the A-Ngaddus are much more like the widespread Banjia nation, amongst whom they have numerous settlements farther south. They also wear the Banjia tattooed tribal mark —two simple punctured curves running from the temples, at first parallel with the eyebrows, and then converging at the nasal root.

At Mugaru's I was again brought face to face with Arab "culture" in its most degraded aspect—a rabble of filth, petty mendicancy, gaol-bird expressions, and cringing hypocrisy. Rafai had been summoned by Lupton to the Mudiriyeh from his Deleb zeriba, three days east of Mugaru's; but he had thoughtfully sent me his brother Konfo, with instructions to attend to all my wants. This he had done, but he was at the same time ordered to break up all the settlements in Rafai's territory, and muster the Negro garrisons, together with the largest possible store of corn, in the neighbourhood of Deleb.

Adau, superintendent of a southern zeriba in the district of the Banjai chief, Ngerria, had already gone off to lead back the soldiers stationed at Hassan on the Welle-Makua, and at the settlements founded along the route. In my presence the Arab riff-raff made a great secret of all this, and were constantly whispering about fresh reports that had come in. It may here be remarked that fellows of this class were often kept better informed of the serious events in progress than the higher provincial officials themselves. The later reports on the spread of the Mahdist revolt were also undoubtedly welcome news to most of these Arabo-Nubian cut-throats, for they had in fact nothing to lose, and perhaps much to gain by a change.

At first the rumours had reference chiefly to the progress of

the Dinka rebellion, though they may have already heard of Jussuf Pasha esh-Shellali's defeat by the Mahdi, Mohammed Akhmet.[1] Luckily for me, the Arabs with whom I was much thrown during those months could not possibly in their boldest flights of imagination have foreseen the ultimate issue of the movement, else I should scarcely have got away alive from Dar-Fertit.

Meanwhile they still dreaded the arm of the Government, assumed a show of friendship towards me, and passed the time carousing with merissa and coarse brandy; for wherever these Arabs set foot in Negro-land, they forthwith set up a still. Certainly all did not devote themselves to the bottle, but those who did, did so thoroughly. Whiskey is here distilled exclusively from corn in native earthenware receivers by means of a bamboo pipe. Unfortunately the native chiefs soon acquire a taste for these spirits, and the dragomans, apt pupils of the Arabs, liberally "mix the poison-cup for them."

In view of possible contingencies, I tried to remain on good terms with the Arabs, although it was often impossible to satisfy all their demands and begging appeals. Konfo received numerous presents, and amongst the people I also distributed a dozen knives, scissors, needles, reels of cotton, and other things.

Ali, administrator of the next Arab settlement in the west, had also arrived, and after finishing a bottle of whiskey that I had received, but left untouched, he began to hanker after a watch, a suit of clothes, and even "realat" (dollars), which he wanted of me, but had to put up with a few far less costly gifts. The local chief, Mugaru, also visited me, and, like so many others, secretly complained to me of the ever-increasing exactions of the Arab officials. In lieu of other consolation I presented him with a few things, with which he was delighted.

Here also I met a person from the Fullah States in the Far West. In his youth he had been with his father, a slave-dealer, to Adamawa, whence he had later made his way through Wadai

[1] Jussuf had been sent in the early summer of 1882 with three thousand men from Khartum against the Mahdi; but he fell with all his men on June 7th of the same year.

and Dar-Fôr to Dar-Fertit. He was acquainted with many Arab lands in West Sudan, and gave me particulars about them.

In Mugaru's district cotton is widely grown, and used for weaving simple damur cloth, exactly as in East Sudan and the Nile valley. It is made, not only for the local demand, but even for the export trade, and this little industry had certainly saved the people from such prevailing distress as I witnessed in Mangbattu Land.

Mugaru's district is the last inhabited Zandeh land strictly so called; west and south it is conterminous with the domain of the Banjia people, who differ from the true Zandehs. Tombo's son, Ngettua or Zongolia, had formally ruled over a larger territory than the district now governed by Mugaru, who was descended from Ngettua through his son Nombo. Round about were other chiefs, brothers of Mugaru, such as Katawa, whose district lay on the road to Deleb.

Despite the unsettled state of affairs, and Lupton's orders to abandon all those outlying stations, I still adhered to my purpose of visiting the southern and western parts of the Banjia country. Hence my next goal was the Banjia chief, Ngerria's, for which I started on December 24th, passing a night on the way at his son Umboya's. A number of streams crossing our track flow east to the Dongu affluent of the Assa. Farther on the upper course of the Dongu itself was crossed, and on the second day we found the rivers flowing direct to the Assa.

The road led partly through a slightly rolling, partly through a hilly district covered with bush and light scrub. The frontier between the Zandeh and Banjia Lands lies about midway on the road to Umboya's, and it is noteworthy that here the rainy season was not yet over.

The Arab zeriba at Ngerria's lay a little to the east of our line of march. I had purposely avoided it; for although the superintendent, Adau, had left for the south-west, his representative with several other Arabs had come to Umboya's station, and also awaited me afterwards on the road with poultry and other things, and altogether behaved in a very friendly way.

Although the Banjias appear to be closely allied to the

Zandehs, even in speech and usages, they are traditionally of different descent. Ngerria, an aged and worthy chief, was the son of Bakia, brother to Hiro, a distinguished Banjia prince. Through Biemangi and other sons he had become the paramount lord of several contemporary Banjia chiefs. His father was Bangoya, son of Lusia, son of Gobengae, in whose time the Banjia domain was said to have been situated to the west of the confluence of the Mbomu with the Welle-Makua.

Gobengae's line goes back traditionally through his father, Poppae, to Badangungo, who sprang, according to some, from Bapoi, according to others from Ngurra, the actual founder of the Banjia dynasty being a somewhat mythical hero named Nih. On the other hand, the Zandehs all claim descent from a certain Kelliso through Kaegobbeli, Gorro, Baendi, Ngurra I., and Ngurra II., father of Mabenge and Tombo, whose two diverging lines have already been noticed.

December 26th and 27th were spent at Ngerria's, where I picked up some information on the region for which I was bound. Böhndorff's route from Zassa's to the Werre ran somewhat parallel with my present road from the Mbomu to Ngerria's, but a full day's march farther east. At that time he went southwards to the Werre, traversed the region between that river and the Welle-Makua, followed the latter at some distance eastwards to A-Madi Land, and ultimately joined me in A-Barmbo Land. On the other hand, I was now travelling from Ngerria's south-westwards towards Morjan, another of Rafai's zeribas.

Meanwhile messengers from Zemio had overtaken me, reporting his return from Dem Soliman to his residence, and forwarding me a jar of honey, with a letter from Bohndorff asking him for carriers, as he wanted to return to our station. His desire had already been fulfilled, as he had soon after re-entered the station.

On the march from Ngerria's to Morjan's I still crossed affluents of the Assa, of which the Saru was the last. The Saru had already been crossed in its lower course on the road to Ngerria's; here in its upper course it was the last stream before

reaching a noteworthy double water-parting, that of the Mbomu-Werre on the one hand, and of the Assa-Mbili on the other. The two last are themselves tributary to the Mbomu, but they flow in very different directions to the main stream, of which the Mbili is the most important southern affluent.

The water-parting, which also forms the boundary between the districts of Ngerria and Morjan, is indicated only by irregular rising-grounds ; but the land falls beyond these in three different directions, thus forming the divide, which sends the Assa to the north, the Mbili westwards, and a system of small streams southwards in Morjan's district.

After Rafai had reduced Ndoruma, he had been followed by a number of Zandehs to his administrative district, and these had now settled amongst the Banjias under Morjan. Yet Morjan himself was no Banjia, but an Abukaya from Makaraka Land. He had passed many years in the service of the Arabs, and was a much-travelled person, having even visited Buganda. He had thus become an experienced and efficient official, and at present held the position of a provincial superintendent. The road to his residence led through some well-cultivated ground, as well as through rich banana plantations, which had become rare in the region which we traversed going southwards from Zassa's.

Morjan, who enjoyed extensive powers, was fond of display, and had now prepared for me a brilliant reception. He came to meet me with his body-guard, trumpeters, and women ; drum-beating and the clatter of long iron bells filled the air, while the little black battalion stood to arms.

We found good accommodation and excellent entertainment in some huts within separate enclosures. Everything, in fact, revealed the good qualities of Morjan, whose paternal affection was shown by the pleasure he took in introducing his little family, including two handsome lads and a little girl carried in the fond father's arms. All the children were well cared for, and even arrayed in bright-coloured Khartum frocks, a rare sight in those parts. To complete their costume I added a little finery from my stock.

From Morjan's the route ran westwards, but I also made careful inquiries about the southern regions, not only for cartographic purposes, but also in case circumstances might necessitate my return to Sudan. The arrival of chief Kengo from the Werre enabled me even to contract friendly relations with those parts.

Kengo had boats on the Opae, as the Banjia people call the Werre, and in return for a few gifts, gave me some valuable information. An uninhabited tract stretches to the Werre, from which a stiff day's march leads southwards to the Welle-Makua, near the Bomokandi confluence. The land between the rivers is occupied, in its eastern section as far as Badinde's territory, by the descendants of Tombo's son, Aeso. It was these chiefs that Bohndorff visited during his journey.

IRON SIGNAL-DRUM.

In this "Mesopotamia" there also dwell the descendants of Nyindo, of the Mabenge line; but near the Werre confluence Tombo's dynasty again holds sway, being here represented by the descendants of Mangi's sons, who will again engage our attention. After this information I felt it would be possible, in case of emergency, to retire southwards, and through Kengo's territory either strike Bohndorff's route, or else make my way to Kipa's son, Kamsa.

Meanwhile Rafai's brother, Konfo, had followed me from Mugaru's, making arrangements, both with Ngerria and Morjan, for the concentration of the native troops. A large number of these were soon after ordered to the Bahr el-Ghazal province, while the chiefs were required to consign much corn and other supplies to the Deleb station.

On December 31st we struck westwards to the Banjia chief, Gapia, son of Biemangi, and grandson of Hiro. Beyond the last watercourse flowing southwards a broken country rose gradually to a hilly district, where much corn was grown in the

valleys, which were tilled by a number of Morjan's women. Here the streams flowed north to the Mbili, and farther on the road ran through continuous forest along a swampy tract, which recalled our difficulties in previous watery woodlands. The last stretch lay towards the north, where the twin-crested Gwai was crossed. Thus was reached the Mbili valley, where stood the settlement of Gapia, a chief also under the administration of Morjan.

Mount Gwai is undoubtedly identical with the "mountain range" figuring in Dr. Potagos' map under the proud name of "Mount George." As an example of the numerous fantastic notions and naïve views of geographical problems embodied in that traveller's work, I may here quote the subjoined passage.[1] "Les monts nommés par Sam-Béker [*sic*] Montagnes-Bleues, et regardées comme les Montagnes de la Lune, appartiennent évidemment à la chaîne que nous plaçâmes au sud des rivières Bére [Biri, doubtless the Mbili] et Bomo [presumably Mbomu]. J'ai donné à la crête de cette chaîne le nom de Georges, c'est-à-dire le nom du roi des Grecs, Georges I., pour indiquer l'époque où nous l'avons décrite . . . Ainsi ma marche se trouva arrêtée au sud, en Afrique, par la chaîne de Georges, comme elle l'avait été en Asie par la muraille d'Hercule."

MOUNT GWAI.

Dr. Potagos even lost his bearings, for he makes the Bomo

[1] *Dix Années de Voyages*, &c., Paris 1885, vol. I. pp. 292-3.

(Mbomu) flow north and south instead of east and west, and thus confuses the courses of all the other rivers.

The last day of the year 1882 was ushered in with threatening weather. The banked-up clouds scarcely allowed the sun to peep through, though it passed off without any rain.

On January 1st, 1883, our goal was Urindimma's zeriba, which, however, was a long way off, and the carriers without my knowledge took me first to chief Baeni, also a son of Biemangi. His district lay considerably north of the direct road, so that Urindimma's was not reached till the third day.

Soon after leaving Gapia's, we crossed over to the north bank of the Mbili, which was here already ten yards wide. All the rivers crossing our track as far as Urindimma's run south to the Mbili. Many are limpid streams flowing in deep, flat beds between high wooded banks. On reaching Baeni's residence we found that he was away hunting; but he returned in the evening, and meanwhile my people had been well provided for, as in fact was the case generally throughout this journey.

Baeni stood, like Gapia, under the jurisdiction of Morjan ; his district ended about midway to the Banjia chief, Palenge, son of Hiro, who was in Urindimma's administrative division. Here, as elsewhere throughout Dar-Fertit, the report of my journey was widespread, and it was known that I was travelling through the country in a peaceful way, without exacting slaves or any other heavy tribute from the natives. Hence many chiefs and people came from the surrounding districts to visit us and see the wonderful things they had heard of. At Palenge's I even met Balingae, an aged chief, also son of Hiro, who in his feeble and ailing state of health had been carried a long way to visit me.

A member of my household at this time was Kobbae Tikima ("Tikima's Shield"), a servant of Zemio's uncle, Yapati. This youth, who had a strong comic vein, soon became the buffoon of our circle, and remained to the last a general favourite. For the present I left him with Dsumbe at Palenge's, in charge of the loads, and then, on January 4th, pushed on to Urindimma's with the other servants and a very few carriers. The level country presented a park-like aspect, sloping very gently along

the line of march southwards to the Mbili. This river was soon reached at a place where it was fifty yards wide, and being still twelve or thirteen feet deep, had to be crossed in a boat. Urindimma's zeriba stood a few minutes' distance from the wooded bank on a hilly slope rising high above the river.

In this direction Urindimma's was the last settlement under Rafai's rule. At least Hassan's zeriba, away to the south-west on the Welle-Makua, had hitherto been only at times occupied by expeditions, and Adau had now been sent thither to withdraw the garrison as quickly as possible. The road to Hassan's crossed an uninhabited wilderness which took four long days to traverse. As Adau was soon expected back, and as his people would doubtless carry off everything within their reach, the time was most unfavourable for me to make an excursion in that direction. Hence I entered Urindimma's full of grave doubts as to the possibility of reaching the Welle-Makua in this western part of its course.

By birth Urindimma was a Bashir, and here a colony of his tribe had founded a settlement. He had been appointed to this station by Rafai under the same conditions as Morjan farther east; but there were no Arabs, but only Negro soldiers under him. He showed much intelligence, and even entered heartily into my already half-abandoned project of visiting the Welle-Makua. I learnt from him that the river could be reached by an easier and shorter route, and he even offered to accompany me thither, as he was on friendly terms with the Zandeh chiefs settled on its banks. Nothing could have turned out more fortunate for my purpose, and in my exuberance of spirits I proposed to start in two days. On the evening of my arrival, it blew a gale with a tremendous downpour, a proof that even in January rains fall in that latitude.

Adau had not been expected back just immediately, and it was on that assumption that Urindimma had promised to escort me, as he would have to be back at his post in time to receive and provide for those troops. I took only half my things for the trip, and even left the maid-servants behind, for we were drawing nearer and nearer to the region where bananas, manioc,

and sweet potatoes again prevailed, and where I could consequently more easily dispense with my cook, Halima. Urindimma also came lightly equipped, attended only by some women and one or two men bearing firearms.

The road to the lower course of the Werre, which was reached in a day and a half, ran from Urindimma's south-westwards through an uninhabited tract; it was destitute even of communications with the Zandeh settlements between the Werre and the Welle-Makua, the local Banjia tribes having formerly lived at feud with the Zandehs. But the continual advance of Rafai's expeditions in recent years had induced those Zandehs to establish friendly relations with the authorities, and on my arrival I even found some of their envoys at Urindimma's. I gave them a few presents for their chiefs, in order under all circumstances to smooth the way in that direction.

On January 6th we started south-westwards, a difficult swamp being our first trouble, on the road to a little settlement of one of Urindimma's dragomans. The track gradually diverges from the Mbili, which flows away to the west, although the streams crossed the first three days are still tributary to it. At the dragoman's I was in the best of spirits, when suddenly an ivory caravan arrived from Adau with the report that he would himself follow in a few days. Consequently Urindimma had to remain behind, and this at once caused me serious embarrassment. I should in any case have preferred travelling without him, but when I now proposed to go on alone, he began to raise objections; he feared for my safety, dreaded the consequences to himself, were anything untoward to happen, and so on. It required all my energy, with the promise of more presents, to bring him round. But when he did yield, he took every care to ensure success, gave me some more carriers for the return journey, and induced me to accept an escort of a few Sudanese soldiers, who were afterwards reinforced by others.

So I was off next day, again in buoyant spirits, our first goal being the residence of the Banjia chief, Banga, a son of Bissaro and grandson of Baddae, brother of Lusia, and son of

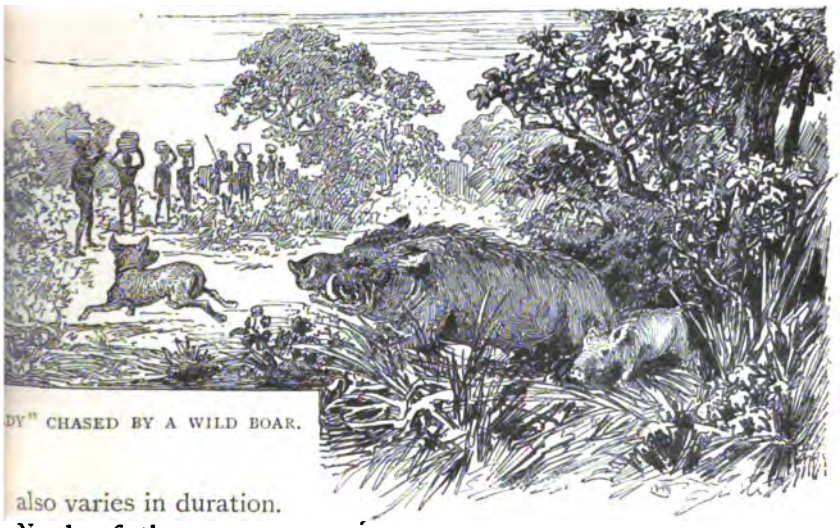
Gobengae. A few other aged sons of Bissaro were also still living as chiefs under Urindimma.

The short march to Banga's ran south-westwards through a hilly district, and coincided with the route followed by Rafai's expeditions to the Makua. But in Banga's district the roads branched off, mine trending almost due south to the Welle-Makua. My poor ass was nearly lost in a dismal swamp, from which it took our people an hour's hard work to extricate him. At Banga's I found the neighbouring chiefs awaiting me, and entertained them with my curiosities in the usual way. Baskets of porridge and other provisions were brought together, and enabled me to feed my hungry people at the next night encampment in a dreary wilderness on the water-parting between the Mbili and the Welle-Makua.

The long march thither led next day at first through an inhabited Banjia district and along the densely-wooded banks of the streams. At the river Osso, which forms the boundary of Urindimma's domain in this direction, all habitations disappeared. The Osso is the most important southern affluent of the Mbili, and to it are tributary all the ten streams crossed on this march; it was at the time fifteen yards wide and still two feet deep. The land between its affluents was rolling ground, partly broken by alternating broad-backed hills and sparsely-wooded steppe, but also for long stretches still covered with dry grass.

On the other hand, the water-parting assumed an open park-like appearance, without any rolling land. Amid broad tracts of green turf were interspersed small patches of woodlands, which produced the effect of having been purposely planted and kept in order. Such uniformly level and elevated tracts long retain the yearly rainfall, partly in isolated and scarcely perceptible depressions, where the permanent moisture contributes to the development of those magnificent patches of forest, in which the finest arboreal vegetation attains its greatest perfection. In this respect these southern parklands differ greatly from the northern, where the thickets assume more of a bushy aspect, present few types of the tropical flora, and are consequently far less imposing.

But in both regions travelling was a real enjoyment at this season, while the young grass was still short and tender, thus proclaiming the awakening of tropical nature. Certainly I missed the peculiar charm of our northern springs, the renewed sprouting and budding of flowering plants under your very eyes; for in the tropics most trees and shrubs are evergreens, so that the renewal of their foliage is a slow and continuous process, hence scarcely perceptible. But to our winter corresponds in Africa the rainless, dry season, which, according to the position of the lands, occurs at different periods of the year, and



DY" CHASED BY A WILD BOAR.

also varies in duration. North of the equator it coincides approximately with our severest winter months.

In this delightful parkland our van was soon startled by the appearance of a buffalo within shooting distance. This animal, when it strays from the herd and roams the wilderness alone, is under all circumstances dangerous to the wayfarer, and especially when wounded, but still with unimpaired strength. It then rushes upon its enemy, tosses him on its horns, and with its broad hoofs treads him to a shapeless mass. Our buffalo, however, remained unwounded, perhaps luckily for us, and went its way.

Its disappearance was presently followed by a lively scene, in which my little dog, Lady, played a conspicuous part. As she kept darting forward she suddenly started something, which caused her to tear wildly back, hotly pursued by a huge sow. But the animal, which was accompanied by a little porker, soon gave up the chase, and consulted its own safety by taking refuge in the neighbouring bush.

On the water-shed a little south of our route, and buried in the recesses of the thicket, lay the Baimi lakelet, at whose southern emissary we encamped under a clear, starry sky. The emissary flows south to the Gusia, which was crossed next morning, and which, after receiving a few affluents crossing our track, joins the Werre near its confluence with the Welle-Makua.

Farther on the pleasant parkland was followed by the ordinary sparsely-wooded steppe, where the few streams flowed east to the Zaza, an unimportant affluent of the Welle-Makua. Here we again diverged from the direct road to the Welle, and turned south-west to the residence of chief Bambagirro, traversing hilly ground on the way. The water-parting forms the southern boundary of the Banjia nation, so that at Bambagirro's we were again in a district inhabited by Zandehs. These are the western-most branch of the widespread race, whose domain stretches from Bambagirro's and Bagbinne's on the Welle-Makua for over 370 miles uninterruptedly eastwards to Makaraka Land.

The next few rivulets unite in a single channel west of our route, where they soon reach the main stream. It was also nearly reached by us on January 10th, when about noon we entered Bagbinne's residence, which was scarcely ten minutes from the Welle-Makua. The aged ruler received us surrounded by his people, who gazed in speechless wonder at the first white man ever seen in their country. Bagbinne himself assured me that he had hitherto regarded as idle gossip the reports of certain persons that white men dwelt "back of the Turk" (beyond Egypt); now, however, my appearance fully convinced him of its truth.

I arranged for a stay of a few days, and the visit to the river was put off to the next day, the rest of the afternoon being

THE WELLE-MAKUA AT BAGBINNE'S. (*Drawn by L. H. Fischer.*)

given up to my new friends, eager to feast their eyes on my wonders. But in the stillness of the night I could distinctly hear the subdued roar of the nearest cataracts, to my ears a pleasant music, which lulled me to sleep.

The district stretching to the river was partly cultivated, and showed indications of recent floods. Bagbinne informed me that the oldest people in the land could not remember such a rise in the Welle-Makua as that of the previous year. Since then it had considerably fallen, but had not yet reached its lowest level. Where I reached it, it seemed an imposing stream, although here the long island of Doya divided it into two equal channels, and masked the opposite bank. The part visible to me I estimated at 500 yards. The great volume of water was explained by the important tributaries, Bomokandi and Werre-Oepi, joining farther east, besides the Mbima or Mbelima, whose confluence was to the south of Doya Island. But the depth was so reduced by the great width of the channel, that I was assured the river was fordable at low water; even now countless reefs rose above the surface.

The A-Bagarambo people, who inhabit the island, were alternately hostile or friendly to the Zandehs according to the seasons, that is, according to the state of the river. Hostilities began with high water, as they then felt themselves safe from attack, protected by their large fleet of boats. Here, as everywhere, the Zandehs are bad sailors, and the water is evidently for them an unsympathetic element. Nevertheless I planned a boating party to the neighbouring rapids, whereby I also hoped to get a better idea of the character of the river. So a fine new boat was produced from the hiding-place where it was kept concealed from the thievish islanders. But when Dsumbe began to display his boatmanship, a sudden war-cry compelled us to desist. Kobbae Tikima ran up, trembling like an aspen-leaf, while the Zandeh shouts of *wurra, wurra* ("war, war"), were mingled with the well-known sounds of the war-drum and trumpets.

But I took things more coolly, believing an open attack from the islanders highly improbable; and so it turned out. It was soon reported that all their boats were launched, and even

manned, but only to—take flight. I had already sent them a friendly message, asking them to come fearlessly to visit me and receive the presents I had for them. But such was their dread of Bagbinne and his Zandehs, that they could not be induced to accept the invitation.

Meanwhile a few of the soldiers had hastened to the river, whither Bagbinne and I soon followed. After a short deliberation I sprang into the new boat, taking Dsumbe, Binsa, and a few

THE WELLE-MAKUA RAPIDS AT BAGBINNE'S.

boatmen with me. Assuring Bagbinne that I only intended visiting the rapids, we shoved off up stream to the amazement of the troops and others left behind. It would have been a pleasant trip enough but for the reefs and shoals, which needed all my attention.

In fifteen minutes we reached the east end of the island, where it is separated by a narrow channel from the smaller island of Paepalle. Beyond this follows north-east the more considerable Kombiaeka while other islets lie scattered over the

surface, all like the north bank, for the most part densely-wooded and inhabited. As we advanced north-eastwards the roar of waters became more distinct, and we were presently in full view of the rapids. They are some 200 yards wide, running right athwart a northern channel between Kombiaeka and the shore; but the main body of water unmistakably flows through more southern channels. In the rapids the water swirled between a chaos of reefs and boulders, and the fall was so decided that at the present level of the river the reaches above the cataracts were invisible from below. Even during the floods the rapids do not entirely disappear, and then the aspect of the swollen stream must be much more imposing. At present an exposed sandbank on the north side served as a resort for crocodiles, which lay basking in the afternoon sun, looking at a distance like native dug-outs; at our approach they glided swiftly into the water.

On our way back I allowed the boat to drift in mid-stream, which enabled me to enjoy the lovely prospect of the river-banks, islands, and islets with their rich vegetation tinged by the rays of the setting sun. My boatmen understood the language of the A-Bagarambo people; so, on approaching the island of Doya, we hailed a little group standing on the shore, and invited them to advance a little nearer on the rocky ledges. They replied by inviting me to land on another ledge twenty yards distant from them, so that they might get a better view of me.

I yielded to their request, and, in order not to alarm them, approached unarmed, but took the precaution to direct Dsumbe to keep his hand on the rifle and maintain a sharp look-out. The result of our interview was that they promised to visit me, and then the sinking sun warned us to return.

This part of the Welle is also especially remarkable as the point where it is joined by two of its largest affluents, the Mbima or Mbelima and the Werre-Oepi, the former south of Doya, the latter a few hours east of Bagbinne's residence. His district extends no great distance westwards, where it is conterminous with the districts under some of his sons. Still farther west an

uninhabited wilderness is said to extend along the river to the zeriba of Hassan, terminal point of Rafai's expeditions.

We have already seen that five generations ago Tombo had reduced the A-Babua nation on the Welle-Makua, where his sons, Ndeni and Mangi, had firmly established themselves. It will also be remembered that Ndeni's son Kipa and his brothers had advanced eastwards, subduing the A-Barmbo and creating a new Zandeh domain for his sons Kanna, Bakangai, and many others, while Mangi's descendants settled in the territory about the Werre and Mbima confluences. Of these Ngelia and Kambara especially rose to great eminence, and left their possessions to their sons and grandsons now living.

Of Ngelia's sons, we may here mention Bagbinne and Badekua; the latter was the more distinguished, and dwelt with other brothers in the peninsula formed by the Werre-Oepi and the Welle-Makua, while the sons of Weli and of Kambara's son Bangoya occupied the territory between the Welle-Makua and the Mbima. Another son of Kambara's was Bambagirro, whom we met on the march to Bagbinne's.

Other Zandehs were settled farther east on the south bank of the main stream nearer to the Bomokandi confluence, though these were descendants, not of Tombo, but of Mabenge through Nyindo. As far as the Bomokandi confluence, going eastwards, followed the A-Babua territory, wedged in between the western and eastern Zandeh lands south of the Welle-Makua.

But all these groups knew little of the regions beyond their own immediate districts, and my efforts to gain information on the lands south from the Welle-Makua remained almost fruitless; I heard of little beyond the name of the already-mentioned A-Babua people, whose branches reach eastwards to the Mokongo and to Bakangai's territory. But they also appear to extend far to the west, for they were known to the members of Rafai's expeditions to Hassan on the Makua.

At that point both banks of the river are occupied by the Banjias of Hiro's line. On the north side the present chief is the aged Bongu, a direct descendant of Hiro; on the south, amongst others are Rheru and Balangi, two sons of Gatanga,

also a son of Hiro. The islanders and owners of the boats were all A-Bassango tribes. But Rafai's officials had led these expeditions still some good five days' marches in a south-south-westerly direction from the Welle-Makua and beyond a large river, Rubi. Here they reported another river, Likiti, which was said to join the Barakasabbe, a large body of water in Embutumu Land.

Meanwhile I had established friendly relations with the Zandehs south of the Makua, several of whose chiefs visited me. Some of Bagbinne's brothers—amongst others Badekua, the most powerful of all—were still opposed to the Arab dominion, and consequently avoided me, so that I met none of them. On the other hand the islanders plucked up sufficient courage to pay me the promised visit.

Unfortunately our peaceful interview, enlivened with music and picture-books, was suddenly interrupted by loud and angry shouts on the island, so that my visitors considered it their duty to hasten back; however, after things had settled down, they renewed their visit.

The A-Bagarambo resemble those A-Babua whom I met at Bakangai's. They wore high plaited head-dresses, and their spears, but especially their fine large broadswords and sheaths, reminded me of those fabricated by the eastern A-Babuas. Altogether it seems probable that the A-Bagarambo are merely a division of the great A-Babua nation. Their language, quite unintelligible to my people, resembled the Mangbattu idiom, though showing dialectic divergences. At the same time A-Babua may also be possibly a collective designation for various radically distinct peoples.

A dame whom I met here was distinguished by an elaborate system of tattooing on the breast and stomach. Such operations involve years of suffering on the one side and of patient work on the other, as they have constantly to be interrupted and renewed at intervals till the whole design is completed.

I stayed at Bagbinne's from the 10th to the 17th of January, when I retraced my steps to Urindimma's. Adau had already returned with his expedition from the Welle-Makua. The

Hassan zeriba, where the superintendent, Hassan, had recently died, was now abandoned, and the garrison with all movables brought away. The A-Bassango islanders at Hassan had been very troublesome since the superintendent's death, from time to time picking off a Sudanese soldier and stealing about ten rifles.

A large quantity of ivory was brought to Urindimma's, where for the present it was placed in charge of several of the surrounding chiefs, as Urindimma's station was now also to be abandoned. Nor was there any lack of captured slaves, who were everywhere to be seen lying about between the numerous grass huts of the troops, half-famished and worn-out with hardships of every kind. Others, probably the majority, had continued their weary journey under some Arab gangers; and Adau himself pressed two wretched starvelings on me, a boy and a girl, whom I for the present placed in the charge of my people.

Urindimma, who was rejoiced to see me safely back, now received his promised gifts, in return giving me some pretty ethnographical objects, amongst others a very large artistically carved A-Babua stool.

An incident now occurred illustrating the credulity and imaginative faculty of the natives. A Negro belonging to the Banjia chief, Ngerria, came in with a bewildering account of "my brother," who was following on our track mounted on an elephant. Live "lions" and leopards also were said to form part of the convoy, while some people were hastening forward with an ass, and would arrive before long. Well, the only true part of this story was the ass, which sure enough trotted in next morning; all the rest was pure fancy inspired by the fertile brain of the reporter or "his brothers." The ass had been sent me by Lupton Bey through Bohndorff, who was now back again at Zemio's. I had asked Lupton for this animal to replace the mule which I had previously received from the Dem Soliman station, but which had soon succumbed.

Lupton wrote that in December he had, jointly with Rafai and other Sudanese administrators, defeated some revolted tribes on the route to Shekka; but Saati Bey, Osman Bedawi,

and Hassan Muzāt (administrator of the Gōk Dinkas) had marched to Meshra er-Rêq against the local Dinka rebels, in order again to open the communications with this important fluvial station. Lupton also expressed anxiety for my safety, warned me to be very careful, and advised my speedy return. To the same purpose he even sent me an official Arabic letter, informing me that it was found necessary to withdraw all troops from the province, on which account it seemed advisable for me also to return. But after my experience of the natives I did not share Lupton's anxiety about me; on the contrary, I felt myself much safer amongst them as a private traveller than as a Government official. Hence my resolution remained unaltered not to return prematurely to the eastern provinces, and meanwhile continue my western route to the former possessions of Gnawi Bey. Adau, after ascertaining the contents of Lupton's Arabic letter, also tried to frustrate my intention; but I appealed to his English letter, which left the matter to my own judgment, and vigorously rejected all further protests on the part of the administrator.

On the other hand, I urged Adau to resume his journey without delay, so that Lupton might have the troops as soon as possible at his disposal for all emergencies. Nevertheless no hurry was made, while a perpetual round of revelry and drink was kept up at Urindimma's, so that he soon began to complain of the fearful inroads being made on his stock of brandy. Then they turned their attention to his beer-pots, and when these were also emptied, it took them four-and-twenty hours to sleep off their debauch. Thus Adau was unable to resume his march before January 23rd, and was followed a few days later by Urindimma and his rabble.

At last, on January 25th, carriers were also placed at my disposal, but in insufficient numbers, so that the loads had to be sent off piecemeal. By this time the Mbili had fallen to a depth of three or four feet, so that its stream could be forded. Beyond it we diverged from the previous route north-westwards to the residence of the Banjia chief, Sanza, a son of Biemangi, and descendant from Hiro. During the next days we traversed

a rolling and, in places, even a hilly district, where running

DUKHN (*Penicillaria spicata*) TO THE LEFT; TELEBUN (*Eleusine coracana*) TO THE RIGHT; DURRA (*Sorghum vulgare*) IN THE MIDDLE.

waters flowed south to the Mbili. At Sanza's we stayed a night

and the following day to await the rest of the things left behind at Urindimma's.

Sanza was a man of cool, intelligent judgment, and made me some useful communications on the present condition of the land. In reply to my inquiries, he assured me that in late years there had been no falling off in the slave raids, or in the number of slaves exported from the southern and western regions, and he was full of the old complaints about the reckless proceedings of the expeditions, and the arbitrary conduct of the district superintendents under Rafai's jurisdiction. Of Rafai personally, Sanza, like others, spoke highly, laid stress on the fact that his underlings took special care to keep their illegal doings out of sight, and prevent any complaints from reaching his ears. Thus Gatanga, father of the chiefs in the district of the Hassan station on the Welle-Makua, had been assassinated by order of Morjan, while on the road to Rafai's with charges of oppression against the local officials.

On January 27th Sanza accompanied me as far as his brother Bassande's, in order as far as possible to prevent the carriers from making off. Nearly all the way to the next encampment we traversed an uninhabited tract watered by a number of small streams, of which the most noteworthy was the Gumbo, flowing in a channel twenty yards wide and two feet deep by Bassande's residence.

The numerous fish-traps seemed to confirm the reports of the natives, that more fish is often taken in the smaller streams than in the Welle-Makua itself. At the residence I again met bananas, which had become rare since leaving the main stream. Here all huts were carefully barricaded every night, as the district was infested by a prowling leopard, who had already carried off several women and children.

Our next destination was chief Mbiko's, which lay to the west with a point to the north. Soon after leaving Bassande's we crossed the Roembi, which was here twenty-five yards wide, and which, after collecting numerous streams flowing between wooded banks, becomes an important northern affluent of the Mbili. The Roembi forms the boundary not only of Urin-

dimma's administrative province, but also of Rafai's vassal state, for the district of Mbiko and sons, whose residences were passed by our route, was already under Abd Allah, administrator of the western Banjia tribes. Thus, including my previous journey from Zapoti's to the Deleb station, I had now traversed the whole of Rafai's domain from east to west. The whole region is thinly peopled, though the populations seemed to be still more scattered in the conterminous vassal states of Abd Allah and Ali Kobbo.

Mbiko, son of Hiro, was an aged chief of dignified bearing. The three brothers, Mbiko, Rhua (on the direct road between Abd Allah and Mugaru station), and Ngerria (south of Mugaru), were the oldest and most distinguished Banjia rulers still living. Mbiko still recalled the good old days of the full-bottomed wigs, formerly commonly worn both by the Banjia and Zandeh peoples, but now seldom seen, except on very old persons. This curious artistic head-dress imparted to Mbiko a more youthful appearance, though a few gray locks peeped out about the temples. His peculiar form of *pinga* (throwing-knife) also belonged to bygone times, and this I secured for my collection. During my stay at Mbiko's it rained again, so that in this January, the driest month of the year 1883, I experienced more rainy days than in the same month of any previous year.

On January 30th we reached the little sub-station of Dwaro, so named from a deceased son of Hiro, who was succeeded in the chieftancy by his son Nganya. Jaber, or Jabbir, another son of Dwaro's, rose to considerable power, and took an active part in Ali Kobbo's expeditions; in quite recent times has again become famous in connection with the latest explorations in the Welle-Makua Lands. At this time Jabbir was again on a visit with Ali Kobbo at his western zeriba on the Makua. Nevertheless, I made a short stay at his residence, a group of neat huts on the road to Dwaro. His district lay on the scarcely-perceptible little water-shed of the Mbili affluents, some of which flow south direct to the main stream, while others appear as the head-waters of the Gango, its largest northern affluent.

I made several days' stay at Dwaro, where I gathered some

accurate information on the regions farther on, mostly from natives and dragomans. In such matters I found I could not trust the Arabo-Nubians, who often gave me false particulars, either intentionally or through ignorance.

At Dwaro we had a friendly reception and good entertainment, and here I was surprised again to meet tomatoes and even onions, which I had not tasted for a long time. The natives of the district are such industrious weavers that they were able to offer me some of their damur cloth for sale at the relatively moderate price of 1½ Egyptian dollars for twenty dra.[1] To encourage the trade, I bought four pieces, paying even more than the upset price, and the material was soon transformed to trousers by my people.

The zeribas of Gnawi Bey's district, which we now entered, had only recently passed under Government control, being the last of all these Arabo-Nubian settlements bought up by the authorities. But the change was decidedly to the disadvantage of the irregular Arab troops and of the officials, who were treated by the Sudanese administration in a far more niggardly way than by their former masters. As in the Mangbattu province, where the same relations prevailed, the Arabs were full of complaints on the subject, and such was their distress that they were grateful to me even for a little salt.

Yet in this Banjia land there was no lack of natural products, and many economic plants were cultivated, such as those already mentioned in other provinces. The sesame crop had been harvested, and its fresh oil was again available for cooking and lighting purposes. Yams (*Dioscorea alata*) were more extensively grown than elsewhere, and I often found them a good substitute for potatoes.

On February 4th I left Dwaro for Abd Allah's, the chief station in the whole province. The route ran at first north, and then trended round to the north-west and west, traversing a rolling and, in places, somewhat hilly country, with several rivulets flowing to the Gango. The Gango itself was crossed

[1] The dra is an ell or cubit, measured from the elbow to the tips of the fingers.

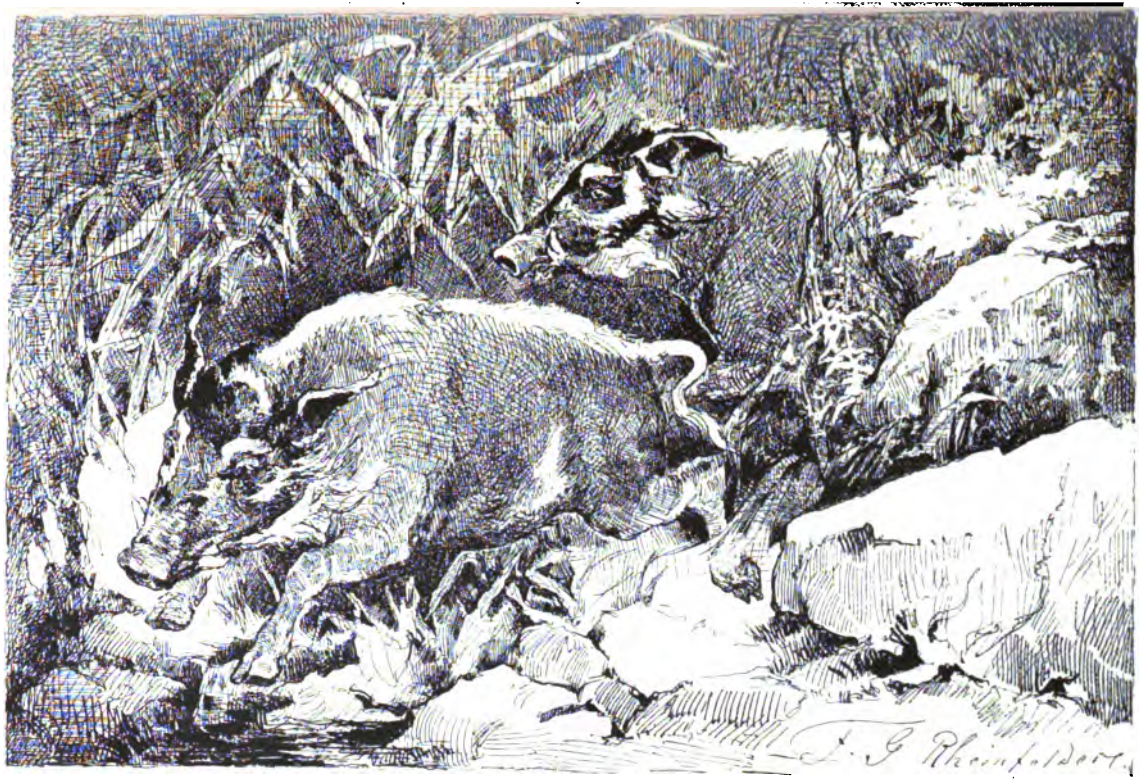
in its upper course, where it is only eight yards wide and one foot deep, but flanked by many swampy back-waters.

Our route from Mugaru's to Abd Allah's described an irregular broad curve round to the south, with the southern excursion from Urindimma's to the Welle-Makua at Bagbinne's. The direct road between these two chief Arab settlements was only a five days' march, and led from Abd Allah's through the districts of Hiro's sons, Sanga, Rhua, and Bangaro, to the already-mentioned zeriba of Ali, and to Mugaru's.

Dr. Potagos' journey in the eastern Banjia Lands also describes a curve to the south, but makes a less extensive sweep. But his unsatisfactory or erroneous statements and inaccuracies of all kinds make it difficult to follow his route step by step on my general map, and to harmonize his small sketch-maps with my cartographic work.

Potagos, my only European precursor so far west, penetrated in 1876 into this region, passing through Mofio's land (Ombanga) and through Zemio's territory to Abasini's—*i. e.* Nbassani's—where he passed a night. Thence he proceeded through some A-Kahle (Kara, as he calls them) districts, across the river Mansa (his Minatza) to Gazwa's (his Gazoua), and over the Mbomu (his Bomo) to Zassa's (his Sasa), to Mugaru's (his Bangouru).

But it should be noted that most of the settlements at that time occupied different sites, so that the actual route can only be approximately determined. Thus Mugaru's at that time lay to the north-east of his present residence, and this explains Potagos' statement that on the road from Mugaru's to Rafai's he crossed the Gonae (his Goani) and the Assa. Then he traversed Morjan's district, and also visited Baeni, whose residence at that time lay far to the north-west of his present abode. Here, north of the Mbili (his Biri or Béré), his itineraries are more difficult to trace. Urindimma's zeriba lay also formerly far to the north; yet Potagos speaks of visiting Inghima (Urindimma?), an hour to the north of the Béré, during an excursion from Feriki (?). According to my inquiries he had followed a north-westerly and westerly route to the Arab



POTAMOCHOERUS AFRICANUS.

NY

settlement of Gnawi Bey (his Chinaoui)—the present Abd Allah, formerly Ali Kobbo (his Alicapou),—and had on this occasion visited the then still living Biemangi, son of Hiro. This line of march also agrees with his own statement that he had crossed the river Ntomé in a boat on his way from Baka (?) to Ali Kobbo; only his Ntomé must have been the Diemae.

Abd Allah had formerly been Gnawi Bey's administrator in Dembo, a station in the north of the Bahr el-Ghazal province, and had only been removed hither some years later, that is, after Ali Kobbo had founded new stations on the Welle-Makua in the Far West. Like so many of his race in Central Africa, he presented the sad picture of a man broken down by dissipation. I noticed in him symptoms of confirmed disease, the results of neglected and ignorant treatment. He gave me a friendly welcome, and also looked carefully after the comforts of my people.

Here also cotton was cultivated and largely employed by the local weavers, so that the Arabo-Nubians and dragomans were all well clothed. But there was a scarcity of supplies, to procure which I had to part with a number of razors, scissors, needles, and the like. On the other hand, I secured several things for my collections, and my little menagerie, left behind at Zemio's, was also enriched with a young hog (*Potamochoerus africanus*), which was so tame that it went freely about feeding itself and trotting off to the neighbouring stream for a drink. It had a short, thick-set figure, close red-brown bristles, short mane, and the characteristic pointed ears, with tassel-like appendages. I hardly hoped to be able to bring it on; but Abd Allah at once volunteered to have it sent direct to Zemio's. With it I took the occasion to send back seven loads of recent collections and other things that could be spared.

The direct road from Abd Allah's to the Mudiriyeh of the Bahr el-Ghazal province ran north over the Mbomu, thence through other administrative districts north-east to the Ombanga station, and so on in the same direction to Dem Soliman. This was the ivory route, and I had at first intended to take the same

road to Ombanga, in order from that point to make my way southwards to my station at Zemio's. I had taken it for granted that Ali Kobbo with all his people was also withdrawing eastwards, so that all my efforts to penetrate farther westwards would be frustrated. All the greater was my surprise that Abd Allah knew nothing positive on the subject, was not even aware of the instructions sent by Lupton Bey to Ali Kobbo. But the matter was easily explained by the recent death of the notary at the station, since which event all letters coming in from the east had been simply passed on unread to the west.

This, with other information that now reached me, modified my first plans, and for the time led me far from the home journey. Abd Allah certainly expected that those western stations would also be abandoned, the more so that a recent advance beyond the Welle-Makua had resulted in the loss of forty or fifty Sudanese soldiers and five Arabs, besides arms, two flags, and the war-drum of the *hoteriyeh* (irregular troops). But nothing could turn me from my purpose.

The small intermediate station of Bansinge lay several days to the west on the road to Ali Kobbo's. From that post I could make my way north to the Mbomu by a great detour through settled Banjia territory. I had not at that time much hope of being able to get much further; I even concealed from Abd Allah my desire to extend my explorations westwards, for he would have much preferred seeing me start by the nearest road for Mugaru's. But he could have no objection to my pushing northwards from Bansinge, and I accordingly set out for this place on February 10th.

For three long days we marched westwards through a wild desolate waste, twice encamping for the night in the open. Over twenty streams, some more than fifteen yards wide, crossed our track, flowing southwards to the Gango, which all the way ran parallel with the line of march. The first day the land was rolling and hilly, with here and there short steep inclines. Farther on the country became less hilly, though on the second day we had to cross one considerable eminence of gray granite. Here all the rivers flowed in shallow beds

between broad wooded banks, the intervening spaces being open steppe sparsely wooded.

On the third day we met a number of people under Arab escort bringing ivory and goats from Ali Kobbo; to my great satisfaction they informed us that the main body of the troops was not to return yet, and that much store of ivory still lay on the Makua. This was later confirmed by others also coming from the west, so that I at once decided to push on with the utmost rapidity to Ali Kobbo's.

The little intermediate settlement was named from the Banjia dragoman, Bansinge; it served as a sort of halfway-house and trysting-place for expeditions going west, in which direction the route for days still traversed an uninhabited wilderness, whereas towards the north the land was well settled. My hut at Bansinge's literally swarmed with cockroaches (*Blatta orientalis*), which not only interrupted my work, but consumed paper, leather, and such things. A grand battue had only a momentary result, and the irregular distribution of this pest remained as great a puzzle as elsewhere that of the flea.

I at once sent forward messengers to Ali Kobbo, announcing my approach. But I kept my project concealed from the Arabs, who continued to come in with ivory, goats, and slaves, all bound for Abd Allah's station; the risk was thus lessened of being detained at the last moment by Bansinge, acting under instructions from Abd Allah. I secured the good-will of the dragoman and neighbouring chiefs with presents. During my two days' stay here they were constantly visiting me, and I had no difficulty in procuring the few carriers required for the loads, half of which I left behind with the women. It is surprising how easily the wretched carriers employed by the Arabs are satisfied. With the scantiest supply of food, they trudge for days through the solitudes under their ivory burden, receive a handful of maize at Bansinge's, and then hasten back without rest, for every moment increases the risk they run of starving in the wilderness.

On February 14th it rained heavily at Bansinge's. During

the night my women prepared mountains of kisra and sesame, which even cold affords a good relish on the road. We had two boxes full of abré, so that we felt safe from the risk of running short in the desert.

Our route mainly lay west-south-west through the region in recent years thoroughly exploited by Ali Kobbo. It was noon before we got away, and the first short march again ran by the Gango, crossing seven of its northern affluents, and then passing over to the south side, where we encamped for the night on the wooded bank of a little stream. The only conspicuous object on the march was the Sambelle rock, which serves as a good landmark. On reaching the Gango we found it swollen to a river seventy-five yards wide, which had to be crossed in a ferry-boat kept at this spot by order of Ali Kobbo. Later we forded the same river at a place where rocky ledges rise above the surface. So far the whole land was uninhabited.

LUPTON BEY, GOVERNOR OF THE BAHR EL-GHAZAL PROVINCE.

Our next march, broken by an hour's rest at noon, lasted all day, running west-south-west between the Gango and Mbili rivers, and towards the end crossing some southern affluents of the Gango. The camp for the night was pitched upon the

scarcely-perceptible water-parting, and the third march crossed a tributary of the Mbili, beyond which we encamped.

Here the land is very level, the sluggish streams flowing in shallow beds, and often expanding into swamps, some of which are concealed beneath a deceptive covering of verdure.

With the second day's march there was a steady increase of continuous forest, and on the third day the whole land, especially west of the Mbili, was entirely wooded, with only a few clearings here and there. The nights were remarkably cool, the glass falling to 59° and even 57° F. The land falls gradually towards the Mbili, but is also uninhabited except near the river, where a few boatmen and other Banjias eke out a wretched existence. Yet the abandoned plantations already half run wild spoke in many places of better days, when this now desolate region was till recently still occupied by flourishing Banjia settlements. Weakened by inter-tribal feuds, they fell an easy prey to the Arabs advancing from the north.

The survivors had either to seek new homes about the eastern zeribas, or else to migrate with Ali Kobbo to the Welle-Makua, where they were settled for the present. It was the system, *divide et impera.* The process is simple enough. First of all a pitiless razzia is organized, then the vanquished are removed to lands nearer the stations, in order the more easily to utilize them by the enforcement of statute labour. When they are sufficiently broken, and the chiefs in the course of years show themselves subservient to their new taskmasters, they are often either restored to their former lands, or else removed to new settlements.

Here the Mbili flowed in a channel about 120 yards wide, between shady banks clothed with a dense vegetation of exuberant forest growths, and tropical plants of all kinds matted together by coiling lianas. In the camp near the south bank I gave the carriers time to grub up manioc-roots in the abandoned fields, and meanwhile took a trip on the river, which trends first north and then bends round again to the west. I enjoyed the glorious vegetation gliding pleasantly with

the stream; but in places care was needed to avoid the rocky reefs in mid-stream, as well as the crocodiles and hippopotami that infest the Mbili, as they often do even much smaller rivers. Nevertheless I ventured on a plunge, and swam a little on my back, to the amazement of the natives, who have not yet acquired this accomplishment.

The Gango was reported to join the Mbili an hour to the west, where the roar of cataracts is said to be heard a long way off. The Mbili, on the other hand, appears to flow many days still to the west, falling at last into the Mbomu near its confluence with the Welle-Makua, though my informants were not unanimous on this point.

From its source in Ngerria's district to this point the Mbili is nearly 160 miles long, while the whole course of the Gango is about half that length. I was struck by the parallelism of these affluents with the main streams, Welle-Makua and Mbomu, a feature specially characteristic of so many watercourses in the Congo hydrographic system.

We still kept meeting Arabs conducting ivory convoys; but I felt relieved when assured by them that Ali Kobbo was not yet ready to set out.

On the fourth day we marched, with a short halt at noon, from the Mbili south-westwards all the way through woodlands. For the most part they consisted of continuous tropical growths, yielding here and there to low but still dense thickets.

Immediately after leaving the Mbili we reached a water-parting formed by an elevated wooded plateau, beyond which the first rivulets crossing our path flowed straight to the Makua; but some of those met later ran north to the Mbili. Most of the streams, however, found their way to the Makua through the Mamboya, which here and the following day skirted our route on the west, and then passed near Ali Kobbo's on its course to the main stream.

Between the smaller watercourses the land is mostly rolling ground, but at one point falls precipitously southwards. At the foot of the cliff the fourth camp was pitched in a forest

glade. On the fifth and last day we ascended a similar sudden declivity near Ali Kobbo's zeriba. The district watered by the Mamboya is again inhabited, though the Banjia habitations lie some distance from the highway.

My approach was expected by them, and messengers met me on the way, while chief Gatanga paid me a visit in camp. After recovering from his first shyness, he lamented his broken power, complaining of Ali Kobbo's oppression continued down to within a year, when he was fain to yield to *force majeur.*

A far different impression was produced by Jabbir, the same whose residence I had passed near the Dwaro station, and whom I now met at the head of an ivory convoy. He appeared to have nothing to complain of, for he came forward frankly to meet me, followed by dozens of his women. But Jabbir had fallen as a child into the hands of the Arabs, had grown up as one of their creatures, and doubtless had made himself useful to them; he spoke Arabic, and to his patrons he was indebted for his present distinguished position. He was now returning with his bodyguard or retainers to his paternal abode near Dwaro.

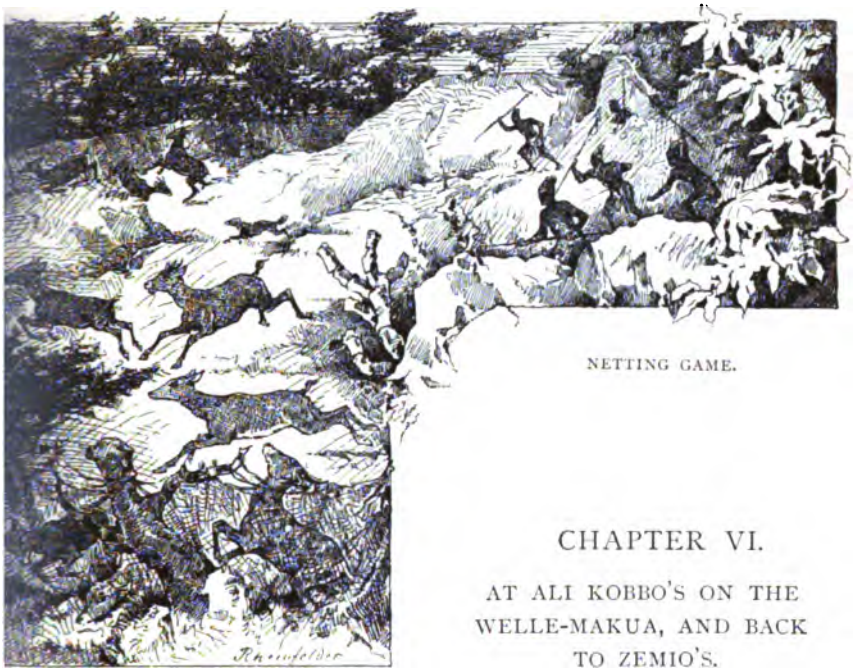
At this camp Dsumbe again brought down some vulture guinea-fowl, whose range consequently extends to these remote western lands.

We were now within a short distance of Ali Kobbo's head-quarters, the march on this fifth day running south-west, still through continuous woodlands. Ali Kobbo, who had been informed of my approach, sent forward an Arab and some natives to meet me. The Arab was drunk, and by way of greeting offered me a pull at his whiskey-bottle, from which he seemed unable to separate himself. Then he reeled along as my guide, and in this pleasant company I reached Ali Kobbo's settlement on February 19th, 1883.

A number of the people who had already known me in the Bahr el-Ghazal province, showed themselves very obsequious, and "sweet words" prevailed the whole day. We were enter-

tained with food ready-cooked, heaps of kisra, live fowls, and even a goat, so that my people thought themselves in paradise. I, on the contrary, was all the more mistrustful, and began to anticipate the lean kine that were to follow all this feasting.

HORNS OF THE WATER-BUCK (*Antilope ellipsiprymna*).



NETTING GAME.

CHAPTER VI.

AT ALI KOBBO'S ON THE WELLE-MAKUA, AND BACK TO ZEMIO'S.

Ali Kobbo—The Western Banjia People—Abd Allah's River Station—The Mbili-Mbomu Lands—Native Industries—Excursion on the Welle-Makua—An Archipelago—Geographical Considerations—Jabbir's "Sultanate"—The A-Bassango People—Back to Ali Kobbo's and Bansinga's—Journey Northwards—Zingio—The Nsakkara Nation—Bangusso reached by Van Gele—Mbomu Scenery—River Warra—At Yamala's—News of Zemio—Rafai-Mbomu—A Game District—Woworo and Shinko—Zoological and Botanical Parting-lines—Furious Buffalo—Banda Land—Kordofali's Administrative Province—Mount Kagga Jau—Ombanga—News from Lupton—Mohammed Effendi Nasari—Katambur's Province—Journey to Zemio's—Arrival at my Station.

ALI KOBBO and I were not unknown to each other. He had heard of my stay at Ndoruma's, while I was aware that he, like Abd Allah at Dembo, had formerly been in Gnawi Bey's service, and had also served under Gessi Pasha against Soliman Bey. This truculent swordsman, a genuine product of the time, was now the absolute ruler of thousands of natives in a district far removed from the central government. Everything was at his command, for what chief or underling would have dared to thwart his least wish?

Ali's only care was the organization of extensive expeditions to collect ivory for the Government, while at the same time consulting his own private interests. According to his own reports, the lands beyond the Welle abounded in ivory, only as those lands were thickly peopled, strong bodies of armed men were needed for its capture. In September 1882, he had crossed the river with 375 basingers (Sudanese troops), and raided as much as 500 loads of ivory, which was despatched in small convoys to the central station at Abd Allah's.

He was now about to return with most of his men, and I consequently left again next day in order to reach my destination, the Welle-Makua, as soon as possible. But I had first of all to get rid of a mountain of lies that had been concocted to frustrate my intention. Ali Kobbo, his Arabs and dragomans, swore, one and all, that the "great river" was still fully ten days off. But from the information I had already collected, I well knew that it could be reached in a single day. The blood boiled in my veins while compelled to listen to their further mystifications; but, controlling my feelings, I pacified the administrator by the assurance that my only object was to visit the river in order to measure the distance for my maps, and that I would be back the next day. But when Ali's notary broke in with the question, "But suppose he crosses the river, what then?" I lost all patience, sprang up angrily, reproached them for their unmannerly conduct, appealed to the Khedive's firman, and flatly declared that I should not be prevented by their stupid lies from marching to Adamawa itself, or to Bagirmi if so minded.

Thereupon I abruptly left the assembly and returned to my huts. My somewhat rude protest had the desired effect. Ali Kobbo came running after me alone—any others I should have sent to the right-about—and began in a cringing way to assure me that he was entirely at my service, and would do all I wanted. That very morning I had made the lying rascal some handsome presents, including a long gilt watch-chain, such as the higher officials are fond of sporting, with their seal attached. Now I produced a revolver, which I had also intended for him, but which he should not now have on account of his shameful

conduct. However, he got it after all, for I was always only too willing to forgive and forget.

I even pardoned the imbecile notary, who, a few days later, came grovelling at my feet, protesting that it was all Ali Kobbo's fault; he had invented all the lies, compelling us under threats to endorse them; had even strictly forbidden the neighbouring chiefs to visit me, and in fact none of the Banjia elders had made their appearance.

But now everything was arranged. I received not only the necessary carriers, but even some basingers with an Arab, less as an escort than to prevent any of the local chiefs from getting access to me with their complaints against the officials.

On February 22nd we set out, striking westwards for Deleb, the chief local settlement during Ali Kobbo's absence. We traversed continuous forest, which soon gave place to an open grassy tract, where almost the only tree was the deleb-palm. Soon after leaving the zeriba we crossed the Mamboya, here very wide, and, like all the other streams, flowing south to the Makua.

The deleb-palms (*Borassus flabelliformis*) were laden with their ripe, yellow-reddish fruit, large as a child's head. My people searched in the grass for the fallings, or even brought some down with volleys of stones, and eagerly sucked the sweet sap from its fibrous tissue. The large, fan-shaped foliage is used for making mats, while the empty shells serve as mouth-pieces for pipe-stems, or even as neck-bells for dogs and goats, a small tibia being first introduced to act as a clapper.

Gatanga's territory stretched north of our route, and the subjects of other Banjia chiefs also peopled the land north of the Makua. These chiefs (Mandani, Ndeni, Bassa, Bamansa, Bangbae, Malinkinde, Manga, and others) are descendants of Lusia's three brothers, Rhatu, Nungo, and Manga, in the third and fourth generations.

Deleb, where we passed the night, is indicated by the remarkable rocky crest of Timba, which rises abruptly from the plain close to the settlement. Mangafa, the local dragoman, accompanied us next day to our destination, Ali Kobbo's third little

settlement. The road ran from Deleb due south, while another track led south-west to the river at the point most convenient for the passage of expeditions to the opposite side. Ali Kobbo had caused a way to be cut right through the woods in the Gango-Mbili district, thus giving easier access to the main stream. But in such things rulers think chiefly of themselves, and here the road followed by expeditions was alone practicable, while the track leading to the little sub-station on the Makua ran mostly through primeval forests, presenting all the usual obstacles to progress.

About half-way the ground rose considerably, but farther on the land, overgrown with bush and forest growths of moderate size, fell gradually down to the river. The settlement lay close to the bank, its stream being now at its low level; but during the floods, when the north bank is inundated far and wide, the huts are usually removed farther inland, while some are erected on piles in the water to look after the boats, for this was the "naval station" for Ali Kobbo's little flotilla, although the expeditions embark farther west at a more open spot, freer from islands, and better protected from the attacks of the natives.

Abd Allah, as the station was called from its present superintendent, was garrisoned by a few Arabo-Nubians and twenty basingers. The whole place was a sink of filth and sludge, and the wretched little leaf-covered hovels could only be reached by picking your way over heaps of offal and refuse of all sorts. As they knew that in a few months the water would come and sweep everything away, the people had become so indifferent to the state of their environment that they had already begun to use up the strong palisading for fuel.

Ali Kobbo's Arabo-Nubians call the river indifferently Welle or Makua, but also use the expression Urshál. Where it was reached by me it was studded with an archipelago, whose largest member, Mutemu, lies over against the zeriba, and stretches for hours towards the west.

The islands are inhabited by the A-Bassango people, those in Mutemu being subject to Abd Allah, and even joining the Sudanese troops in their raids against the other still independent

ISLANDS IN THE WELLE-MAKUA AT ABD ALLAH'S (ALI KOBBO). (*Drawn by L. H. Fischer.*)

islanders. The Makua was reported to flow many days westwards with a point to the north. In that direction the A-Bassangos are followed by the Mugembelae, who occupy Mangondi, Makupa, Keli, and other islands. Their chief, Baguso, had been conquered by Ali Kobbo, whose expeditions also crossed the river near Baguso's residence. Beyond the Mugembelae follow the Mumboro, and farther on the Aranga islanders.

With regard to the Mbomu confluence opinions varied. I believed myself that it was still five or six days beyond the A-Bassangos, which, however, must be reduced to two or three days, according to Captain van Gele, the Belgian explorer from the Congo.

The territory of the Bangia chiefs, descendants of Lusia's brothers, extends from Ali Kobbo's still several days to the west. North-westwards and this side the Mbili dwell the Wado people; but the land between the lower courses of the Mbili and Mbomu is again occupied by Bangias, descendants of Hiro's son Ndeni.

South of the Welle-Makua the country appears to be thickly inhabited, and I was able to enter on my map numerous names of tribes living in that region. Thus the A-Mabenge (A-Mubenge) stretch far to the south of the A-Bassangos, and eastwards perhaps to the A-Babua domain. Ali Kobbo warred against them, and his expedition advanced three long marches beyond their chief Katta's, who resided a day's journey beyond the river; apparently it took a south-westerly direction to the A-Mubensa people, and to the Rikiti, or Likiti, a river a hundred yards wide, which was reported not to be an affluent of the Welle-Makua.

The expedition also reported further on a great river or lake, Barakasabbe, on which the Embutuma people were said to dwell. One of my informants for this statement was Bauli, the dragoman at Abd Allah's river station, who had accompanied the expedition to the Rikiti. West of the A-Mubenge follow the Pambungo, south of whom live the Munsamba, and still farther west the Marau. Ali Kobbo had conquered most of these peoples, and vaunted the wealth of ivory in their lands.

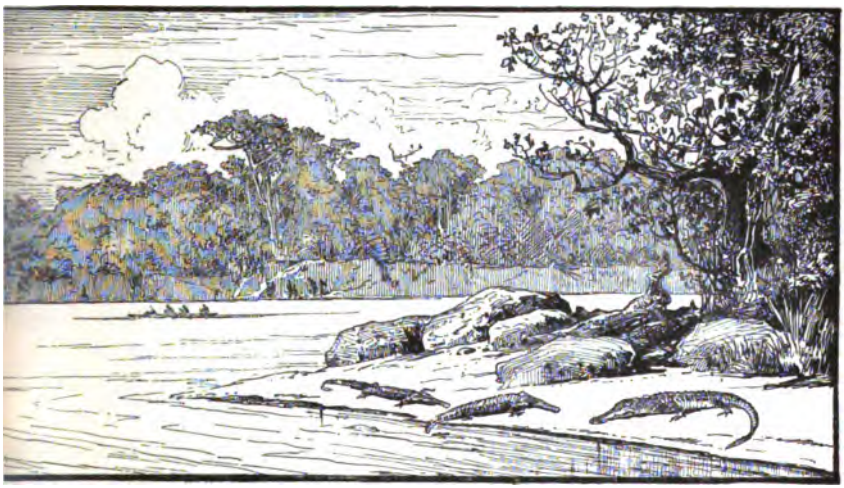
During my two days' stay on the river I personally came in contact only with the A-Bassango islanders; but I procured some A-Mubenge and Marau objects, which gave evidence of a highly-developed artistic taste and skill. Their wood-carvings especially betray an astounding variety of design. The A-Mubenge wooden stools differ from those of the A-Babua, and are also often very artistically carved. But altogether unique are the Marau wooden spear-shafts; a part of the shaft is carefully carved in relief, while the upper portion is often embellished with elegant open-work designs.

The iron objects of these tribes also show a peculiar artistic feeling, and it is noteworthy that they already possessed copper, so that Ali Kobbo was unable to trade with them in his copper-ware. They perhaps obtain the metal in a roundabout way from the Nsakkaro nation north of the Mbomu, in whose land copper is found. The products of their looms also excite surprise, and show much resemblance to the A-Babua specimens already referred to. Goats are everywhere reared, and, as I believe, of two kinds, one large and very long, the other small and short, both varying much in colour. In these lands there are no large kingdoms, but the whole region is parcelled out amongst an ever-increasing number of petty states, a sure symptom of decadence.

On February 25th I had a boating excursion, accompanied by the A-Bassango chief Nguru, with some of his people, Mangapa, dragoman at Deleb, and Bauli from the river station, who alone understood the A-Bassango and A-Mubenge languages. I intended circumnavigating Mutemu; but it was too large, and I was told the trip would take over a day. Nor should I even then have seen the main channel of the river which skirts the south bank, and to reach which other islands and channels must be traversed; so our excursion took that direction. The riverine station stood on the Detimago channel, which at the time was from 100 to 150 yards wide, but during the floods is doubly that width. We ascended that channel, keeping the east side of the island for about forty-five minutes on our right. Countless reefs and boulders lay partly under

water, partly rose above the surface, which was also studded with a number of islets, such as Balinga and Mudebbo.

The Ganga channel, branching from the Detimago passage, separates Mutemu from Masia, a large island, which in its turn is separated farther south by the Maka channel from Maka, the last large island. Both channels branch off from Detimago, which we followed to the point where it diverges from the main stream. Then we landed at the east point of Maka on a sand-



EAST POINT OF MAKA ISLAND IN THE WELLE-MAKUA.

bank surrounded by a number of boulders. Some crocodiles basking in the sun made off before we could get within shooting distance. East of this point stretched the unbroken expanse of river, here over 1000 yards wide.

The prospect was interrupted by the windings of the stream, so that Bimba and Malinguae, the next large islands going eastwards, were invisible. The beach and projecting sandbank on Maka were covered with innumerable large oyster shells, some places appearing from a distance quite white.

From its source to Ali Kobbo's, the great river has a length

of over 620 miles, with a fall roughly indicated by the subjoined figures—

Sir and Kibbi confluence . 4000 feet above sea level.
Ali Kobbo's „ . 1450 „ „

The greatest incline occurs in the stretch of the Kibali to the Gadda confluence, 1700 feet in 220 miles. Hence, in the Kibali, that is, its upper course, the Welle-Makua has still the character of a mountain stream, while in the long stretch of 400 miles to Ali Kobbo's, the total fall is only about 800 feet.

At Ali Kobbo's it was at once evident that the Welle could not be the upper course of the Aruwimi, as Stanley had supposed; but there was nothing yet to show that it might not be the upper course of the Shari affluent of Lake Chad, and it was a disappointment to me that I could contribute nothing further to the solution of this problem. Since then, however, the question has been settled by the exploration of the Ubanghi affluent of the Congo, first by Grenfell, and then by Van Gele; the latter, in his little steamer *En Avant*, in 1890, at last reached Abd Allah's riverine station, thus proving that the Welle-Makua is the upper course of the Ubanghi, and consequently belongs not to the Chad, but to the Congo basin.

Still more recently Van Gele has even penetrated up the Mbomu as far as Bangasso (the Bangusso of the Nsakkaras on my map), and into the Mbili. From the Congo also the Welle had already been reached in another direction by Captain Roget by the Loika (Itimbiri) tributary of the Congo, and by M. Becker overland from the Aruwimi. Becker crossed the Lubi (Rubi) and struck the Makua east of Abd Allah's, whereby a stretch of the Rikiti (Likiti) was also navigated.[1] It was gratifying for me to hear that these explorers had met with a friendly reception from our old acquaintance, the Bangia chief Jabbir, and Ali Kobbo's former dragoman. From all this it would appear that since Ali Kobbo's retreat, and after the Mahdist invasion of the Bahr el-Ghazal province, the Arabs have really cleared out of these western parts of the Welle-

[1] See *Le Mouvement Géographique* for December 14th, 1890; February 22nd, July 6th, and October 19th, 1891.

Makua basin. Jabbir is even reported to have founded a kind of native "Sultanate" in this region, that is, Ali Kobbo's former administrative province. In his state Captain Roget has established a station of the Congo Free State, whereby those lands with their wealth of ivory have been brought within the Congo commercial sphere.

On returning to the station we noticed the spoor not only of hippopotami, but even of elephants, which were said frequently to visit the islands. They are eagerly pursued by the A-Bassangos, who collect much ivory. These islanders also cultivate manioc, batatas, bananas, as well as a little maize and sesame; but their staple food is fish, which is both dried and smoked.

On February 26th we left the river station, returning by the previous route by Deleb to Ali Kobbo's. Here all were busy preparing for the general break up, which, however, was delayed by the rainy weather at the end of February and beginning of March. All my preparations being completed, I was able to get away on March 4th, retracing my steps by the previous route to Bansinge's, from which we had been absent twenty days. We were overtaken next day by Ali Kobbo, who had still left some of his men at the little river station, and at Deleb. In fact, during the whole of the year 1883, or at least so long as I remained at Zemio's, most of the Arabs with their people continued to reside in Ali Kobbo's territory, and detachments of troops were only from time to time sent forward to the Bahr el-Ghazal province.

On March 11th I left Bansinge's, striking north through a well-settled Banjia country, avoiding all the highways followed by the Arabo-Nubian expeditions. The natives had heard of my intention to visit them, and their chiefs had already been to Bansinge's to make sure of my arrival.

A short march to the north-north-east brought us to chief Poromo's, the route crossing some affluents of the Gango, and farther on several streams flowing west to the Dangu, largest northern tributary of the Gango. Most of the chiefs along the route between the Gango and Mbomu are distant descendants

of Hiro; thus Poromo is a son of Ghua and grandson of Hiro while other sons of Ghua dwell west of Poromo's district.

The second march, mostly through rough land overgrown with brushwood, at first traversed Yango's district. Here the road was much obstructed by the trees that had recently been felled in clearing more ground for cultivation. The early maize was already several inches high in the moist depressions, its soft green affording a pleasant relief to the eye after months of the dry season.

Beyond Yango's we soon reached an open country, where our track was crossed by the Dangu flowing south-west. Here it was thirty yards broad, and being four feet deep, was crossed in a boat. The day's march ended at Wega's, whose messengers had met us at the ferry.

The Dangu forms the frontier between Ali Kobbo's in the south, and Rafai-Mbomu's province in the north, which stretches far beyond the Mbomu. This Rafai is not to be confounded with Rafai Aga, from whom he is distinguished by the qualifying names Mbomu, Banjia, or Akka, the last being a streamlet at his station.

At Wega's not a single hut was ready for our reception; but when I showed my displeasure, dozens of hands soon ran up a shelter for me, and accommodation was also found for my people. Wega lived in great terror of Ali Kobbo, from whom he had escaped from his former district south of the Dangu, and now there was a report that he was to be compelled to return. Next day I remained at his residence to give more distant chiefs an opportunity of visiting me. The chief topic of conversation was still the oppressive rule of the administrators. Even Zingio, a powerful prince in the north, sent me messengers at Wega's to complain of their exactions.

Wega's district occupied a pleasant little depression encircled by hills on three sides. Beyond it the route led, on March 15th, over a ridge, and for several hours along the eastern scarp of a stony plateau north-eastwards, this direction being also mainly followed next day all the way to the Mbomu. Now the aspect of the land underwent a complete change. From

the edge of the elevated plateau a wide prospect was afforded towards the east; then a marked contrast was caused by a sudden descent from the sunny tableland down to a gloomy wooded gorge, where the tropical riparian vegetation was again unfolded in all its splendour. No less striking was the contrast between the almost lifeless steppe and the wooded gorge traversed by a crystal brook and teeming with animal life. It seemed like an enchanted theatre, where animals were the players, and where a jovial company of apes was especially attractive.

A few hours farther on we crossed a similar gorge, where the charm was all the greater by contrast with the desolate solitude which we now entered — bare stony plateau, and stretches of arid wastes almost destitute of vegetation, and recalling the aspect of the true desert. I cannot better describe it than with the terms "hamada" and "deffa," applied by the Bedouins to certain tracts in the Sahara.

This extensive barren tableland forms the water-parting between the Mbomu and the Mbili; for both streams flowing through the wooded gorges southwards are the last affluents of the Dangu, while the next brook, rising at Nguru's, already trends northwards to the Mbomu. A short march brought us to the residence of Nguru, a son of Zingio, and here we halted for the night. The streams on the northern slope of the divide flow also in deep fissures, between which stretches open stony ground.

Zingio, son of Banga, is a descendant of Lusia. He gave us excellent entertainment in new fenced huts, where I was detained three days. Zingio was the most powerful prince in this region; he entertained relations not only with the already-mentioned Banjia chiefs, Ndeni's sons, in the western districts between the Mbomu and Mbili, but also with Bangusso, the most distinguished ruler of the Nsakkara people, whose domain lies north of the Mbomu, and who, as already stated, were recently visited by Captain van Gele.

Bangussu's men had just brought a convoy of ivory to Zingio's, which gave me an opportunity of procuring further

information about that peculiar people. Bangussu's residence was stated to lie a good four days' journey west of Zingio's, the Mbomu being crossed on the last day. Although the Nsakkara language differs from the Banjia-Zandeh, it is understood by many of these peoples. The form of their pinga, or throwing-knife, also resembles that in use among their southern and eastern neighbours. Their head-dress presented some new varieties, many wearing the hair done up in plaited knots at the back, while others wore peculiar hoods made of plaited hair. A striking ornament is the broad ivory ring of native workmanship worn on the wrist. These rings are in great demand, and are exported to Dar-Fôr and Kordofan. In the hilly districts copper-mines are worked.

The Nsakkara territory reaches eastwards to the Shinko, the largest northern affluent of the Mbomu. North of them A-Kahle tribes are said to dwell. The Nsakkaras live in a state of constant feud with the Alangbas in the north, and with the Adiggi near the Makua-Mbomu in the west. Through his envoys I sent Bangusso all kinds of little presents, including a mouth-harmonica, and established friendly relations in this direction also, which in certain contingencies might prove useful.

I found that Rafai-Mbomu's chief station, which I was anxious to visit, could be reached by two routes from Zingio's. One ran north straight to the Mbomu and the residence of Zingio's son Bali, whom Rafai-Mbomu had appointed administrator of the Banjia country south of the river. Endless were the charges brought even by his own father, Zingio, against this official, who was stated to have recently carried off a number of his women.

I had a visit from this recreant son, one of those native upstarts who fancy that a slight varnish of Arab culture suffices to raise them immeasurably above their fellow-tribesmen. An old pair of European boots hanging about the heels of this Negro dandy were ostentatiously displayed as a proof of his superiority. He asked me to return the visit at his own zeriba ; but I decided on the other route, which east of the Mbomu runs for several days in a north-easterly direction.

WARRA-MBOMU CONFLUENCE. (*Drawn by L. H. Fischer.*)

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I left Zingio's by this route on March 20th, but owing to erroneous statements regarding distances, during the first two days we made only very short marches in an east-north-easterly direction. We again traversed an extensive stony plateau with intervals of sparsely-wooded steppe lands. The few streamlets flowed north to the Mbomu, which was only a few hours distant from our first halt for the night at Bomwoyo's. Both this official and Mfta, our host on the second march, were former dragomans of Ziber, and had been placed by Bali over the scattered Banjia population of that district, which as far as the Mbomu properly formed part of Zingio's territory.

Next day we crossed the Dongotollo, which was twenty yards wide, and the only important stream all the way to the Mbomu. The aspect of the land continued much the same; the stony (gneiss) plateaux were even more marked, while the ground fell several hundred feet abruptly down to the south bank of the Mbomu. From our elevated vantage-ground I had a fine prospect of the river, here 250 yards wide, flowing westwards in a placid stream scarcely ruffled by a few rocky ledges rising above the surface at its present low level. Here the Mbomu is joined by the Warra (Fuae, or Fony), which is 80 to 100 yards wide, and, with the Shinko, one of the two most important northern affluents of the main stream.

At this point the confluence of the two rivers, the rugged cliffs rising sheer above the south side of the Mbomu, the glorious vegetation fringing the banks of the Warra, lastly the cultivated plains on the opposite side, where chief Mbawa's huts lay scattered about, all presented a picture of varied and lovely scenery. Unfortunately I was far too ailing on that day to survey the panorama with unalloyed pleasure. I was suffering from an affection of the spleen, accompanied by acute spasms and an overflow of bile. I continued for some weeks to suffer from this disorder, and was at last quite laid up.

From its source in Ndoruma's district to the Warra confluence, the Mbomu traverses three degrees of the meridian, or about 200 miles, with a total fall of 680 feet, of which two-thirds in its upper and one-third in its lower course, 90 and 110 miles

respectively. Its importance is due chiefly to its northern affluents, which drain a large area. The Shinko is nearly as long as the main stream itself, though its northern head-waters flow through a somewhat arid region, which contributes a far less copious supply than the better-watered lands nearer the equator.

North of the Mbomu the country is still occupied by Banjia tribes, and the territory of the powerful chief Yamala extends along the Warra some distance to the north-east. His residence was my next goal; but after being ferried over the Mbomu we first stopped for a night at Mbawa's, and on March 23rd reached Singa's, another of Yamala's chiefs.

Our line of march followed the right bank of the Warra, which here flows in a broad channel between steep wooded banks. Singa's settlement lies some distance from the river, which, however, was again approached next day by the road leading to Yamala's. This carefully-built station stands within a few minutes of the Warra, and here I took a few days' much-needed rest in a well-constructed hut. For some time we had again fared badly, and my nervous system was so shaken that, as formerly in the A-Barmbo Land, I started at any sudden noise, and now for the first time felt a certain uneasiness, as, for instance, at the approach of a thunderstorm.

The increasing warmth now also made itself felt. In the tropics February is the coldest month, and on the journey to the Welle I found the nights distinctly cool. Now, however, even at night the thermometer never fell below 68° F., and during the day rose as high as 96° or 97°. On the Mbomu, however, and in the region to the north of that river, the temperature is undoubtedly to a great extent influenced by the lack of extensive woodlands, and by the occurrence of many bare stony plateaux, which at night radiate the heat they receive during the day.

North of the Mbomu the Banjia domain reaches westwards to the Shinko, beyond which, as already stated, the land is occupied by the Nsakkara nation. Eastwards also it extends still a good day's march, and is here followed by a large tract

held by independent and hostile tribes, such as the A-Ngaddu, between the Mbomu and Warra, and the Biri along the middle course of the Warra. Still farther east dwell independent A-Kahle tribes, who border on Zemio's A-Kahle people. North of the Warra and of the independent Biri nation follow the equally hostile Ngobbu people.

All these tribes were temporarily conquered by the Arabs; but the whole region, forming a sort of enclave in the midst of reduced peoples, was never permanently occupied by them. The country appears to possess little store of ivory, and Biri Land is said to be so marshy that the dwellings are in places erected on piles.

At Yamala's I was surprised to hear that Zemio was just then warring against the Biri, and had advanced nearly to the borders of the Banjia country, north-east of Yamala's. During the last few days Yamala's people themselves had also joined the administrator of Rafai-Mbomu's zeriba in a plundering expedition against the neighbouring tribes. In the raid Yamala had lost two sons, and during the whole of my stay the grief for these victims of Mars found expression in mournful drum-beating and keening kept up night and day.

To these funeral rites and accompanying beer-drinking many of the surrounding vassal chiefs had been invited, amongst others Mbawa and Singa. Yamala's forefathers, it may here be mentioned, were descended, through a different line from the southern Banjias, from Bapoi, traditional father of Badan-gungo. Some, however, claimed descent from Gassanga, one of Lusia's brothers.

The direct route from Abd Allah's zeriba runs north to the road which I now took to reach Rafai-Mbomu's zeriba, north of Yamala's, and which had also been followed by Potagos on his northern journey. But of the two roads running in this direction I chose the western, and after stopping one night at chief Maso's, reached Rafai-Mbomu's next day, March 30th.

Beyond Yamala's the track diverges from the Warra, several of whose affluents were crossed by us. But on the second day we traversed a scarcely-perceptible water-parting between these

affluents and streams running north to the Woworo, or Barango, a large tributary of the Shinko. These head-waters of the Woworo converge in the Akka near the station, which from this river also takes the name of Rafai-Akka. From the station the Akka flows north to the left bank of the Ali, Lupton's Harrey, which joins the lower course of the Woworo. North of the Warra the aspect of the land again changes. Stony ground becomes rarer, and is replaced by open, park-like steppes, where the few watercourses are much more easily crossed.

At the time of my visit Rafai-Mbomu had also gone with a few hundred soldiers to the aid of Lupton. A Banjia by birth, he bore the alternative name of Rafai-Banjia, which also served to distinguish him from Rafai Aga. He had grown up in the Arab service, and, like Zemio and Zassa, was another proof that even the natives were capable of discharging high administrative functions with tact and to the advantage of the Government. He had at his disposal several hundred men armed with rifles, and had stationed dragomans at various posts in his administrative division, but kept a garrison of forty soldiers in one of them, Bali's already-mentioned little sub-station on the Mbomu.

Rafai-Mbomu's Arab representative was known to me, having on one occasion accompanied me from Dem Soliman to Dem Guju. He, as well as the few other Arabs in the zeriba, behaved most courteously ; they belonged, as it happened, to the better class of Arabo-Nubian hirelings, who looked even somewhat contemptuously on the "Bahara,"[1] or inferior Arab element.

But I was still without satisfactory tidings from the Bahr el-Ghazal province. According to the latest reports, Lupton Bey had returned to the Mudiriyeh, and Saati had occupied an entrenched camp in Dinka Land, while Rafai Aga with the strongest body of men held Delgauna, the northernmost part of the province.

The direct road from Rafai-Mbomu's to Ombanga ran north-north-west through the hostile Ngobbu tribe, and could only be

[1] This term is applied by the natives to the early generation of slave-dealers who came from the "Bahr" ("River," *i. e.* Nile) into Negro-land.

traversed by an armed force. Quite recently ten soldiers had been killed in the district, through which only a few letter-carriers could make their way by hiding in the day-time and travelling at night. Although the administrator offered me an escort of fifty men, I preferred under these circumstances to take a roundabout way, while despatching letters by the direct route to Lupton and Bohndorff, requesting all information to be sent me at Ombanga.

FR. BOHNDORFF.

On April 4th I left Rafai-Mbomu's zeriba, taking for the first three days a north-westerly direction. In a better state of health I should have enjoyed the march across the elevated, park-like land, which here abounded in game. Most of the antelope family prefer these open districts, with the cover afforded by clumps of trees and thickets, to the continuous woodlands or more thickly inhabited parts with numerous streams flowing between wooded banks. But I nowhere met a region so plentifully stocked with game as that described by travellers between the east coast and Lake Victoria Nyanza by the Kilimanjaro route. The presence of game and cattle, however, is also associated with that of predatory animals, for the lion follows the spoor of the antelope, and the hyæna the track of the lion, to

pick up the bones left by the royal beast. But both of these animals are rare in the southern regions, and the leopard, frequently met in the Zandeh lands, is a much rarer guest in the Banjia country.

The first short march brought us to the residence of Bambia, head of a little Nsakkara colony. Dwelling among the Banjias, these people seemed to have lost many of their original features, and they lacked even the characteristic national emblems. Farther north, the park-like scenery acquired a special aspect, from the vast number of termites' nests, ranging from a few

PARK-LIKE SCENERY IN THE NORTHERN REGIONS.

inches to several feet in height, and mostly affecting the form of huts or mushrooms, at times even resembling bunches of mushrooms grown together.

Our next halt for the night was with Nsunga, the last Banjia chief on this route. His district borders on the Woworo, which separates the Banjias from the Banda people farther north, and at the same time forms the boundary between the provinces of Rafai-Mbomu and of Kordofali, administrator of Banda Land. The few streams crossing our track as far as Nsunga's are tributary, some to the Akka, some to the Woworo river.

Although the settlement lay in a fertile valley, under the steep escarpment of a plateau formation, we could at first get nothing to eat. When remonstrated with, Nsunga timidly replied that he had not ventured to bring me anything because I had rejected the offerings brought to me by Bali at Zingio's. This I had certainly done, but only to damp the grand airs Bali was giving himself. From the incident I was able to form some idea of how my attitude towards the natives was spoken of, discussed, and passed on from mouth to mouth.

During the night we were kept awake by the roaring of a lion, till suddenly a fearful shriek was heard, followed by the report that the king of beasts had carried off a victim from the vicinity. Next morning our people kept cautiously peering into the thickets; but nothing was seen except a few curious antelopes, gazing at us with their great inquisitive eyes, as is their way, and then vanishing in the neighbouring bush. Here also were met whole flocks of guinea-fowl, tripping along before us too quickly to be overtaken, and then either disappearing in the thickets, or rising on the wing with much cackling.

The Woworo was crossed near the confluence of the Poggo, a stream fifteen yards wide and two feet deep, flowing between high steep banks. Its fluvial régime shows that the Woworo rises far to the north, flowing like the streams in the Arab lands in a flat bed, one to two feet deep, and some 150 yards wide. The channel was everywhere strewn with stones the size of a man's foot, between which the swift current swirled and chafed, partly concealing the blocks, and thereby causing much trouble in crossing.

Beyond the Woworo the residence of the Banda chief, Gamma, was reached, in torrents of rain, so that we were thoroughly drenched before we could get under shelter here for the night. Next morning a short march brought us to our present destination, the station of the dragoman Gnawi.

With the passage of the Woworo, or Barango, as the Banda people call it, I had entered the Banda domain, leaving behind me the Banjia lands, which during the last three months had been traversed in various directions. Even the more remote

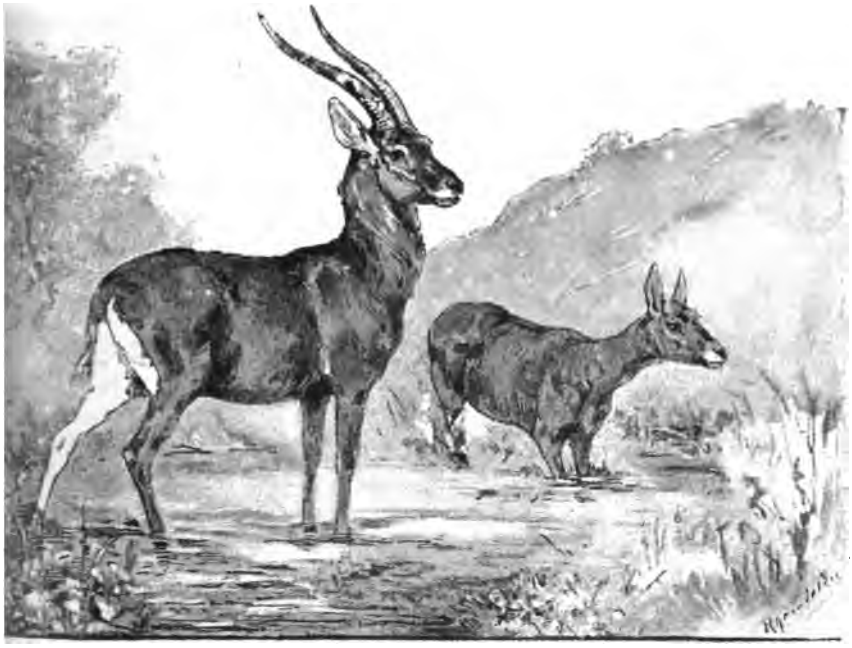
western and northern Banjias scarcely differ from the Zandehs; according to my informants, the common language, though spread over such a wide area, presents only a few dialectic differences. The Banjias, however, pay much less attention to their coiffure, the women often even shaving the back of the head quite bare, which the Zandehs never do. Their arms also are less carefully made, and their shields are smaller and embellished with inferior designs.

According to their traditions, the Banjias formerly occupied the land beyond the Mbomu-Makua confluence, where they warred against the kindred Zandehs, by them called Awungara. At that time, that is, during the rule of Gurra and of his sons Tombo and Mabenge, the Zandehs had begun their migrations and warlike expeditions to the south and east, where they had spread far and wide. Then they were followed by the Banjias, who took possession of their present domain, but who during the last decade have suffered much from the Arabo-Nubian intruders, whose vassals they have at last become.

Near Gnawi's settlement the important river Shinko flowed southwards to the Mbomu. At this point it is narrower but deeper, and more copious than its Woworo affluent. The Bahr Abu Dinga, as the Arabs also call it, must evidently have a long upper course. West of the Shinko Nsakkara tribes are still found, and in their territory lay the temporary station of Rabac, which was reached by Bohndorff by the direct route from Ombanga.

For the next four days after leaving Gnawi's, our line of march took a north-north-east direction along the course of the Woworo. The whole fluvial valley is level, with scarcely any perceptible rising-ground. All the western tributaries of the Woworo flow in flat beds, and nowhere form any of those deep cuttings characteristic of so many southern watercourses. I also missed certain southern plant-forms, although here also the riverine vegetation often displays an exuberance which I had not expected to find so far north. This was a fresh proof for me that the distribution of vegetable life is only to a limited extent determined by latitude, and that the degrees of the meridian

must be also taken into consideration in determining the range of certain species. More important factors are perhaps the water-partings, and as the Nile-Congo divide runs in this region south-east and north-west, the range of plant-forms would appear to be here largely determined by the diagonal between longitude and latitude, combined with the element of higher latitude in the west.



WATER-BUCK (*Antilope ellipsiprymna*).

Our first march led from Gnawi's to Sango's, another dragoman in Kordofali's administrative division. Here I again suffered acute pain in the region of the spleen, so much so that I had often to halt on the way, which had never before been the case. On this march some antelopes were started by the carriers so near our track that I managed to shoot one without going a step out of my way. This gave us plenty of meat; but next

day we were short of carriers, owing to fresh orders to levy recruits for Khartum. Kordofali had been called upon to supply several hundred, and every dragoman under him had to send forward from twenty to thirty of these victims.

As the basingers were scouring the country, the natives kept out of sight, and showed such terror of the Government troops that they could with difficulty be procured even for the caravan service. These very lands had already been depleted by Zeber his son Soliman Bey, and especially the administrator, Idris, that the lemon could scarcely bear any more squeezing. The Kreh territory especially, which was traversed by the main trade route from Dar-Banda[1] north to Dar-Fôr, had been ravaged to such an extent that a six days' solitude had been created.

These relations, taken in connection with the secret slave routes west of the Bahr el-Ghazal province, throw a new light on the difficulties Gordon and Gessi had to contend with in their efforts to suppress the slave traffic. However carefully the authorities might watch the main highway through Shekka and Hofrat en-Nahās, this "commodity" still continued to be exported by these byways of which the officials had no knowledge.

The second march, on April 9th, from Sango's to the little station of the dragoman Yanguba, was noteworthy for an encounter with a buffalo, which nearly proved fatal to one of my people. Out of regard for the women, I had strictly forbidden the men on the march or near the caravan to fire at these animals; but on this occasion my servants at the head of the column had disobeyed orders. They fired at a solitary buffalo who, although untouched, showed fight, and was about to rush upon the nearest carrier when he suddenly thought better of it and had disappeared before I could hurry up.

To illustrate the peculiar idiosyncrasy of *bos caffer*, the only species met in the whole region, I may mention that on another occasion one of these brutes, although aware of our approach, persisted in remaining close to our line of march. I directed the carriers first to advance somewhat slower, then to lay down their

[1] *Dar* in Arabic = *Land*; hence Dar-Banda = Banda Land.

oads and raise a great shout, but all in vain. Then I went ıhead, and the moment the buffalo caught sight of me he faced ·ound, stamping and pawing the ground, turning sharply to the ·ight and left, and showing every intention of attacking me. He was about a hundred yards off, and although he often ɔresented a full broadside, I reserved my fire, being anxious for :he frightened maid-servants close by. I stood, however, on the lefensive, prepared to fire at a distance of fifty yards; but the ɔrute again thought better of it, and rushed off snorting and with :ail erect. On turning round, I found the carriers had all bolted ɔr disappeared in the neighbouring bush. At the camp-fires such adventures are a fruitful source of discussion, accompanied by much mutual banter.

At Yanguba's the state of my health and the lack of carriers caused a delay of two days. All these dragomans had formerly served under Ziber, and had now taken office under Kordofali. Of the surrounding Banda people I had hitherto seen nothing. Their settlements lay off the route and close to the Woworo, which they crossed, and took refuge in the opposite wilderness on the least alarm.

Yanguba gave us good entertainment, and even procured carriers for a several days' journey, as beyond Bangusso's, our next destination, the road to Kordofali's central station had to cross a solitude which it would take us some days to traverse. At Yanguba's I noticed a draw-well, the first I had seen since leaving the Arab districts.

The land maintained the same park-like aspect as far as the residence of Bangusso, who was a Krej chief. At some points we caught glimpses of the Woworo, and on the march "Lady" distinguished herself by "bagging" a young antelope.

In the evening the pains, radiating from the region of the spleen to the shoulders and liver, became quite unendurable, and kept me awake all night. Next day, fearing the carriers would bolt, I sent most of them forward under Dsumbe, intending to follow the next day. But that was impossible, and I was here laid up for four days, unable to take anything, except some abré steeped in water. I then managed to push on by the

shortest road to Umbanga, where I was soon joined by Dsumbe and the carriers, who had taken another road.

Kordofali's administrative division extends from the Woworo westwards beyond the Shinko, and chiefly comprises Dar-Banda. West of the Shinko the Banda nation is conterminous with the Andungas, who reach westwards to the Gungo people, doubtless Nachtigal's Runga (Dar-Runga). Northwards the Banda border on the Krej or Krech, whose real national name is Aja. They speak the same language as the Banda, and their territory stretches westwards to that of the Furani.

ZANDEH SEMITIC TYPE.

At the time of my visit some of the Krej were under Kordofali; but most of them were comprised in Katambur's administrative division. All these broken and enslaved peoples have outwardly much in common, or rather they present the general type characteristic of all Negroes. In this respect they differ decidedly from the Zandeh-Banjias and the Bongos, as they also do from the peoples south of the Welle. The prevailing colour ranges from dark-brown to black, without, however, reaching the true black. Woolly hair is common to all, and in fact forms the only sure characteristic of the Negro. The thick lips might lead to wrong conclusions, for I have observed this characteristic in the Caucasic race, and on the other hand have met Negroes with small and finely-formed lips. The same remark applies to the nose and to other so-called Negro features. It is also noteworthy that many Negroes present a striking Semitic type, as seen in the accompanying portrait of an East Zandeh, taken from an original drawing by Schweinfurth. The skull also in

many of these peoples approaches the *brachycephalic* (round) form, whereas the typical Negro is assumed to be *dolichocephalic* (long-headed).

The main route from Bangusso's to Kordofali's zeriba runs north. Here it may be mentioned that Potagos appears to have crossed the Barango (his Prungo) farther north, and then reached the Shinko (his Tzigo), after which he struck north-eastwards. Here he visited a former station, Idris, and thence reached Dem Guju (his Dem Goutscho) by making a north-easterly bend north of Ombanga. I, on the contrary, travelled on April 17th north-north-eastwards, at first to chief Yango's. On the road I crossed over to the left bank of the Woworo, which was here only sixty yards wide, but in other respects presented the same features as at the first crossing. The bed was again strewn with large blocks, while the fretful waters wound through a narrow glen with steep walls a few hundred feet high. Then the path diverged from the usual route followed by expeditions, so that the otherwise scattered Banda and Krej settlements again became more numerous. The people themselves, however, had for the most part run off, so that I was glad I had divided the loads, and thus did not need many carriers.

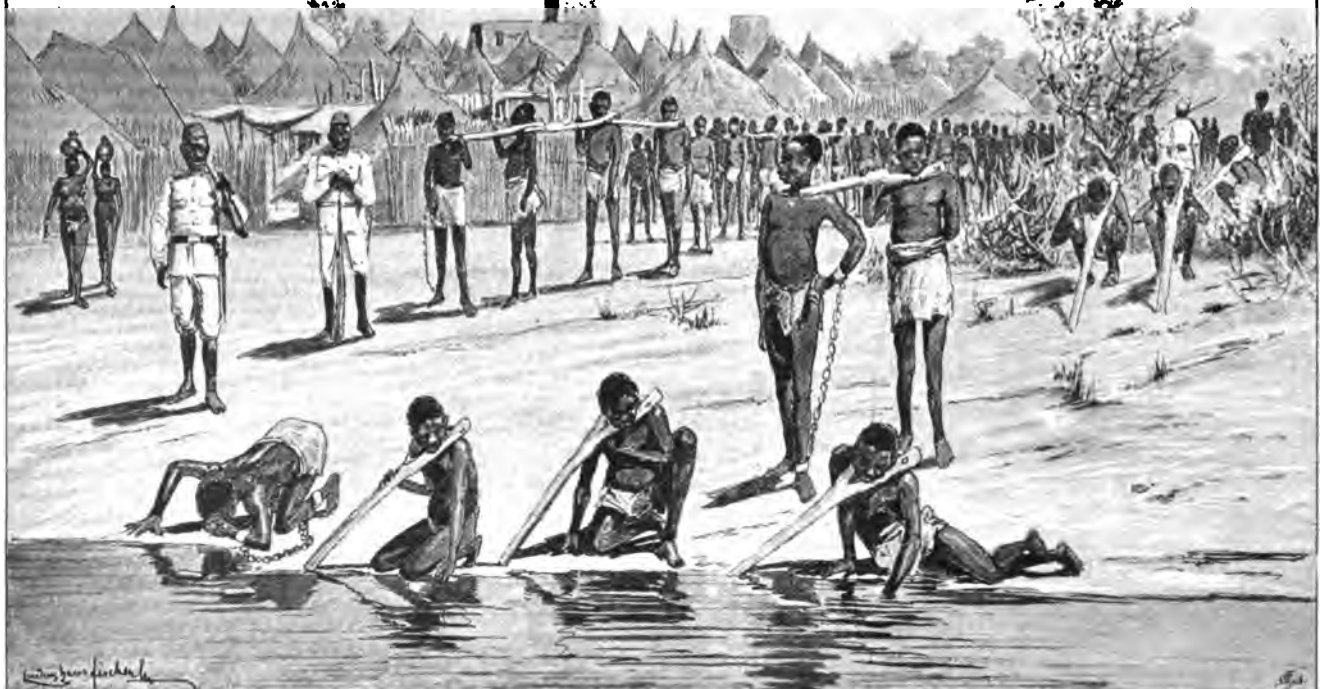
Beyond Yango's the road struck eastwards from the Woworo, traversing a diversified landscape as far as Wilipo, our next night encampment. After leaving Yango's the track began to rise, and after crossing a gently sloping grassy declivity, it led over rising-grounds, steadily increasing in elevation to quite a hilly district. Graceful bush-antelopes, some of which fell to our guns, lent animation to the park-like scenery, while on the summit our efforts were rewarded by a wide prospect westwards over the Woworo. But we had only surmounted some of the southern spurs of Kagga (Mount) Jau, the mountain range proper, which rose still higher close to the left or north of our line of march. The view eastwards was obstructed by the upper gorges and slopes overgrown with bush and forest trees. But the eye swept unimpeded backwards over the less broken Dar-Banda region, with its open patches of woodlands, grassy plains,

and intervening bare rocky surfaces. It was a picture of somewhat uniform colour, in which, however, the light green tints of grass and brushwood, and the dark, soft hues of the vegetation fringing the meandering streamlets, were relieved by the gray tones of the bare rocky eminences, and the dark, red-brown patches of ground cleared of all vegetation.

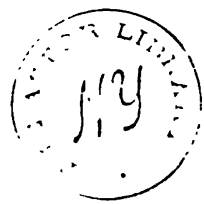
Farther on the route led down to an extensive cultivated plain, where the moist surface was already decked with a mantle of early fresh-sprouting maize. Here the rivulets flowed as far as Wilipo southwards to a Woworo affluent, and then as far as Ombanga northwards to the Bitte, which is tributary to the same river. In the Banda, Krej, and a few Biri settlements, the lion is a frequent nightly visitor, as was at once evident from the thorny bush protecting roofs and outer enclosures of the habitations from these marauders. In Nbolo's, the last night encampment before reaching Ombanga, the people spoke with bated breath of a lion who had carried off some victims during the last few nights.

From Wilipo to dragoman Nbolo's the track ran north-eastwards, leaving another mountain, Kagga Ensa, also on our left. An Arab from Ombanga had been staying some time with Nbolo, and large supplies of durra were being collected for the head station. Everywhere we heard rumours of conscriptions, causing much alarm and discontent in the district.

At last a short march, on April 20th, brought us to Ombanga, which under Ziber had been one of the chief strongholds in this region. The station produced a profound impression on our people, who had never before beheld Arab settlements on this scale; and the effect was enhanced by some lofty earthen and brick towers, in one of which were packed hundreds of recruits wearing the "slave sticks," or pronged yokes, to prevent them from deserting. They were daily led under strict guard several times to the stream, and were thus kept on short rations pending their despatch to the Mudiriyeh. To give more effect to the levying of these raw recruits, Muhammed Effendi Nasari, a sneaking Arab with a detachment of twenty regulars, had been quartered for some time at Ombanga. In these matters Lupton



OMBANGA; RECRUITS WITH YOKES. (*Drawn by L. H. Fischer.*)



Bey was simply carrying out the instructions received from the higher officials at Khartum. The fate of all these unhappy wretches will be seen farther on.

I had daily interviews from the hypocritical Muhammed Nasari, and I almost fancied that he was already a secret adherent of the Mahdi. On one occasion he wanted to know why the Government was persecuting and levying war against that person, who on his part was not attacking the administration. Months later these words recurred to me when Lupton wrote that Muhammed Nasari, with his brother and some thirty Nubians, had escaped to the Mahdists. At Ombanga, however, he showed me much deference, visited me daily, and sent us some choice dishes to which I had long been a stranger.

But more important than all this were Lupton's letters of April 3rd, 11th, and 17th, which now reached me, and which informed me of the stirring events in Egypt and the bombardment of Alexandria. "The land," Lupton wrote on April 3rd, "is in a bad way, owing to the revolt which has spread over the whole of Sudan. All I can do is to prevent the Arabs and Janges (Dinkas) from overwhelming us all. . . . Several combats have taken place; my people were only once defeated at Dembo, where seventy-four soldiers, basingers, and the superintendent were killed. Rafai Aga drove the Arabs back, destroyed many, including their leader, El-Dudu, and captured prisoners; the flag was taken."

On April 11th Lupton again wrote: "I start with a company of soldiers and a gun to support Rafai Aga, who is fighting with those Dinkas and Nuers that have attacked Dembo. . . . Saati Effendi is engaged with 900 men between Meshra er-Rêq and Jur Ghattas to open the road, and has a hard job of it." Lastly, the letter of April 17th, addressed from north of Ganda, reported that "eight days ago Rafai Aga again marched with 1250 men against the Dinkas and Arabs. The Mudir, Saati, has several times routed the Dinkas, and captured 2000 oxen; but they show no sign yet of submitting. The road to Meshra

is still closed, and could only recently be forced with 500 men." [1]

This letter was brought me by Rafai-Mbomu himself, who came straight from Dem Soliman, and a few days after left for his own station. Katambur was away with some of his people in the Dinka war, and was at present represented in Ombanga by Shebanawi.

Before leaving Zemio's I had asked Lupton to let Bohndorff know whenever he thought it opportune for him to return to the Bahr el-Ghazal, and continue his journey thence to Khartum. This had already been done, and Bohndorff had again started from Zemio's soon after receiving his instructions on April 11th.

It was supposed that he could now make his way to Khartum. But I took a less optimistic view of the situation. My explorations were over, and I was yearning to get back to my home. But the slight hope I had entertained of being able under favourable conditions to make my way from Ombanga direct to the Mudiriyeh, had now to be abandoned. I accordingly returned for the present to Zemio's, and as Muhammed Nasari was soon to start for Dem Soliman with fresh recruits, I entrusted him with four loads of collections, which were to be taken by Bohndorff with the rest to Khartum.

The southern division of Katambur's administrative province was the domain of the formerly-powerful Zandeh prince, Mopa, the Mofio of Schweinfurth's map. He was a son of Nunge, of the Mabenge line, and before Ziber's invasion he had reduced many of the scattered tribes to a state of vassalage, including even the large Ngobbu nation. The whole region was inhabited by a motley gathering of peoples, while the numerically inferior Zandehs were grouped with some of Mopa's sons chiefly in the south on the route to Zemio's. Their chiefs were now powerless, and had partly been degraded to the position of dragomans.

[1] Soon after my return to Europe Lupton and Emin Bey's correspondence was published by R. Buchta (Brockhaus, 1888) in "*Der Sudan unter ägyptischer Herrschaft. . . . Briefe Dr. Emin Paschas und Lupton Beys an Dr. Wilh. Junker*, 1883 *bis* 1885.

Amongst them were also some Banjia communities, besides Krej, Banda, Tagbo, Dakko, Undu, A-Boddo, Biri, Golo, Shere, and other peoples.

Southwards Katambur's province bordered on that of Zemio, but elsewhere stretched far to the north, where many Arabo-Nubian settlements were still maintained. The Dem Soliman Mudiriyeh lay to the north-east, and could be reached from Ombanga in five stiff days' marches—(1) From Ombanga to Karangigi's (Krej), crossing the river Bitte; (2) To Gredu's, about the sources of the Bitte; (3) To Gusu's (Krej); (4) To Nimr's, crossing the Biri; (5) To Wosuku's (Dem Soliman Mudiriyeh).

It is to be regretted that Lupton Bey has supplied such scanty data on his journeys in 1882 through the northern Krej and Banda territories, westwards to Foro in Dar-Banda. We have only a small sketch map, while in his letters, dated from Jur Ghattas, November 1883, he gives no particulars beyond a few latitudes, with an itinerary from Foro to Barusso's (Bangusso's) on the Mbomu (Nachtigal's Bahr Kuta).[1] It is, however, important that Lupton's route supplements the information collected by Nachtigal in Bagirmi and Wadai on the regions extending south of those states. Nachtigal mentions by name Lupton's Foro in Dar-Banda, and also gives the route south to the Bahr Kuta (Mbomu), while other points mentioned by both travellers are shown to harmonize.

On April 25th I left Ombanga for Zemio's, striking south-south-east first for the residence of Mopa's son Motolo. The track ran for several days through open brushwood and level ground, at first crossing a few small streams tributary to the Woworo. Then followed the clearly-indicated water-parting between the Woworo and the Goangoa, a Mbomu head-stream, nearly as large as the Warra. During the next two days, northern affluents of the Goangoa were successively crossed, while a short march brought us from Motolo's to the station of Mopa's eldest son, Baeka, administrator of the southern district. Baeka had visited me in Ombanga, and was to have accompanied

[1] *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society*, London, 1884, pp. 245—253.

me to the frontier of Zemio's territory; but he had meanwhile been arrested by Muhammed Nasari for his dilatoriness in supplying him with manioc. However, he turned up again a day after my arrival at his residence, and accompanied me thence to his brother Dambaya's.

Meantime, I had sent forward Kobbae Tikima to Zemio's, and now expected soon to hear that my friend was advancing to meet me. In this more southerly district the grass was again two feet high; but it offered no obstacle to our progress, the track having been cleared the previous autumn for Lupton's journey. On the fourth march, between Dambaya's and Masinde's, one of Zemio's border chiefs, we crossed the Goangoa, which forms the natural frontier between the provinces of Katambur and Zemio. It was here about fifty yards wide, and flowed with a deep rapid current between steep, high banks south-westwards. Its sources, like those of the Warra, lay north-eastwards on the great divide between the Nile and Congo basins. The Goangoa was crossed by a rickety suspension-bridge, with a parapet of intertwined lianas and aërial roots.

At Masinde's I was met and accompanied the next day by Kipa, a son of Zabirro, and uncle to Zemio. In this northern part of Zemio's province both sides of the route are occupied by Biri settlements, replaced farther east by Shere, A-Boddo, and Pakelle tribes. Southwards the landscape again began to assume more the aspect of a wooded savannah, watered by numerous streams flowing, as in the Zandeh lands, between wooded banks. Here also the lion had given place to the leopard, to whose habits the less open environment was more suitable.

Beyond Masinde's settlement lay the water-parting between the Goangoa and Warra, which, though scarcely perceptible, is historically noteworthy as the former residence of Zemio's father, Tikima. Here I was at last met by Zemio himself, attended by a numerous following. A little farther west the Goangoa and Warra converge in a single channel, the united waters taking the name of Warra-Fua, or Fony, which, as already seen, joins the Mbomu at Mbawa's residence.

From the Warra we now struck due south towards Zemio's station, halting for the night at one of his old zeribas on the hilly water-parting between the Warra and Mbomu. This military post takes the name of Ras el-Bamu, *i.e.* "Head of the Bamu," so called because it stands at the source of the Bamu, the lower course of which I had crossed after leaving Zemio's.

At last I re-entered my station at Zemio's on May 1st, 1883, after an absence of four and a half months. It was reached by a stiff march, in which we crossed ten rivulets and swamps, all draining to the Bamu.

FRUIT OF THE OIL-PALM (*Elaeis guineensis*).

GRAY RED-TAILED PARROTS (*Psittacus erythacus*).

CHAPTER VII.

SECOND RESIDENCE AT ZEMIO'S.

Animals in Captivity—Tragic End of a Pair of Parrots—Wolf-dog—Wooing of a Zandeh Princess—Human Sacrifices—Historic Survey—Zemio's Forefathers—Reduction of the A-Kahle Nation—Our little Chimpanzee—Dwarf Musk-Deer—Armadillo—Wart-Hog—Cartographic Work—My Cuisine—News from Lupton—Secret Negotiations with Zemio—Letters from Mangbattu Land—Death of my faithful "Lady"—Departure from Zemio's—Death of Rafai Aga—Residence at Ras el-Bamu—Correspondence with Lupton—Zemio marches to Lupton's Aid—I decide to make for Lado—Messengers from Zassa—Rainfall—Return to the Station—Letters from Emin and Casati—Events in Mangbattu Land during the last Three Years.

AT the station I found everything in good order, my three servants well, and the alterations entrusted to Foye all carried out. The station had been reduced in size on the west side, and the burnt huts re-erected, while a large airy shed (*dahr et-tor*), enclosed only on three sides, offered me a pleasant work-room for the next few months. After his return to Zemio's Bohndorff had occupied some huts originally erected for Lupton Bey, and had superintended the changes and new buildings at my station.

Lupton's letter to Bohndorff, advising his return to the Bahr el-Ghazal, had inspired him with some hope that things would soon improve, and thus enable me also to leave for Khartum. I was certainly prepared for a somewhat protracted stay at Zemio's, but had no idea that it was destined to extend over months, and throughout the whole of the rainy season.

I had now leisure to sift and re-arrange my various effects, putting aside what was not likely to be of any further service. Most of this fell in due course to Zemio, and it included a supply of 500 percussion-caps, besides a box of English powder, and some lead which had run together during the fire at the station.

ZANDEH NEGRO.

During my absence Foye had collected an amazing lot of skins—skins of antelopes, apes, colobus, wild cats, leopards, and so on. Many, however, were useless, those of animals speared or netted being usually much damaged. Others had been attacked by the rats, who even made their way to those suspended by strings from the roof.

The hog sent on from Abd Allah's had arrived in good condition; he was tame and docile, and remained some time at the station. Later I sent him with some Maeje goats to Lupton, hoping soon to be able to follow myself. But he never reached his destination, done to death by the neglect and cruelty of the carriers. Zemio was furious, punished the delinquents, and organized a hunting-party to replace the *dsumbulu*, as this species is called by the Mangbattus. Later I received no less than three of these lively little porkers, who throve well at the station.

Much merriment was caused by a little ape, who was kept tied up near my writing-table in company with a tortoise nearly a foot long. He usually took his seat on his companion's back, riding about as in a carriage. I had also brought from west of the Makua a pair of red-tailed gray parrots (*Psittacus erythacus*); their wings being clipped, they were allowed to go about freely in the enclosure; but the queen, who was specially attached to me, would perch half the day together by my side. The actions of gray parrots when in good spirits are highly comical, while their devotion to each other is most touching. With their powerful beak they will pretend to bite and pinch, taking good care not to squeeze too hard. Then one will lie on its side or back, while the other fondles, swings, or rolls it about.

Their linguistic faculty differs greatly. One of mine took off the crying of children, my servants' laughter, the cackling of fowls, so exactly that I was myself often deceived. Another, who had shared my exile among the A-Barmbos, would sit quietly on the arm of my chair until my work was over, and he was allowed to play with my hair or ear, generally with a gentleness that seemed little in harmony with his formidable beak. But whenever he happened to pinch a little too hard, and provoke an angry exclamation from me, he would heave a deep, deep sigh, as if recovering from some sudden fright, and the next moment burst out into a loud, mocking laugh. My king parrot at Zemio's was very mischievous, nibbling at skins, clothes, table-covers, and when caught in the act, making off with a scoffing laugh.

Unfortunately the pair came to a tragic end. The king-bird had somehow fallen from the perch, and received some internal injury. Seeing him on the ground, bleeding at the beak, I brought him to my couch, and laid him first on one side, then on the other, to give him a little ease; but all to no purpose, and in about an hour he lay dead, with outstretched wings. Meanwhile the queen parrot, who had probably witnessed the occurrence, came in, and began to behave in a most extraordinary manner. First she imitated to the life all the move-

ments of her dying consort; then she crouched at some little distance, changing her position whenever he did, sighing, laying her head now on one side, now on another—in short, acting exactly as if suffering from the same injury as her mate. Now

GROUND-NUTS (*Arachis hypogaea*).

I kept my eyes riveted on the inseparable pair, and my amazement soon changed to a feeling of deep sympathy. The paroxysm of impulsive imitation lasted long enough to produce a marked effect on the organic functions of the little creature. Her grief

or whatever inexplicable influence it may have been, caused such a profound disturbance in the system that the vital action suddenly ceased while yet mourning for the loss of her companion in life. Without heeding the risk, she had drawn so near the fire that I was obliged at last to remove her to a safe distance. But the end was already at hand; she refused the most tempting morsels, and within twenty minutes of her partner's death she had breathed her last gasp. What are we to say of such a far from solitary case? By what name shall we describe the puzzle? Imitative impulse, instinct, soul, heart-breaking sorrow for the dear one — in the little breast of our little gray parrot?

MANIOC (*Manihot utilissima*).

The northern limit to the range of this species would appear to coincide with the course of the Welle-Makua, although I met single pairs, probably stray birds, north of that river. In A-Madi Land, however, also north of the Welle, they are indigenous, as well as in Bunyoro and Buganda, west of the Albert Nyanza. I have never seen them in large flocks together; they may usually be observed in pairs, or from six to ten together, flying aloft with a powerful beat of the wing.

A less friendly denizen of our little menagerie at Zemio's was a young wolf-dog (*canis variegatus; bashom* of the Arabs; *hwa*

of the Zandehs). When released from his box he would frisk about, yelping with glee like a young pup; but his next thought was for the prey, and then it was difficult to keep him from the poultry. If I did not keep a sharp look-out he would also snap up the kisra-bread at my evening meal, and disappear like a flash. Altogether he had a wonderful scent for eatables, combined with a fabulous capacity for pilfering them. The Zandehs are fond of keeping the hoa about their habitations, as he is an excellent ratter.

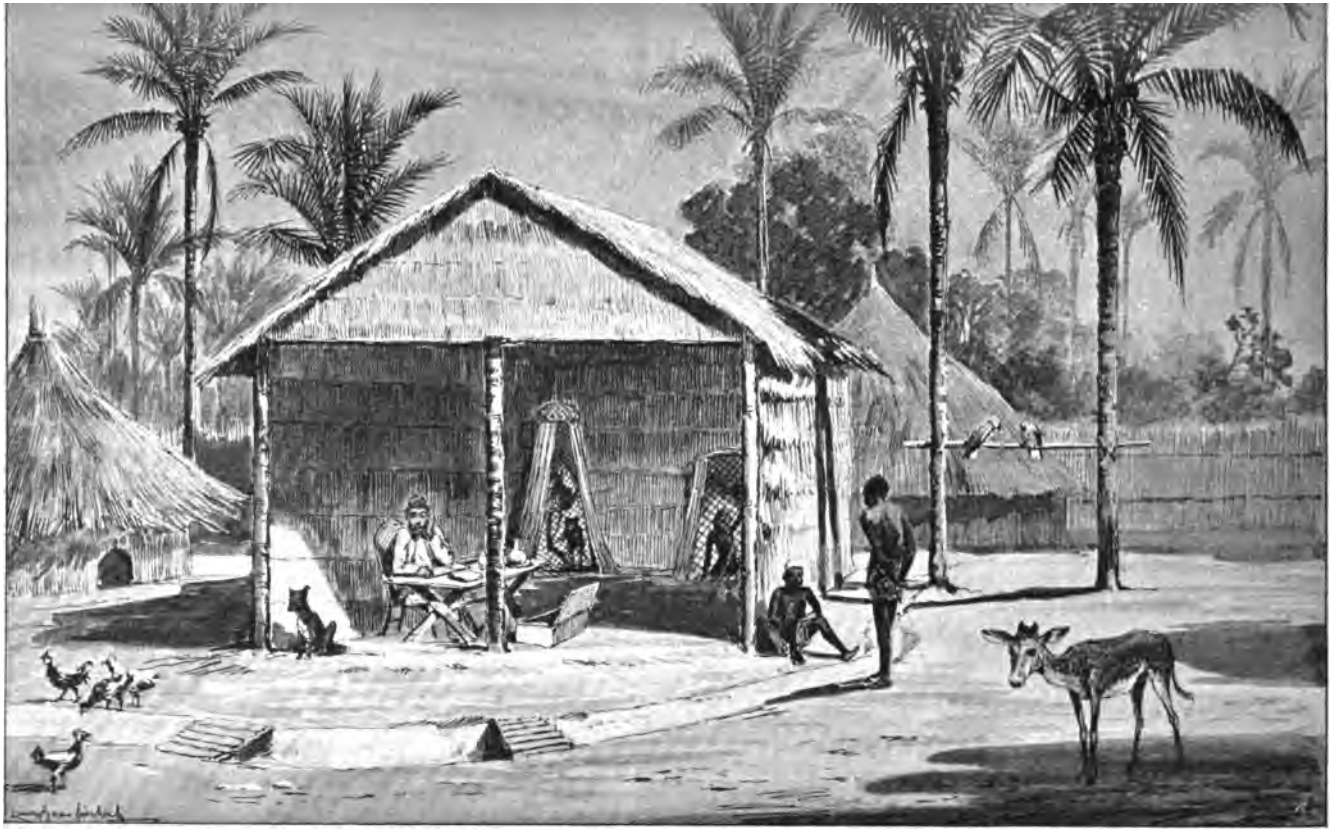
Zemio visited me almost daily; I had in time grown quite attached to him, and was glad of his company when the day's work was over. Zemio, on his part, was fond of tasting European delicacies, such as *pâté de foie gras*, rice cooked with milk and honey, and the like, rewarding me in return with much valuable information about native usages. Amongst other things he told me that the custom of purchasing a bride with thirty or forty or more spearheads, paid to the father, was confined to the lower circles. When a man of princely rank woos the daughter of a foreign ruler (and all are mostly foreign, rarely visiting each other), everything is formally transacted through go-betweens. The wooing must be preceded by repeated messages, with friendly gifts for the father, who thus becomes aware of the suitor's intentions. If the presents correspond to his expectations, he sends the girl straight to the bridegroom. Then should she be rejected for any reason, the disgrace falls on the father, who has to return all the presents. Zemio's eldest daughter, who had formerly resided amongst the Arabs, was at present living near her father, to whom she caused much annoyance by obstinately refusing to accept a husband at his hands. She even attempted to commit suicide to escape his importunities, an extremely rare occurrence amongst Negroes.

I learnt also that although the departed rulers were no longer honoured with all the funeral rights, such as I witnessed at Kanna's, the northern Zandehs still sacrificed slaves as expiatory offerings on their fathers' graves. Zemio himself admitted to me that a few months previously, during the last expedition

against the Biri, he had immolated a slave to his deceased father. Tikima had first appeared to him in his sleep, reproaching him with his neglect. Tikima had died of the small-pox, and at his death a slave had also been sacrificed—"one only," remarked Zemio with emphasis—because Tikima was surrounded by Arabs, so that it was impracticable to offer more. At Mopa's (Mofio's) death six had perished, three of the bodies being deposited in the grave, three placed over it.

In former ages the records of the native populations undoubtedly reeked with blood. It could scarcely be otherwise amongst savage peoples, plunged in the depths of superstition and slavery, recognizing only the right of the strongest, and at continual warfare with each other. Even in quite recent times it has been much the same. And this alone justifies, or even calls upon, the cultured nations to at last lend a hand to the dark children of Africa, and raise them to a social state more worthy of our common human nature. The incessant displacements, dislocations, divisions, and migrations of countless peoples, of their tribes and sub-tribes, in the interior of Africa, resembles a chess-board with innumerable squares, in which the figures are constantly changing place. As in a many-coloured kaleidoscope, the fragments again rapidly coalesce in varied and varying groups. The particular events, the records of so many peoples who have perished, reappeared, and again vanished from the scene, must ever remain a dark chapter in the history of the human race. In the absence of trustworthy traditions the explorer finds it difficult enough to bring into clear perspective the occurrences even of the most recent times. Laborious research, repeated inquiry, and comparative study have at least enabled me to reconstitute the genealogical tree of the rulers in these lands, which were formerly far less dismembered than at present. This work, and the sifting of the information bearing on the subject, occupied much of my time at Zemio's.

Sabirru (Sagabirru), son of Nunge, of the Mabenge line, was the first to establish his supremacy over all the northern and western Zandehs. His domain reached at that time south of Dem Bekir to about Ndoruma's present territory, and also



MY STATION AT ZEMIO'S. (*Drawn by L. H. Fischer.*)

comprised the western region, which was afterwards divided into several states.

In those days the Khartum traders had not yet made their appearance on the scene, although intercourse and commercial relations had been established with itinerant traders from Dar-Fôr. Sabirru's death was followed by dynastic wars, and then the empire was divided amongst his brothers and sons. His brother Bomvulboe, who held his ground in the south-eastern district, was father of Solongo, whose son Yissa I once visited on the journey from Dem Bekir to Ndoruma's. Mopa (Mofio), a younger brother of Sabirru, as well as Sabirru's son Tikima, also rose to distinction after successful wars with various rivals, such as Sabirru's son Watae, vanquished by Mopa, and Aeso, who perished fighting against his brother Tikima.

Amongst Sabirru's brothers was also Yapati's father, Yango, whose land I explored south of the Mbomu. Their father, Nunge, however, still kept possession of all the northern and western districts, while Nunge's brother, Yapati "the Great" (they were both sons of Mabenge), held at the same time unlimited sway over the southern and eastern lands.

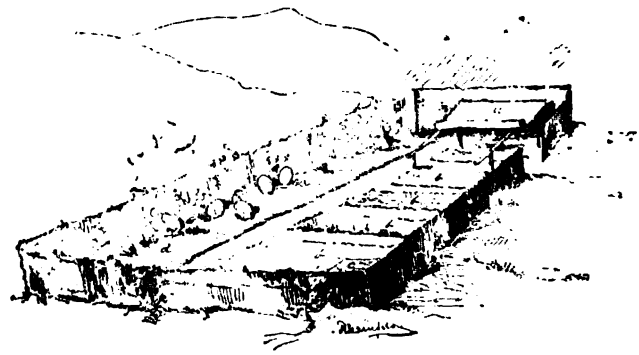
Mopa acquired the supremacy over the districts at present administered by Katambur, whereas the dominion of Zemio's father, Tikima, formerly lay farther east, for at that time his (Zemio's) A-Kahle subjects were independent rulers in their territory on the Mbomu.

It was during the time of these princes that Ziber with his Arabo-Nubians penetrated into this region. The Zandehs in vain took arms against the intruders, by whom they were in the end reduced to a state of vassalage. Tikima, however, had already extended his rule over the dismembered Golo, Sere, and Krej peoples; the more westerly Sere also, wedged in between the Zandehs on the Mbomu, were reduced by Yapati's father, Yango, and at last Rafai Aga, formerly serving under Ziber, imposed his authority over the lands south of the Mbomu.

Zemio told me that his father had been induced to undertake the conquest of the A-Kahle people by the reports brought by a slave about a beautiful land rich in palms and goats, and that

during a warlike expedition he had discovered this terrestrial Eden. At that time the A-Kahle dwelt in compact bodies, and offered a valiant resistance, but were later overcome with the aid of Ziber's hirelings. For this purpose an Arab settlement had been founded about the head-waters of the Bamu. Then, after his father's death, Zemio acquired his present territory, while his brother Wando received the neighbouring province; but the land south of the Mbomu had already at an earlier date fallen to Tikima's brother Zassa.

As May and June had passed without any prospect of my getting away, I consulted the health of my people by finding



GARDEN IN THE STATION.

them fresh employment. The rains induced me to lay down a regular system of drainage, by which all the huts were surrounded by narrow trenches. In the more frequented parts the ditches were bridged, less through necessity than for the general effect. In Negro-land nobody ever dreams of husbanding the rain-water against the period of drought, although it has then to be brought from great distances. But in order to capture the water I had eaves and gutters constructed with a soft wood, which, like our fig-tree, is easily split and scooped out to serve as conduits. The Mangbattus call it kisso, and use it for making stools and platters.

My people were delighted when they found that these con-

trivances would prove also useful for garden work in dry weather. I hold it as one of the first duties of missionaries in Africa to instruct the natives in such elementary arts, and for my own part I lost no opportunity of doing so.

Other practical works at the station were the careful levelling of the ground, and the erection of all kinds of stands for keeping plants, reeds, bast, and such-like useful things, also for poultry, for drying horns and skeletons, for exposing the stores to sun and air, and similar purposes.

In the expectation of a speedy departure, I had at first neglected to lay out a garden. Later, however, this was done by enclosing a few beds in the south-west corner of the station, and planting them with tomatoes, tobacco, pumpkins, beans, and onions. The onions were protected from excessive moisture by mats, which were placed on sloping frames, and could be rolled up, as is often done with hot-beds. I also planted some sixty young bananas, and watched with interest over their growth.

Dsumbe and Foye often spent days searching for specimens, and once passed several weeks at Ras el-Bamu, whence they sent me some dead chimpanzees, and also a live young one, which, however, in spite of every care, soon died. In his cage, where I had fitted up a nest, I fed him with bananas and other fruits, as well as kisra-bread; but this would be rejected if he happened to see any honey on my table, which he had not been invited to share. The young chimpanzee expresses pleasure or satisfaction by the exclamation *Oh! oh! oh! oh!* repeated several times with a sharp utterance. Whenever I approached the cage and imitated the sound, he would protrude his pliant lips to a point, and answer *Oh! oh! oh! oh!* in a highly amusing fashion. Dissatisfaction was expressed by a long-drawn-out whine or whimper, and anger by a piercing scream, like that of a naughty child, and he would then also roll about on the ground much in the same way as our youngsters. If the rain confined me to the hut, or I remained away too long for any other reason, he would set up a continuous scream of this sort until my return. But when let loose he would run up and convulsively cling to any one passing, and lay his head

fondly against him. Unfortunately I was unable to procure the milk which he still needed, and after a few months' ailing, he was one morning found dead in his little bed.

At that time another of my pets was a very young colobus, which, however, soon succumbed in the same way. On the other hand, several monkeys of the *Cercopithecus* family throve well in their large cage.

Now also I received a remarkable skin, unfortunately without head or feet, so that I was at first unable to determine the

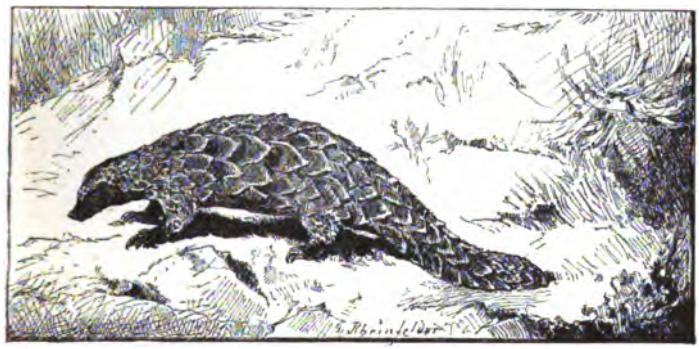
DWARF MUSK-DEER (*Hyaemoschus aquaticus*).

species. In size it resembled that of a dwarf antelope, but differed in its reddish-brown colour with dark hair-tips and white stripes reaching from the neck to the flanks.

The animal appears to be confined to a very narrow range, the swampy Ngobbu and Dakko districts, where it is often met in the marshes crouching on its fore-legs. It was known only to a few Zandehs, who called it *makapi*. It is undoubtedly a member of the dwarf musk-deer group (*Tragulus*), whose different species are indigenous in the large islands of the Eastern Archipelago and Malay Peninsula (for instance, *Tragulus Kanchil*), as well as in the central parts of West Africa.

I was also able to extend to Zemio's territory the range of another remarkable animal, which had already been found in the northern steppe lands. This was the pangolin (*Manis Temminckii*), a species of armadillo, a specimen of whose armour was secured for my collection. It is a harmless creature, which dwells in underground cavities, and being of nocturnal habits, is difficult to capture.

We were at this time kept in constant alarm by the frequent visits of leopards, that had already carried off some victims. So Foye set up a snare in his fields, provided with real human flesh, choicest of all baits. The result was the capture of a



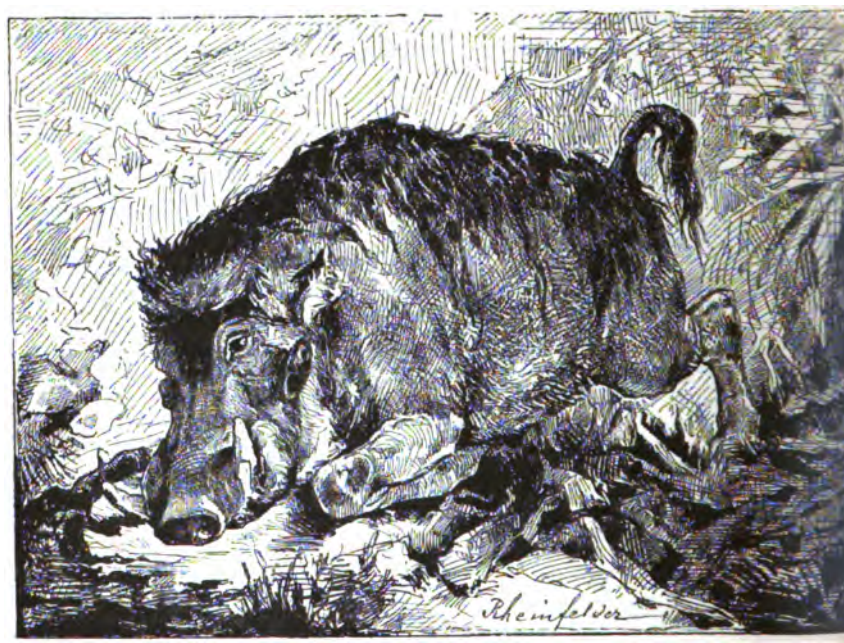
PANGOLIN (*Manis Temminckii*).

magnificent specimen, which was brought in triumph to the station.

In the regions traversed by me, the wart-hog is much more frequently met than the species already described, from which it differs greatly both in appearance and habits. The wart-hog (*Phacochoerus africanus*) is very wild and difficult to tame; yet, despite his uninviting appearance and formidable tusks, he is not greatly feared. He takes his name from the four warts, or fleshy protuberances, the two larger of which are situated near the eyes, the smaller above the tusks. A bristly mane, twelve inches long, falls down both sides of the spine. This

species is called *zigba* by the Zandehs, and *paezo* by the Mangbattus. The fully-developed animal often attains an amazing size ; a perfect skeleton of one of these was obtained, besides skulls of younger specimens of various periods of growth.

While occupied with the preparation of such specimens, and with incidental work, I was constantly reminded that in tropical



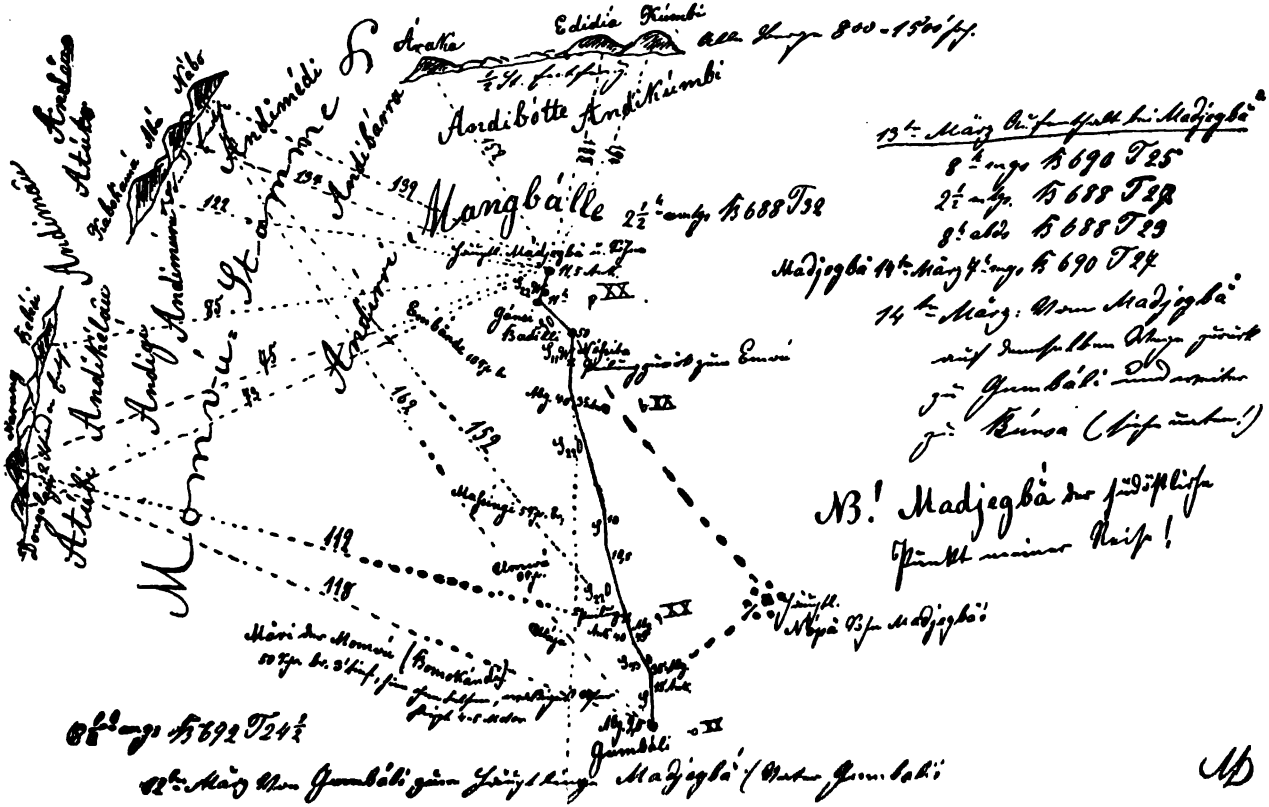
WART-HOG (*Phacochoerus africanus.*)

Africa everything that is neither stone nor iron is subject to rapid decay. Exuberant nature speedily consumes what she has created in a surprisingly short time. Thus all the boxes and chests in my carefully-constructed storehouse, as well as the floor itself, were constantly covered with a layer of fine dust about a quarter of an inch thick, resulting from the industrious work of countless little boring beetles (*Bostrychus*). These

destructive coleoptera were at work day and night driving their passages through beams and rafters, and it was evident that I should soon have to rebuild my storehouse. But for the present I satisfied myself with propping up the roof with fresh posts, which, as it happened, held out during the rest of my stay.

The monotony of our daily life was now suddenly ruffled by an official letter from the superintendent of a station in the Bahr el-Ghazal province, reporting the arrival in Wau of four Europeans mounted on elephants *en route* for Zemio's, who was instructed to build them huts, and give them a friendly reception. Similar letters, as we afterwards learnt, had, strange to say, been also forwarded to other provincial administrators. The announcement was certainly not absolutely impossible, and Zemio accordingly made every preparation to receive his guests. I, however, remained very incredulous, and the report soon turned out to be a practical joke. It supplied a fresh proof of the credulity even of the Arabs. Amongst the Negroes many things, which should otherwise have to be regarded as lies, are at the bottom mere fancies, in which the natives themselves fully believe. Thus my servants maintained through thick and thin that in the decayed teeth of Negroes there is always a white worm. Zemio, however, knew nothing of this. So on one occasion Dsumbe brought us a man with enflamed gum and a carious tooth (a comparatively rare affection amongst these natives), pointing to him in proof of their assertion. But when I asked to see the "white worm," my young friends were "shut up."

The circumstance, however, led to my detecting the presence of leprosy, though to a limited extent, amongst the Negroes of these parts. In Europe the disease was common enough in mediæval times, when the victims were driven to the woods, and wandered about with clappers to warn off healthy people. Now the disease is confined to a few countries, such as Norway, Iceland, Illyria, and Venetia. But at Zemio's I discovered it in exactly the same form as I had observed it in Iceland, where it occurs only about Cape Reykjanaes. In Negro-land the leprous are still driven out, and compelled to lead a



FAC-SIMILE SPECIMEN OF MY SURVEYS.

wretched existence in separate huts, where, to their honour be it said, their friends supply them with food. During my travels I passed many such huts, which were always carefully avoided by my people. At Zemio's a person suffering from the disorder stated that he had been so afflicted for many years; this was evidently no exaggeration, for he had already lost his fingers in the way so characteristic of this malady.

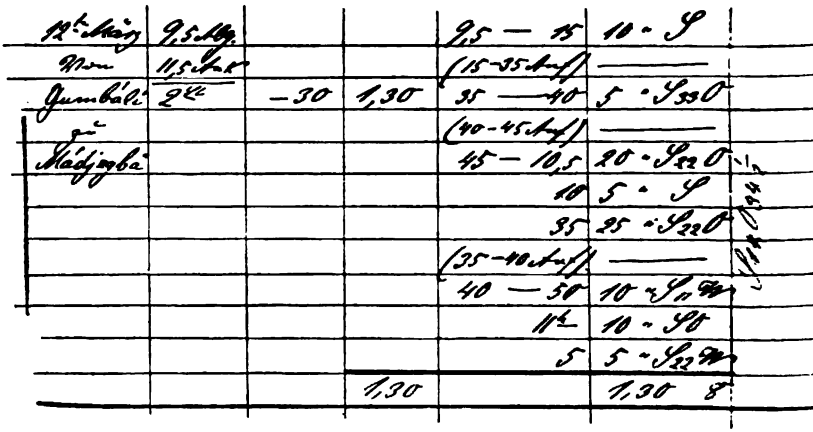
I may now be permitted a few remarks on the cartographic system adopted by me throughout all my wanderings. I may state that such work is carried out by explorers in various more or less appropriate ways, and unfortunately often without that care which, in case of death, might enable the professional cartographer to utilize the collected material. For my written memoranda I had brought strongly-bound quarto and octavo copybooks, besides stout journals bound in leather. On the road I wore a short sleeveless coat, provided with many pockets for watch, compass, aneroid, thermometer, notebook, etc. Sleeves are useless and unnecessarily warm. For several of such coats and trousers the material was a stout, gray fabric, such as that at one time used by ladies for lining the trains of their robes. Lead, blue, and red pencils also formed part of my daily equipment, and were worn, like the instruments, suspended by strings from the button-holes; the strings themselves were of varying lengths, so that a sudden grasp never failed to secure one or other of the pencils.

The accompanying fac-simile of a section of a route cartographically surveyed will serve to illustrate this kind of work. On the road lead or coloured pencils could of course alone be used, blue being employed for tracing rivers and water in general, red for cultivated land and habitations, lead for the route itself, its physical configuration, mountain ranges, and such-like features.

In those parts of Africa a survey can only in exceptional cases be based on actual angular measurements. Here the tracks are continually winding about, in the high grass can scarcely be seen five paces ahead, and seldom present good vantage-grounds for observations. Hence the itinerary is for

the most part put together from rough calculations, which can only be accepted as averages deduced from uninterupted observations of the needle, and combinations from the sum of the measurements. Further details on my method of work will be found in a memoir on the subject communicated by Dr. H. Hassenstein to *Petermann's Mitteilungen* (Supplement, No. 93).

The rough pencillings jotted down on the road were always written out in ink in the octavo volume after our arrival in camp, but the route at first only sketched in from ocular calculation, as shown in the fac-simile. Then the journal

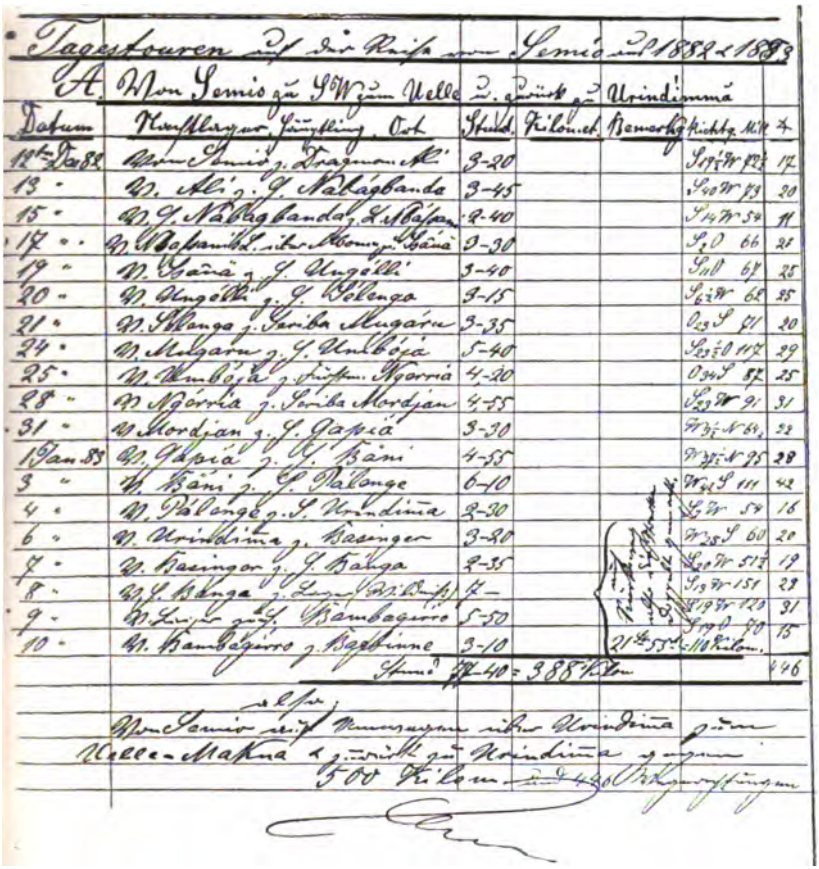


FAC-SIMILE I.

was written up, embodying various other notices on the district traversed, together with general observations and other particulars picked up on the way.

In order to secure a clear view of the orographic and hydrographic relations in districts which had often never before been mapped, I transferred the whole material every six or eight days to large sheets of foolscap, but even then only as rough sketches from ocular measurements. In this way, however, I was able to trace the further course of the large rivers, to insert their affluents, to indicate the rising-grounds and water-partings, and introduce the mountain

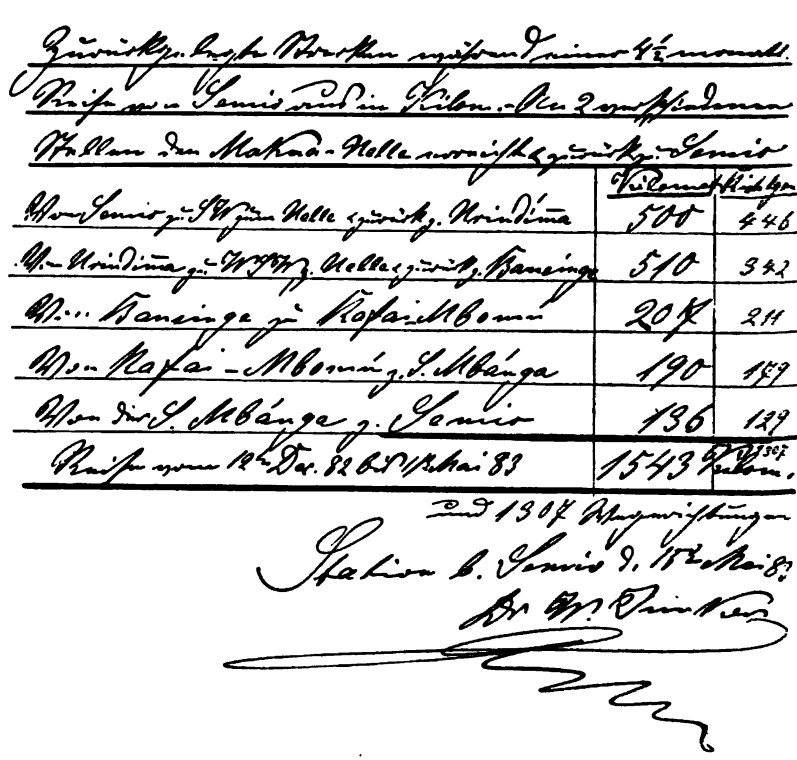
ranges. These large sheets were then as far as possible fitted together, and I thus obtained a very fair preliminary idea of the lie of the land as traversed from section to section. The



FAC-SIMILE II.

more accurate and tedious preparatory work for the later construction of maps was naturally reserved for the leisure hours during protracted stays at stations en route or at my permanent head-quarters (Ndoruma's and Zemio's).

Of primary importance in this respect was the reduction of the figures taken from day to day to a general scheme, and written out in vertical columns. An illustration of this is afforded by the same sketch of the route from Gumbali to Majegbae, with Fac-simile No. I. of the tables referring to that section. In the first column are entered date, starting-point,

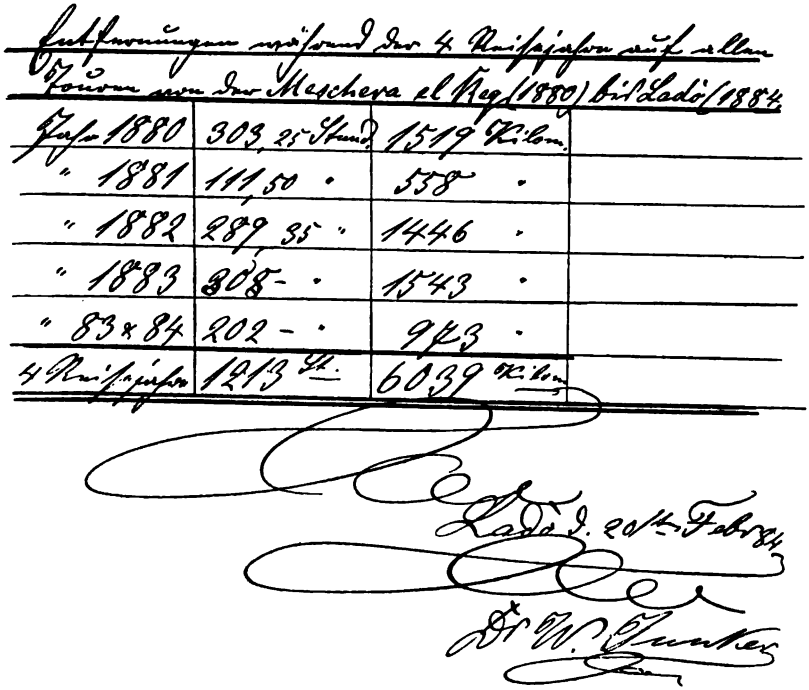


FAC-SIMILE III.

and terminus of the itinerary in question; in the second, the length of the march, including delays on the way (departure 9.5 o'clock, arrival 11.5,) showing a two hours' march; in the third, the delays (thirty minutes), which have to be deducted from the total as in second column, so that in the fourth column is shown the actual time spent in marching (one hour and a

half). In the fifth column the progress is recorded in minutes according to the successive changes of direction, and with this is finally connected the sixth colnmn, which shows the number of minutes for each stretch, together with its trend.

Here, therefore, we have: From 9.5 to 9.15 (fifth column) showing ten minutes marching southwards (sixth column 10″



FAC-SIMILE IV.

S.). Then follows, in brackets, "15—35 Auf.," that is, from 9.15 to 9.35 Aufenthalt ("halt"), which is allowed for in the total delays shown in the third column. In the third line of the fifth column we have further "35—40," which means: From 9.35 to 9.40 (*i. e.* five minutes) march in the direction of the south, 33 east ("5″ S. 33″ E." in the sixth column), and so on. The sum of the minutes in the sixth column gives the actual

time (1 hour 30 minutes) spent in marching, and must therefore agree with the figure shown in the fourth column.

Thus the table helped me in controlling the general work, and at the same time gave, in the sixth column, a summary view of the figures and directions followed by the line of march. These materials served for the mathematically correct construction of the route, after which the seventh column of the scheme could be filled in.

The next work was the accurate construction on the scale of two millimetres to every five minutes marching times, and this was worked out in the quarto volume on so-called millimetre paper. Further operations then enabled me to determine the actual direction of the whole stretch expressed in a single figure—the bee-line of the day's march. This was finally inserted in red ink in the seventh column, the distance between the two extremities being expressed in millimetres. (See Fac-simile I., seventh column: "S. 14 O. 34½," where the last figure gives the millimetres, every two of which, as stated, represents a march of five minutes.)

These values for the several days' marches were brought together for definite route sections, and inserted in special tables in the octavo volume. An illustration of this is given in Fac-simile II. (the journey of 1882 from Zemio's). By its aid the terminal points of the days' round could be easily and rapidly inserted on large sheets for the construction of a circular itinerary.

Then other tables showed the several sections of the routes according to the number of kilometres and the measured angles. Thus Fac-simile III., for instance, shows the results of the last circular tour from Zemio's—1543 kilometres and 1307 recorded directions or angles. The table also gives the distances during the journey from Meshra er-Rêq (1880) to Lado (1884), expressed in hours and kilometres; over 6000 kilometres, say 3750 miles, as shown in Fac-simile IV.

The meteorological observations taken during the journey were also worked out in tabular form and inserted in octavos at the stations. At the stations themselves continuous series

of observations were also recorded. Lastly, the journal or day-book, which I usually posted up in the evening by the light of a little oil-lamp at the stations, comprised eight large octavo volumes of 250 pages each.

In conclusion, I may here refer to my philological notes, which comprise vocabularies of ten different Negro tongues—Zandeh, Mangbattu, A-Barmbo, A-Bangba (Maigo-Mundu), Momfu, A-Ngobbu, A-Kahle (Ambango, Apia), and A-Biri.[1] None of these, except Zandeh, was dealt with by Schweinfurth, who, however, also published specimens of Dinka, Bongo, Krej, Golo, and other languages current in the Bahr el-Ghazal province.

On the base of these linguistic materials, the well-known ethnologist, Dr. Friedrich Müller, of the Vienna University, has scientifically proved that "a peculiar and independent stock language exists in Central Africa," [2] which he introduces to the scientific world as the "Equatorial Linguistic Family." In the group he includes the languages of the Mangbattu, A-Zandeh, A-Barmbo, A-Madi, A-Bangba (Maigo-Mundu), Krej, and Golo. Thus the Momfu dwelling in the Far East are excluded, and this seems fully justified, for even outwardly they show considerable differences from their western neighbours, the Mangbattu tribes, and should perhaps be grouped with the Nilotic peoples.

Here, however, I may mention the views of another distinguished scholar and linguist, Professor Leo Reinisch, who writes to me:—"From the study of the vocabularies I come to the following conclusion, though certainly of a decidedly subjective character: In the absence of sentences it is impossible to determine the grammatical structure of Mangbattu and the other languages; at the same time we may detect certain relations not to the Nilotic, but to the Bantu tongues. It may therefore be inferred that Mangbattu and the others have a

[1] *Verzeichniss von Wörtern central-afrikanischer Sprachen*, gesammelt von Dr. W. Junker (*Zeitschrift für afrikanische Sprachen*), herausgegeben von Dr. C. G. Büttner, Berlin, 8. II. pp 35—108.

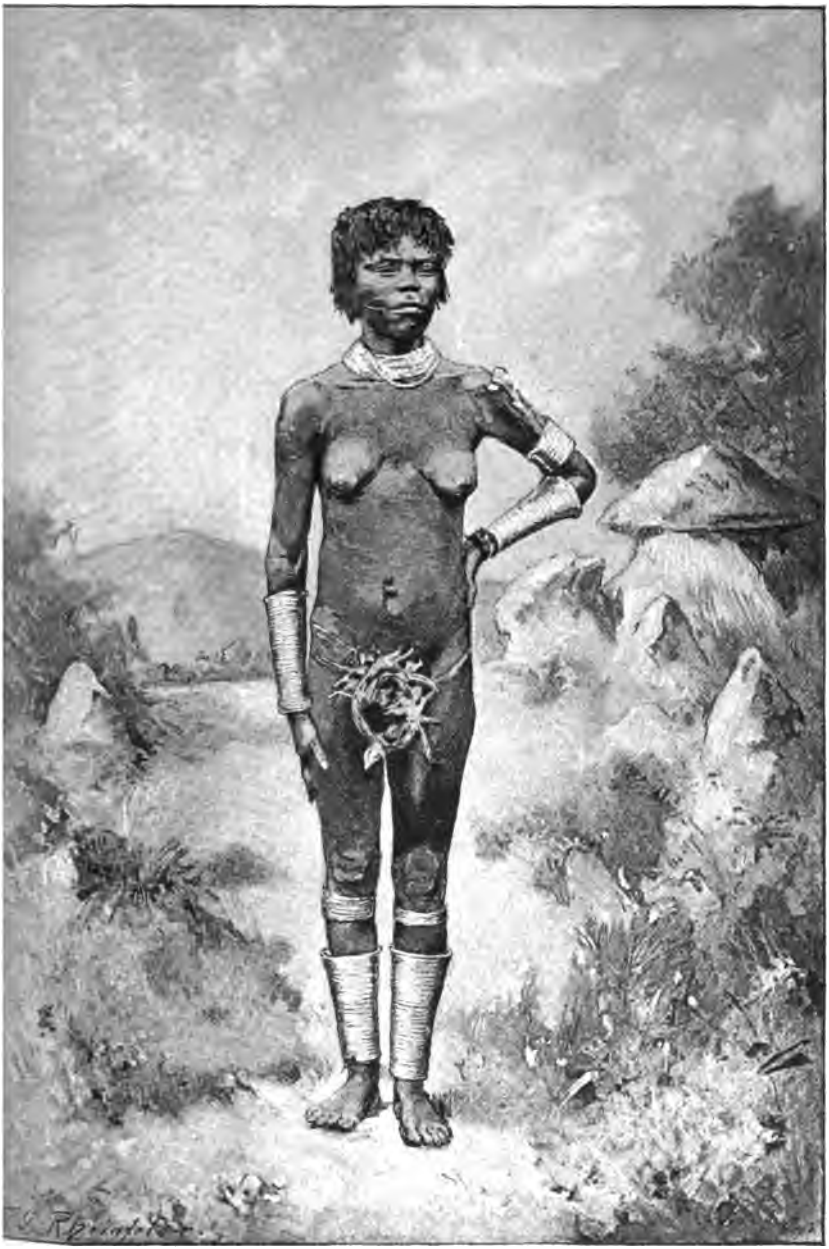
[2] *Sitzungsberichte der kaiserl. Akademie der Wissenschaften in Wien*, philosophisch-historische Klasse. Vol. CXIX, II

tolerably close relationship to the Bantu, and may even be remotely akin to it, judging from their tendency to prefix formations. Hence I cannot altogether agree with Friedrich Müller's instructive treatise on the equatorial languages of Africa, which groups Mangbattu and the others in an independent linguistic system. My reason for dissenting is that already stated, the impossibility of determining the grammatical structure of the languages in question."

But however this may be, it can scarcely be doubted that the displacements of populations in those regions during recent times have been made chiefly in the direction from north-west to south-east. At the same time those peoples who wandered or were driven farthest to the south, and who belonged to the great Nuba-Fulah linguistic family, may have later been brought either directly or indirectly in contact with the Bantu populations of the Congo basin. This, as I believe, taking into account the rapid transformation of African languages, would help also to explain the resemblances between the two language groups. The Zandehs told me that many words current in the time of their forefathers were now obsolete.

As regards the dislocation of tribes, the A-Kahle seem to form a remarkable exception to the normal course. They probably occupy their present domain from remote times, and have moreover avoided contact with the onward pressing peoples. They are the only nation that has not suffered dismemberment, nor did I anywhere meet scattered A-Kahle communities beyond their proper territory. Even their own divisions have kept themselves apart to a remarkable extent, and this may perhaps be the reason that within their comparatively small domain several distinct dialects of the common language have been developed and preserved.

On the other hand, they stand on a far lower level than their neighbours as regards political organization, usages, and industries, and are almost worse cannibals than the southern populations. Once some Negro heads, already in an incipient putrid state, having been brought to me after a razzia, a number of A-Kahle, usually so indolent, at once hastened up to remove



ZANDEH WOMAN. (*From a photograph by R. Buchta.*)

the flesh from the bones and eat it. On another occasion they hung about for hours at the gate of my station to get the flesh of a leopard, whose skeleton was being prepared for my collection. Their dead are buried, as is common enough elsewhere, in a recumbent position, with the feet towards the west; but nobody can give any reason for the practice.

At this time I was able to devote a little attention to the cuisine, and my inventive faculty resulted in some rare dishes prepared by Halima under my direction. Thus some of the last remaining European preserves were often blended with native products to improve their flavour. Grated sardines, for instance, were mixed with rice, or worked up with a batter of eggs; a *pâté de foie gras* was compounded with mince elephant and pumpkin, and with this mess a supply of savoury fried dumplings were prepared, to last for several days. Native beans, or *lubia*, with a little rice, reminded me of the "risi-bisi" of the Viennese cuisine. Grated tubers yielded curious purées, and so on.

HEAD OF THE MARSH-RAT (*Aulacodus Swinderianus*).

HEAD OF THE SAME, SEEN FROM BELOW.

An Arab preparation of granulated maize was found an excellent substitute for rice, and other "fixings" might perhaps

also be borrowed from the Arabs. Such is a savoury potpourri of goats' or sheeps' chitterlings chopped up with the liver, kidneys, fry, and scraps of the flesh. Neither the Arabs nor the Negroes ever eat raw or underdone meat, in our sense of the word; the only exception is the liver, which, when sliced and served with onions, pepper, and salt, is highly relished. Another favourite dish is a roast calf's-heart, stuffed with forcemeat. The Zandehs of the better class have an excellent way of treating chicken, which is chopped up, mixed with a thick brew of ground gourd-pips, wrapped in leaves, and baked over hot ashes.

At Zemio's I found a variety of the true cucumber (*Cucumis Melo Z. var. Chate Fk.*), of a longish oval shape, relatively thick, smooth and greenish, with bright yellow longitudinal stripes. With salads, English sharp sauces replaced vinegar, and besides sesame, ground-nuts, and palm-oil, I used another vegetable-fat extracted from the seeds of the *Lulu* or butter-tree (*Bassia* or *Butyrospermum Parkii*). This superb forest-tree, with its hard rough bark, resembles our European oaks.

The produce of the chase enabled me to prepare some more meat extract, both from elephants and antelopes. A leg of a stout antelope yielded about three-quarters of an ordinary pickle-bottle. Another animal whose flesh I found very palatable was the marsh-rat (*Aulacodus Swinderianus*), which at Zemio's now and then offered a welcome change, prepared as a ragout.

Thus passed months, and we were now, on October 1st, still without any prospect of getting away from Zemio's. But Lupton kept me well posted in the events taking place in the Bahr el-Ghazal region. Subjoined are a few extracts from his letters received at that time:—

Dembo, May 5th, 1883: "A hard struggle with the Janges (Dinkas); they make good use of the firearms captured from us; Rafai is at them with 1200 men. Mudir Saati, with 1000 rifles, in G . . . . (?)."

Dembo, June 1st, 1883. (Under this date Lupton gave me detailed news on the occurrences in Egypt and Sudan, as

reported to him by Emin Bey; then he continues, "The Janges still under arms; they have joined the Arabs (of the north), as Rafai writes me; in four hard-fought combats he was always victorious."

Dem Ziber (or Dem Soliman), July 13th, 1883: "Nearly all the Arabs here are zealous believers in the false prophet, Muhammed Achmet, and but for the opportune discovery of a conspiracy against the Government, Egypt would have beyond all doubt lost this province. The road to Emin Bey and Meshra er-Rêq again closed. Hassan Muhammed Mussat, Nasir of Jur (Ghattas), and 70 men, fell in an engagement; but our people captured 1500 head of cattle. Saati, with 900 men, is again freeing the road to Meshra."

Dem Ziber, July 19th, 1883: "Rumbek destroyed by the Negroes; only six soldiers escaped. . . ." (Rumbek was taken by the Agars, who are akin to the Dinkas, and belonged to the province of Emin Bey, who was at that time in Mangbattu Land.)

On August 10th, 1883, Lupton wrote from Dem Ziber: "Still no tidings of a steamer. Unless one comes soon with arms and ammunition for me, it will soon be all over with us. Saati, with 700 men, en route for Meshra; I hope to God he will find the garrison there still alive; I greatly fear for it. . . . Zeriba Gohk el-Hassan (near the river Jau) has been attacked by a few thousand Nuers and Janges; we lost 500 dead; but the loss of the enemy must have been heavy; after three days' fighting they were repulsed by some troops despatched from Jur Ghattas . . . ." (My former servant, Farag Allah, lost his life at the destruction of Gohk el-Hassan.)

Dem Ziber, August 4th, 1883: "We have routed the western Jange tribes, and must still reduce the Dembos. Wod el-Mek and Abaley (?) are the only chiefs still holding out against us. Yungo (Yango) of Delgauna gives me much to do; I have sent 300 men against him. Kordofan is now in the hands of the Faki (the false prophet, Muhammed Achmet). . . .[1]

[1] El Obeid, capital of Kordofan, fell on January 17th, 1883, into the hands of the Mahdi, the troops after a brave defence being reduced by hunger.

Slatin Bey (Mudir of Dara in Dar-Fôr) still holds out. . . . The Nuers and Janges cause us no little anxiety; still no sign of their submitting; without help from Khartum I shall be unable to conquer them. I have few soldiers, and there is no reliance to be placed on the Basingers; still I will do my best, and hold out as long as I can. . . . The Government is mustering troops at Omderman, Duem, and Tyrra el-Hadra (on the Nile), but they have not yet started for Kordofan. The Faki (Mahdi) tells his adherents, a great storm will destroy them (the troops), and has sent to all the Arab sheikhs to come and see what is going to happen. According to some, there are 22,000, according to others, 18,000 troops." Lupton ends with the words: "We wait and hope."[1]

Gondu (Ganda), August 17th, 1883: "I found Bohndorff here; he has suffered much from fever. To-day I wrote an Arabic letter to Zemio to send me 1000 loads of corn. . . . Kindly do your best to make him send me as much as he can. I fear unless the Faki (Mahdi) be killed or his power broken, we shall be fiercely attacked after the rainy season. . ."

Gondu (Ganda), August 21st, 1880: "I beg you to let me have some percussion caps, if you can spare any; we have none in the Mudiriyeh. Those from Khartum are useless, not one goes off. . . ."

Dem Guju, September 1st, 1883: "Many thanks for the trouble you have taken about the corn. The thousand loads will be a great help to me." (I had at once communicated to Lupton, Zemio's promise to send off the corn). . . . "Jange tribes and Nuers have been seriously defeated by Osman Bedawi; several hundred were killed. . . . No news of Emin Bey or of steamers. I have sent a strong detachment against Yungo (Yango) of Delgauna and the Jelabas (slave-traders); they have again opened the old slave route from Shekka. Rafai Aga has marched with 600 men against Sheikh Abaley (?) and Wod el-Mek, who had refused to submit."

[1] The army under General Hicks and the Hokmdar Allah ed-Din Pasha, some 10,000 strong, marched in October 1883 from the Nile to Kordofan against the Mahdi; and after a few successes on November 2nd, 3rd, and 4th, was utterly destroyed in a general attack on November 5th.

Lupton also communicated the statements of twenty Resegāt Arabs who had arrived at the Mudiriyeh, and who reported that many followers of the Mahdi had again abandoned him. One of the arrivals said that three months before he had been in Khartum, where the spit of land between the White and Blue Nile had been transformed to an island by a long canal enclosing Khartum itself. This was afterwards confirmed, while the reports of 25,000 Egyptians and 25,000 Europeans having reached the Nile proved to be exaggerated.

Owing to all these tidings, I was fain still to defer my departure from Zemio's. Lupton had already to put his men on half rations, while the news from Bohndorff was also far from reassuring. He was at Kuchuk Ali,

ZANDEH TOBACCO-PIPES.

awaiting the arrival of the long-expected steamer, lamented his fate, and expressed a fear that, even after the arrival of the steamer, he might be unable to procure carriers for my collections, which were meantime stored at Wau. To relieve him of this anxiety, and remove all difficulties from his journey to Khartum, I released him from all responsibility regarding the further carriage of the things, being confident that I should myself be able to pick them up on my journey through the Bahr el-Ghazal province.

A ZANDEH.

When, after months' waiting, Bohndorff did at last make a start for Khartum, no carriers could be had, and the loads remained at Wau. At the same time I had no idea that Bohndorff, as he afterwards wrote me, required no less than forty carriers for his own things, comprising seven loads of flour, five of abré, three of butter, the same of honey (!), beans, and jerked-meat, six of poultry (fifty-eight birds!), three of corn, and other things for himself and his young Negroes merely for the journey to Khartum.

However, the following letters from Lupton were somewhat more encouraging, and again revived my hopes of a speedy improvement in the situation. From Dem Guju he wrote me in September 1883 :—

"I am glad to be able to tell you that nearly all the Negroes have submitted, and I think there is no danger of their again attacking us. Some time back the station at Meshra er-Réq was attacked by some thousand Nuers and Janges; but they were repulsed by the garrison, and a large number of the enemy

killed. Emin Bey, I hear, has despatched 1200 men under Ibrahim Gurguru (Ibrahim Muhammed, at the time Mudir of Makaraka Land) to punish the Agars, Rols, and other tribes who destroyed Rumbek; he has defeated them several times."

Ten days later Lupton communicated some still more satisfactory news:—

Dem Ziber, September 23rd, 1883: "I have just heard of the arrival of the steamer *Ismaïlia* at Meshra with arms and ammunition. Mudir Saati has left Jur to bring the letters and other things from Meshra. The communications are still very bad. A large army, under the command of General Hicks, has marched for Kordofan to subdue the famous Faki (Mahdi)."

The steamer in question had reached Meshra on August 15th; but the news of its arrival was delayed by the interruption of the communications, which delayed still longer the despatch of letters. The *Ismaïlia* also brought to Meshra the Dutch traveller, Juan Maria Schuver. Against the advice of everybody Schuver again left Meshra with only five basingers, and on August 23rd, 1883, was murdered by the Dinkas at Teck. Later an expedition was sent by Lupton to punish the murderers and to recover the body, which, however, was not found. But the cattle belonging to the rebellious tribe were carried off, and the chief again compelled to submit.

The communications with Dar-Fôr had also been interrupted for several months, and we received very little news of Slatin Bey by roundabout ways. Later it was known that down to June 1883 he had fought twenty-four battles with the rebels and followers of the Mahdi, and had been twice wounded. Slatin Bey is known to be still a prisoner amongst the Mahdists; but he deserves special mention here for his heroic defence of his province for over two years, not surrendering till after the defeat of Hicks. Of the 5000 regulars and irregulars at his command in Dar-Fôr, over 3000 had fallen in the struggle, while most of the survivors were wounded. At last Slatin ran short of ammunition in Dara, the officers and men lost all hope, and the general demoralization led to desertions. The resistance

was uselessly continued for five days in the district of Fasher; but Kabkabieh surrendered unconditionally.

After the destruction of Rumbek the direct road to Emin Bey had also been closed, so that Lupton sent me letters for him to Zemio's, to be forwarded through Mangbattu Land. This route I had long kept open by sending little presents to the chiefs along the road, and by this way I repeatedly sent letters to Emin and Casati, and also received communications from Lado and Mangbattu Land. Lupton's correspondence was accordingly at once sent forward, the precaution being taken of supplying the messenger with false letters, which were to be produced and the others kept concealed in case of his arrest by the Arabs on the road. My foresight was not thrown away, for the false papers, mere scribblings, were actually seized and destroyed, while the genuine documents reached Casati and Emin safely.

RUDOLF SLATIN BEY.

In case any sudden turn of the scales should compel Lupton to retreat southwards, I sent him a carefully-prepared itinerary of the routes from Dem Bekir to Yapati's and Badinde's, whither Zemio and I were also thinking of retiring under like contingencies. In Zemio I had the fullest confidence. He knew the

Arab régime, and pinned his faith to us Europeans, even to an undue extent. He often remarked: "Yes, were you not there, the Arabo-Nubians would make an end of me."

Meanwhile a sharp look-out was kept on the northern and western frontiers of his territory, and he went personally to Ras el-Bamu to make all necessary arrangements with the border chiefs. Masinde, on the road to Ombanga, and Rawa, on the Dem Guju route, received strict orders carefully to watch the Golo and Sere peoples, and at once report any news from the north, or the approach of strangers.

About this time I lost my little dog, "Lady," my faithful companion for years. She was extremely docile, for days together remained by my side, and at night kept vigilant watch over the station. She had given birth to a numerous litter, but was unequal to the maternal duties, and after her death I found it impossible to rear the whelps.

In May Zemio had received fresh orders from head-quarters for more recruits, and he had sent off altogether about two hundred to the Bahr el-Ghazal province. Now three of these returned, reporting that the survivors had again been discharged. Bohndorff wrote me later that some 2000 had been mustered, but that many had already perished on the first march through Dinka Land, while others had been distributed amongst various chiefs, pending the arrival of the steamer; but as this did not make its appearance, they had at last been disbanded. Meanwhile a certain Hassan Bey, who had been sent from Khartum to receive the recruits, was waiting in Jur Ghattas. But how few ever saw their homes again may be judged from three half-starved wretches who found their way back to Zemio's from those two hundred at first sent forward.

On October 11th I sent on some of my things to chief Rawa's. Zemio wanted to accompany me to the Mudiriyeh; but a vague instinct even now induced me still to defer my departure, which did not take place till October 18th.

In his last letter Lupton had written: "Should you arrive during my absence, everything is provided for you and your servants."

I left my home at Zemio's with conflicting feelings, for I had grown attached to the place. Zemio's people, with his little court, had gathered at the mbanga to see me off, the air resounded with the crack of rifles, and I was escorted as far as the last little streamlet. Here hundreds of hands were still stretched out in sign of grief, and I came away with the consciousness that the people regretted my departure.

DILI ANTELOPE (*Antilope Grimmia*).

The route led over familiar ground to Ras el-Bamu; but we halted for the night at Zemio's uncle, Kipa's, where Zemio himself overtook us with a numerous following of armed men and of women. At Ras el-Bamu people from the Mudiriyeh brought the disquieting news that Rafai Aga and all his men had fallen, that the stations north of Ganda had been taken by the rebels, and that Ganda itself was now besieged. A letter was also received from the superintendent of Ombanga, directing Zemio to keep his armed men together, as they would perhaps soon be needed.

All this induced me again to interrupt my journey, and I

sent off a flying despatch to inform Lupton that I should for the present remain at Ras el-Bamu. This Fabian policy was my safety, for had I at that time continued the journey to the Bahr el-Ghazal province, I could scarcely have escaped the fate that later overtook Lupton.

Now the air was charged with all kinds of wild rumours, amongst others that I was to be on my guard, because some mendicant Arabs at Zemio's had been overheard to say there was a plot to take my life. I took these lying reports more quietly than Zemio, who was really alarmed for my safety. Presently came the news that a bulky package of letters had arrived at Rawa's. But it only contained the duplicate of a letter from Emin, the original of which had already reached me by the Mangbattu route. But on the envelope Lupton had written: "Kuchuk Ali, October 13th, 1883: Received in Kuchuk Ali; I write you in a few days; still no post; have had a great misfortune, Rafai lost, and 400 men killed by the Dinkas. The Mudir (Saati) is fighting his way to Meshra with 800 men; I expect the post in a few days." This official confirmation of Rafai Aga's death, a blow calculated to shake the confidence of Lupton's people, reached me on October 31st.

Meanwhile at Ras el-Bamu we had some capital hunting, which kept the camp daily supplied with game, such as buffalo, wild-boar, and various species of antelopes. I was now becoming reconciled to the idea of having possibly to give up the journey to the Bahr el-Ghazal province, and return directly by the Lado route, as Emin had repeatedly urged. My mind was made up on the point even more promptly than I had expected, for Zemio now received an order in Arabic from Lupton's agent to march at once to the Mudiriyeh with 1000 men and all his basingers.

This had the effect of a bolt from the blue, while I was much puzzled at the absence of a single line from Lupton himself. But in the afternoon of the same day, November 3rd, came a flying despatch from the Governor, with a letter to me, dated Jur Ghattas, October 19th, 1883: "I have written Zemio to come to my aid against the Janges. I beseech you to do your

best to get him to muster about 1000 men, armed with shield and spear, and all his basingers. I see no way of putting down this revolt unless the Niam-Niam princes come to our aid." Lupton further promises to repay Zemio's people well, to let them have all the booty, and so on, and then continues: "Still no news from Saati; a Negro has openly asserted that the Janges have succeeded in carrying off all the cattle the Mudir had brought with him, and had also killed many carriers and some soldiers. . . . I am equipping a new expedition ; but if unsuccessful, then *it is all over with us here.* . . . I am now mustering the Bongos, who will this time join us against the Janges. Do your best to let Zemio lose no time, and send him on as soon as possible. *Bohndorff is here, but I am afraid I am not in a position to send him to Meshra.* . . . Don't be annoyed if I appeal to you, but I know you will explain my intentions to Zemio more clearly than my Arab official could do ; you will also answer all objections that Zemio may raise."

Six long and anxious months of waiting had now brought me to this pass. But prompt action had to be taken, and I was greatly pleased to find Zemio himself ready for everything. An answer to this effect was at once sent off to Lupton, though it would of course take several days for all the men to be got ready for the march.

I now promptly decided to make for Lado through the Zandeh country, taking the route by Ndoruma's territory. However, I remained for the present at Ras el-Bamu, to help in expediting Zemio's departure, and mature my own plans. The things already forwarded to Rawa's I ordered to be immediately brought back to my station at Zemio's, and at the same time envoys were despatched to Linda and some other chiefs, whose territory I should have later to traverse. Linda's district lay some six days' march to the east-south-east. He was on friendly terms with Zemio, had sent him ivory during my stay, and had once come personally to Zemio's mbanga with a hundred loads of corn, when I made his acquaintance.

To Ndoruma, of whom I had not heard for a long time, I sent Likalla, one of Zemio's chiefs, to announce my intended arrival

KOODOO (*Antilope strepsiceros*).

NYU

and journey through his district. Yapati, Kipa, Nbassani, and others were present when Lupton's last letters came in, and they were now at once dismissed to carry out Zemio's orders. Before their departure I gave them an informal address, urging them at least in this emergency to put aside their merissa-pots, and lose no time in getting the men together for the march. To Zemio's honour it must be mentioned, that he gave himself no rest, and next morning hurried off to his mbanga to make further arrangements. I had fully explained to him the situation in Sudan, dwelling on the expedition of General Hicks against the Mahdi, on the result of which our last hopes depended. Yet at that very moment, had we known it, the spears and swords of those fanatical hordes were red with the blood of Hicks's annihilated army. The dauntless and devoted Lupton was, however, able by heroic efforts still to defend his province, apparently even with some success, favoured by the distance from Kordofan, the orgies of the Mahdists exulting over their triumph, and the postponement of their invasion of the south till the dry season.

During my residence with Zemio I had also maintained an active correspondence with Zassa, who often sent me poultry, palm-oil, honey, elephant-fat, receiving in return various little presents, once even a needle-gun. He lived in constant dread of Rafai's people, and was always complaining, especially of Mustapha, Rafai's superintendent at the station of Idris. This official had led some basingers and some of Yapati's people against Zassa's vassal states south of the Werre, had attacked and killed Berissanga on the Welle, and erected a station at Zirro's.

Zassa had hoped to accompany me to Lupton's, where I could plead his cause. This of course could not now be; but, on the contrary, I urged him to join Zemio with his men, or at least follow him as soon as possible. Later I learnt that he had not done this; but, on the other hand, some of Mopa's (Mofio's) sons made preparations to come to Lupton's aid.

During the year 1883 the rainfall had been so slight in Zemio's

district, that in the month of May a drought was even feared. The moisture-bearing clouds came nearly always from the west and south-west, though on September 21st an easterly gale was accompanied by heavy downpours. This became more frequent in October, towards the end of which month high winds prevailed regularly every day between eleven and four o'clock. The year before I had noticed the same phenomenon, which the natives regard as a sign that the rainy season is drawing to a close.

Meanwhile I wrote both to Lupton and Bohndorff, fully explaining my reasons for returning by Lado. At the same time I promised during the journey through Ndoruma's to use my influence, and try to induce him to march to Lupton's aid. Zemio took charge of these letters, and was also entrusted with my youngest Akka Negro, and the large organ destined for Lupton. When the time came to set out, I left many things with Zemio, including my little flock of goats and my photographic instrument. He had returned, on November 10th, to Ras el-Bamu, followed by Yapati, Foye, Rabe, Bameka, Kipa, and others, together with eighty basingers and a portion of the spearmen. His contingent of 1000 men was, however, still far from complete ; but a start was made for Rawa's, where they were to be joined by the rest. Foye remained as Zemio's representative in the province, returning to the station with me and with Yapati, who afterwards accompanied me to Linda's.

The evening before parting with Zemio I entertained him with a sumptuous repast of some of the few delicacies still remaining ; amongst them were some sardines, of which he was so fond that he appropriated a whole box all to himself. A few of the tit-bits were wrapped up in leaves and put aside for the wives of the guests. Such little attentions pass from mouth to mouth as wonders, and bring great credit to the traveller. I may here remark, by way of a little self-censure, that where I chiefly failed in my attitude towards the natives was a lack of patience and a defective sense of humour. Theoretically

quite understood the importance of these qualities, but in ractice I was not always able to play the philosopher.

On November 12th I parted with some regret from Zemio, nd took the familiar road to my old station. On the way I as surprised to receive despatches sent me by Emin and Casati rom Mangbattu Land, and also enclosing a letter from Lupton. he bearer, one of Buru's sons, was already known to me, and e now verbally completed the information regarding the state f affairs in Mangbattu Land, which had been touched upon in he correspondence with Emin and Casati.

It will be remembered that after his defeat the Mangbattu rince, Mambanga, had taken refuge with Sanga Popo. Later e applied secretly to Hawash Effendi for support in his mbitious designs against Sanga. Hawash, who considered all means justified in dealing with unruly chiefs, now sided with Mambanga, and again committed many excesses ostensibly on his behalf. Without any reason he fell upon Sanga and his allies, Gambari and Niangara, and although Sanga surrendered without drawing the sword, he was rudely seized and carried off captive to Tangasi, Mambanga being installed in his place. Then Sanga's adherents were massacred in August 1882, soon after my departure from Mangbattu Land; but this outrage soon brought about the recall of Hawash from that province, where Sanga Popo was reinstalled by Emin Bey. Hawash was afterwards replaced by Major Rihan Aga, a Sudanese officer, who had long been an administrator in Makaraka Land.

A ZANDEH.

Emin, Governor of the Equatorial Province, had returned, on July 14th, 1882, from Khartum to Lado, after a four months' absence; but he did not make his long-promised visit to

Mangbattu Land till the next year, when he spent the first days of July at Tangasi, returning to Makaraka Land on the news of the destruction of Rumbek by the Agars. On the situation in Mangbattu Land he wrote to me from Lado on May 6th, 1883: ". . . Asanga (Sanga Popo), whom Hawash Effendi had plundered for his private amusement, is again free, and has returned to his post. Mambanga I have ordered to present himself here, and should like to send him to Khartum. I have also clipped the wings of Gambari a little. . . . Chief Ibrahim Aga has now been installed in Makaraka Land. Bahit Bey has been quietly sent down to Khartum by the last steamer."

Bahit Bey and Ibrahim Aga have already been introduced to the reader in the first volume. Emin fancied he had discovered some special qualities in the unpromising Nubian, Ibrahim, surnamed Gurguru, and had accordingly entrusted him with the responsible position of an administrator in the Makaraka province.

But Ibrahim possessed all the shortcomings of his nation, played a double game, acted treacherously towards the Governor, and when the Mahdist movement spread to Emin's province, Ibrahim was the first to join the enemy. His appointment had, moreover, given great offence to the military classes; and on July 3rd, 1883, Emin wrote me from Tangasi, after meeting Ibrahim: "Mambanga arrived yesterday, and has made his submission to me in a highly theatrical manner, and *is delighted, and gone off laden with presents.* He seems ignorant of the saying about the Greeks and their gifts. Gambari, I am convinced, is a great scoundrel, and, moreover, a conspirator; so his turn will also come. . . . Your *protégé* Masinde (known to the reader since my visit to the A-Madi) has been here; he was given some presents, and is now one of my chiefs. . . ."

In the letter of which Buru's son was the bearer, and dated Lado, September 20th, 1883, Emin again wrote: "Unfortunately I have not been able to handle some of these gentry (in Mangbattu Land) with kid gloves. You will have heard of Mam-

banga's death; he was a constant danger for the whole land, and recently he openly explained to me his plans for a reorganization of Mangbattu Land, with himself and Gambari (! !) at the head of affairs. He had, moreover, sworn your death as well as Casati's. Gambari and his whole brood will, no doubt, ere long have to knuckle under. This Jesuitical aper of the Dongolans (Nubians), with his plans some day to found a state for himself beyond Arama (in Mabode Land) independently of us, causes bad blood against me in the land. But the worst evil for us all is the uncertainty of the frontiers between Bahr el-Ghazal and here. When in Khartum I proposed to His Excellency G—— Pasha, and later to Abd el-K—— Pasha, to accept you as arbitrator. Lupton, whom I had informed, was quite agreeable. The European answered me that in matters of internal administration no European can be made judge, and the . . . . danced to the same tune. . . ."

So, according to Emin, Mambanga was "dead," which was news to me. On the other hand, Buru's son assured me that he knew for certain that Mambanga *had been secretly shot* by order of Emin Bey. But at the time I could not believe that, especially after the Governor's statement in a previous letter that Mambanga was "delighted, and had gone off laden with presents." I could not believe it till it was confirmed to me in Makaraka Land, and later from Dr. Emin's own mouth. I confess that this grievously affected me, all the more when I vividly remembered how, during my journey through Mangbattu Land, I had everywhere reassured the local rulers and chiefs in view of the mild and indulgent Governor's approaching visit. I felt as if I had already heard my black friends charging me with falsehood, and that grieved me.

Not less was my regret that Emin Bey, as I later became aware, also evidently lent his ear to malicious whisperings (Ibrahim Gurguru was with him at the time!), and showed himself far too credulous. Doubtless Mambanga shared with most of his race the vices of ambition, intrigue, and many others; but he had never raised the flag of revolt, for in truth he had

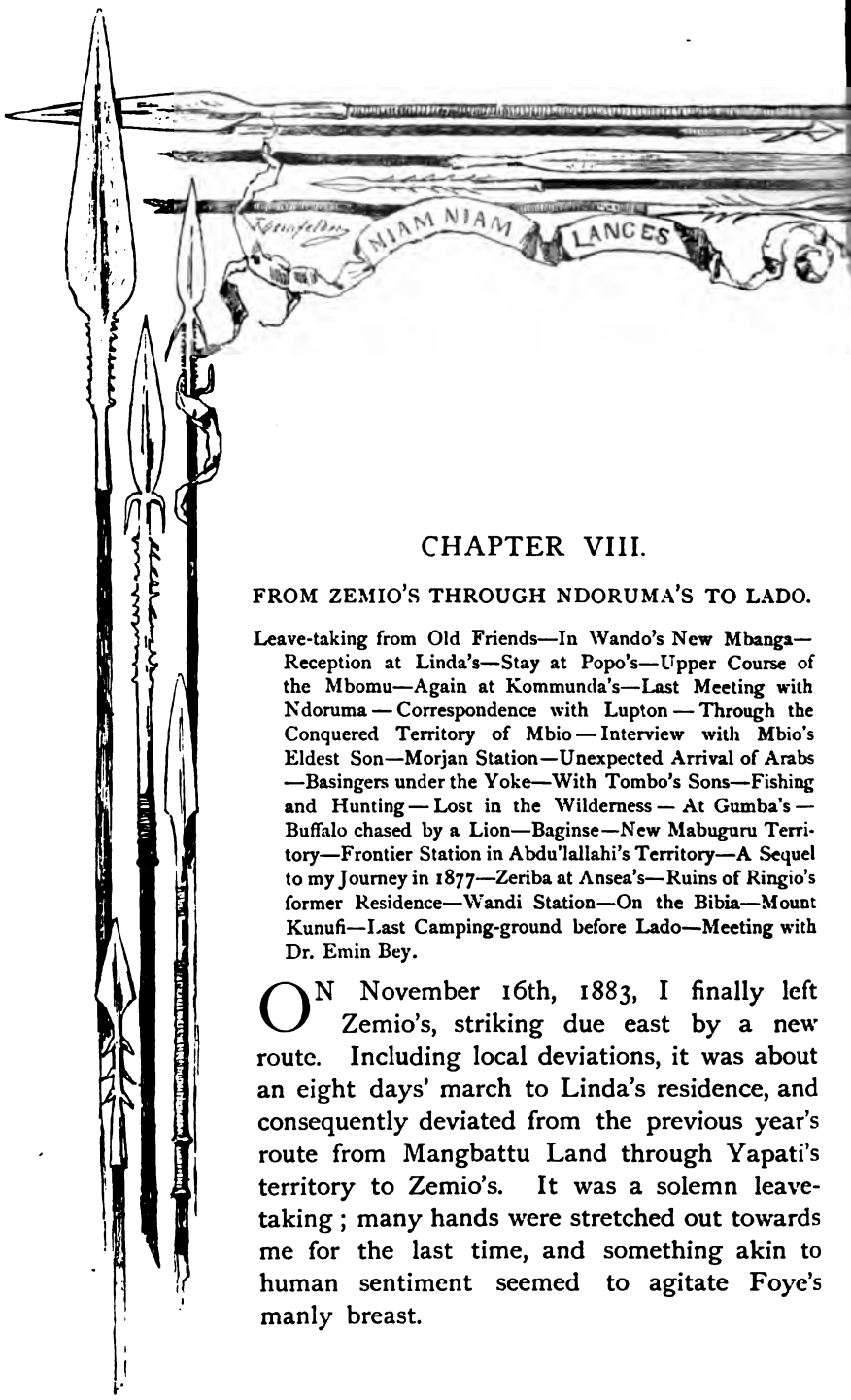
not yet tasted the "blessings" of an Egypto-Sudanese administration. He had done nothing but defend his independence, after which he was installed in Sanga's place by an Egyptian official, and on Emin's arrival at once came forward submissively, as Emin himself wrote me at the time. A frank revelation of the ambitious plans which he was brewing with Gambari—good heavens! was that a thing to be taken so seriously? And had things come to such a pass with the administration of the Equatorial Province that there was any need to fear an act of violence on the part of Mambanga? But even if Mambanga was really guilty, and owing to his very fickle nature an inconvenient person, surely it would have sufficed, as Emin Bey at first intended, to remove him from Mangbattu Land, and intern him for a time either in Lado or Khartum. I speak now merely on the question of principle, for the possibility of sending him to Khartum was unfortunately soon barred by the interrupted communications. But for purposes of detention there still remained the stations on the Nile, where refractory heads from remote provinces must soon have taken a more correct view of the situation. The case of the Zandeh prince, Mbio, resembled that of Mambanga. He had even become far more troublesome to the Bahr el-Ghazal administration, and his reduction had demanded many more victims than had Mambanga's; nevertheless, after his power was broken, he was simply removed to Dem Soliman, where he lived without restraint during my stay at Zemio's; and I, against whose life he had plotted in his childish ignorance, sent him later both messengers and little presents.

With regard to Captain Casati, it may here be mentioned that, after his visit to the Maeje people south of the Bomokandi in November 1882, he had returned in April 1883 to Emin Bey at Lado. Thence he went back later to Mangbattu Land, where he was residing during the events here slightly touched upon.

December 15th, the day I left Zemio's, brought me a great pleasure in a package of correspondence from my European

ends, sent up the Nile by the *Ismaïlia*. I was now able to ıdertake the journey to Lado in better spirits. Buru's son, ith his A-Barmbo followers, returned to report my departure Emin, while Farag was left behind with Zemio, and Kekke nt back to his father, Masinde.

A STOOL.



CHAPTER VIII.

FROM ZEMIO'S THROUGH NDORUMA'S TO LADO.

Leave-taking from Old Friends—In Wando's New Mbanga—Reception at Linda's—Stay at Popo's—Upper Course of the Mbomu—Again at Kommunda's—Last Meeting with Ndoruma — Correspondence with Lupton — Through the Conquered Territory of Mbio — Interview with Mbio's Eldest Son—Morjan Station—Unexpected Arrival of Arabs —Basingers under the Yoke—With Tombo's Sons—Fishing and Hunting — Lost in the Wilderness — At Gumba's — Buffalo chased by a Lion—Baginse—New Mabuguru Territory—Frontier Station in Abdu'lallahi's Territory—A Sequel to my Journey in 1877—Zeriba at Ansea's—Ruins of Ringio's former Residence—Wandi Station—On the Bibia—Mount Kunufi—Last Camping-ground before Lado—Meeting with Dr. Emin Bey.

ON November 16th, 1883, I finally left Zemio's, striking due east by a new route. Including local deviations, it was about an eight days' march to Linda's residence, and consequently deviated from the previous year's route from Mangbattu Land through Yapati's territory to Zemio's. It was a solemn leave-taking; many hands were stretched out towards me for the last time, and something akin to human sentiment seemed to agitate Foye's manly breast.

I had about eighty carriers; but the loads for this journey were extremely light, so that mere striplings constantly offered to serve as carriers. During the last few months my collections had increased, and I now took them all with me to Lado, the skins alone requiring as many as five carriers. Yapati, who accompanied me to Linda's, had a long following of men and of women, without whom no well-bred Zandeh ever travels.

After a short march a halt was made at the residence of chief Madibbo, a brother to Nbassani. His district was inhabited chiefly by A-Pakelle people, who served as carriers the following days. During these days we crossed several of the Mbomu affluents, whose lower course with their flooded banks had previously obstructed our march from Wando's to Zemio's. At present the Bahai, and the Mansa, which brought us on the second day to chief Likalla's, were only a few feet deep. Likalla was away, having some time before been sent by Zemio to Ndoruma to report my altered travelling arrangements.

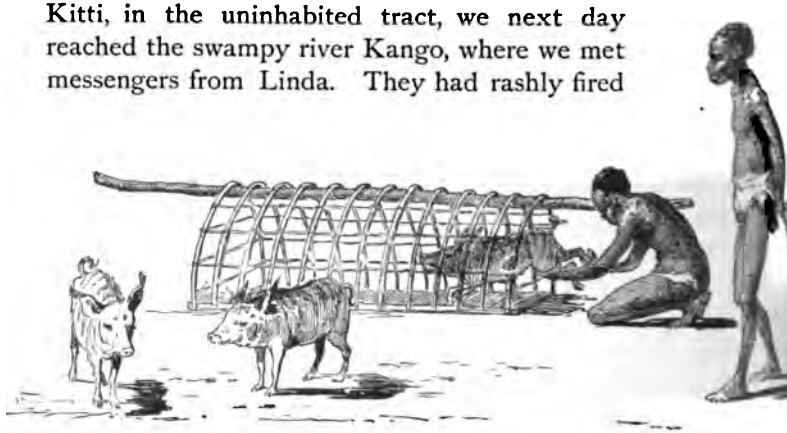
The third day's march led us beyond Zemio's to the northern part of Wando's territory, administered by his son Kipa. Since the previous year both had removed their stations farther north, where I again met Wando, and halted at his new mbanga. On the road thither we crossed the middle course of the Kelle by a bridge. This river, which was here twenty-five yards wide and five feet deep, takes its rise on the Nile-Congo water-parting on the southern slope of Nbia (Mount) Daraguma. According to Zemio's arrangements, the carriers were to convey the loads as far as Linda's; but every day a few made off, and at Wando's all the rest disappeared.

Fortunately for me Wando's new residence lay on my route, and the prince, who was overjoyed to meet me again, had all the things left behind brought in, and also provided fresh carriers to serve for three days through an uninhabited wilderness as far as the district of Linda's brother, Guyu. Wando was also rejoiced to meet Yapati, whom he had not seen for many years. He entertained us handsomely, supplying an abundance of food and beer.

Meanwhile the spies I had sent forward had collected every

information about the state of affairs in Rafai's northern zeribas and had also discovered a route leading from Idris to Der Bekir. On November 21st I was able to push on, leaving nine loads at Wando's, which were forwarded later. Beyond Wando's we crossed the upper course of the Dsongo, which had already been passed lower down. Then followed an extensive plateau, which culminated in the Mangarre range. East of these sandstone heights the track was crossed by the road usually followed by Zassa's people bound for the Bahr el-Ghazal province.

After halting the first night on the little river Kitti, in the uninhabited tract, we next day reached the swampy river Kango, where we met messengers from Linda. They had rashly fired



TRANSPORT OF PORKERS.

the dry grass on the way, and we became enveloped in the dense smoke blown in our faces by a strong east wind. The situation might have become very serious, had we not in the nick of time come upon a large flat ledge, where we crouched together till the sea of grass round about was consumed. This at all events facilitated our further progress, and the third day's march brought us to Linda's district clear of the wilderness.

Here a short march led to Linda's brother Guyu's, where Linda himself awaited us. His bountiful entertainment indemnified my men for their hard three days' trudge through the desert. But fearing the carriers might bolt again, I pushed on

ıfter a short rest, and on November 23rd reached Nbenge's, vhere I halted for the night, but sent on most of the carriers :o Linda's mbanga.

According to the original understanding, Linda should have ıad a number of carriers ready for us at Zemio's. But he had ıot done so, and now excused himself on the plea that his ɔeople were too afraid of the recruiting agents to go near Zemio's at any price, but would have no objection to serve as :arriers on any southern route. But now I was in no hurry to ɔroceed, for, greatly to my surprise, Linda had erected three ;pacious new huts for us at ıis mbanga, and here I en- ioyed some much-needed rest.

ZANDEH NEGRO.

Linda was a son of Baeka ınd grandson of Zabirru, :onsequently cousin to Zemio. Several of his brothers besides Guyu—Hokua, Mingami, etc. —were district-superintend- ents in the territory inherited from their father, while Linda himself, in order not to be dependent on Rafai's zeribas, had contracted close relations with Zemio. On the other hand, the Arabs exercised direct authority over his west- ern and southern neighbours, Wando and Yapati, and even over chief Popo, whose territory we had crossed on the road to Ndoruma's.

As in many other northern lands, Linda's territory was occupied, besides the dominant Zandehs, by Bashirs, A-Barmbos, A-Biri, A-Pambia, and other subject tribes.

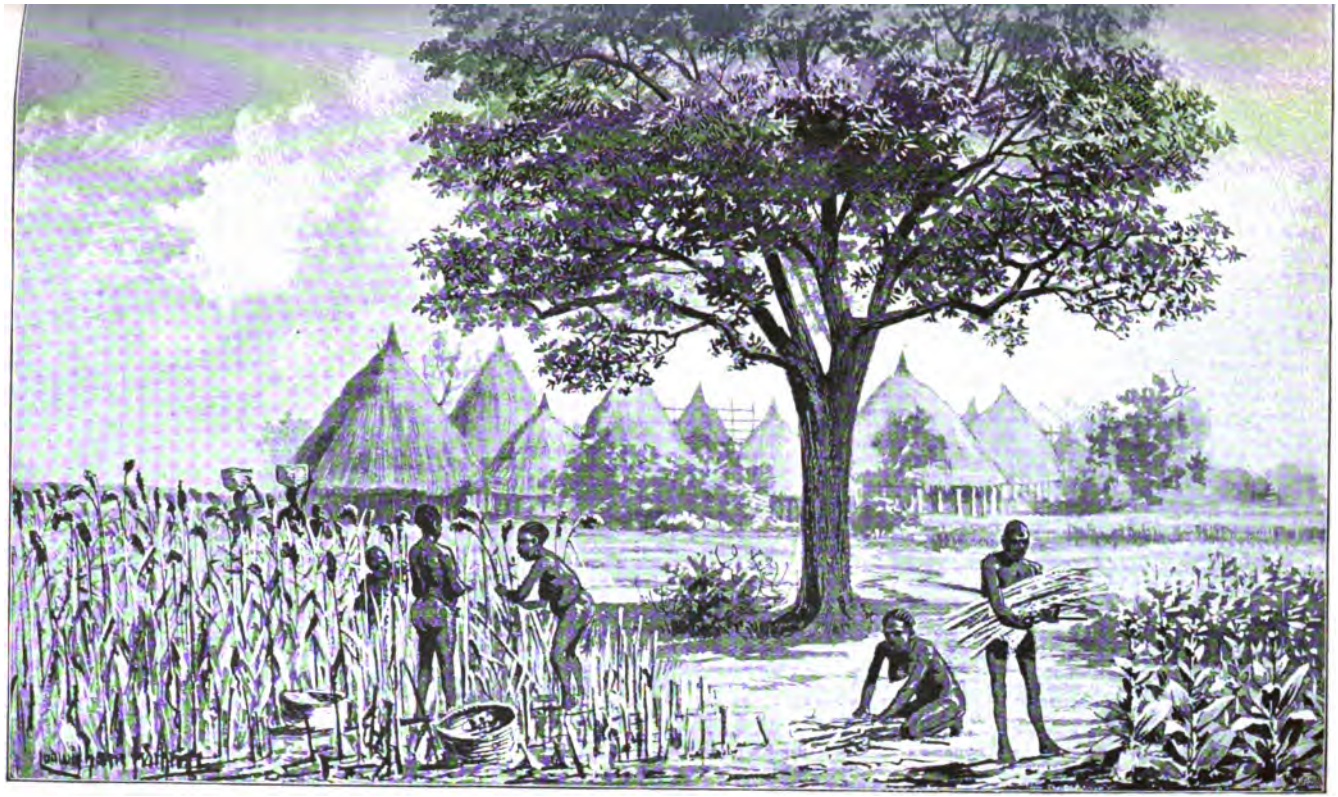
At Linda's mbanga I again met genuine, old-fashioned Zandehs, retaining their ancient usages, wearing coarse rokko garments, and adorning themselves with the skins of animals. At Zemio's the hankering after a show of Arab culture, which

after all could lead only to partial results, had already effaced much of this primitive social system. But here the chiefs still presented themselves in their original elaborate head-dress, armed with shield and spear, as of old; and at the national gatherings they sang their melodious chants, in which, on this occasion, they glorified my arrival, and strove to give me proof of their friendly feeling. At the mbanga I was even present at a veritable musical concert, in which the huge and extremely simple instruments were certainly all alike, but nevertheless formed the counterparts to the already-described *marimba*.

From Linda's I again forwarded despatches to Lupton and Bohndorff, and also to Emin on the road to Yapati's and Mangbattu Land.

Meanwhile fresh envoys had gone forward to Popo's to report our approach, and on November 27th we followed them, accompanied by Linda. Yapati, on the contrary, now returned with his following, and I thus took leave of my last friend belonging to Zemio's kindred. The line of march, which from Nbenge's to Linda's had run north-east, now changed to south-east, and roughly maintained this direction for the ensuing four days.

Our next goal was chief Bassa's, near whose residence we encamped on the high and steep banks of the Boku. Here the Boku was twenty yards wide and eighteen inches deep, and its sandy bed was crossed soon after leaving Bassa's. A little beyond it we reached Linda's frontier settlement, and then followed another extensive uninhabited tract, relieved, however, by the exuberant vegetation fringing the deep gorges of the numerous streams. Then we gradually approached the Kammo, which forms the frontier towards Popo's inhabited territory, and which was here fifteen yards wide and one foot deep. The Kammo also comes from the east, and after collecting the waters crossed on our second and third days' marches, joins the Boku affluent of the Mbomu. We encamped the second night on its banks in a district abounding in game, of which we secured a few dwarf antelopes. Here a surprise was in store for us. In the evening, Mbittima, brother to the ruler, suddenly appeared at the head of a long procession of people bearing dishes and



DURRA HARVEST.

BUTTER-TREE (*Butyrospermum*).
(*Drawn by L. H. Fischer.*)

TOBACCO.

baskets of food. When all this had been disposed of by my hungry followers, and after we had all turned in for the night, I was again abruptly awakened from my slumbers, and rubbed my eyes in amazement at a continuous stream of fresh arrivals, all still bearing dishes and baskets, large and small vessels, full of all kinds of eatables. The donor of all these good things was the ruler of the land, who now appeared in person, escorted by a small band of warriors. My people were again soon aroused, and seemed to have already recovered their appetites sufficiently to do full justice to the viands.

Popo was a son of Mopa's (Mofio's), and some of his brothers and relatives also resided in the territory as district superintendents. He was a young man, who had acquired much of the Arab culture, and spoke Arabic fluently.

Next day we reached his residence, halting on the way at his brother Mbittima's. The districts were well-peopled, and showed far less uninhabited parts than the region east of Zemio's. Instead of durra, telebun was chiefly cultivated, with a little maize, besides some dukhn (*penicillaria*). Mbittima's district lay on a small water-parting separating the Kammo affluents from the streams now again flowing straight to the Mbomu.

At Popo's we halted a day, and here also my people fared sumptuously. But such comprehensive hospitality is rare amongst Negroes. Linda now returned to his own district, while Likalla, whom Zemio had some time previously sent to Ndoruma's, was still absent. This made me all the more mindful to send messengers to Kommunda's son Kau, whose territory we were to traverse in a few days.

A short march from Popo's on December 1st brought us to Auro's, where we halted for the night. Auro's district was also well-settled, and inhabited by the same widely-scattered tribes as Linda's. Hence, our carriers continued to be of a somewhat motley character, the most interesting amongst them being the Bashirs. They always went about armed with their bows and arrows, and when shooting, wore, attached to the left wrist, a small, tightly-stuffed leather pad embellished with the small beans of a leguminous plant. An exactly similar pad is worn

by the Akka pigmies for the same purpose of receiving the recoil of the string; other peoples, such as the Abakas and Mittus, protect the hand with a little wooden keel or iron plate attached directly to the bow.

From Auro's the track ran for the next few days mainly east, though with many deviations. Popo's inhabited district soon came to an end, and was again followed by a desolate waste. The Mbomu, which had hitherto flowed to the south of the line of march, was now crossed, and for some days accompanied us on the north; but here, in its upper course, it had shrunk to a stream twenty yards wide and some four feet deep. It was crossed by a primitive bridge, beyond which we soon reached the district of Kommunda's son Kau, and, like him, one of Ndoruma's vassal chiefs. But I was surprised to meet no messenger, either from Kommunda or from Ndoruma, which, from the native standpoint, might almost be taken as an insult. I consequently at once despatched fresh messengers to inform Ndoruma that, unless he came personally to meet me, I should continue my journey straight to the east without visiting his mbanga.

The fare at Kau's being also indifferent, I pushed on all the more rapidly to Kommunda's. The streams now passed flowed north to the Mbomu, which was again crossed shortly before reaching our next night encampment on the Bamunga, the first noteworthy little stream met on this route. Its upper course had been crossed on the road from Dem Bekir to Ndoruma's, and the line of march now lay within a few hours of, and nearly parallel with, that road south-eastwards to Ndoruma's residence.

At last Kommunda made his appearance at the Bamunga. Although glad to see him again, I disguised my real feeling, and gave him a very cold reception. Although we had now been two days in his district, he had sent us no message of any kind, not a fowl, or so much as a maize-cob in friendly greeting. At these reproaches the old man was so confused that I felt pity for him, and relented. My attitude, however, had the desired effect, and abundant supplies were soon forthcoming. From the

dozens of loads of corn and flour placed at my service, I selected only a few baskets of meal, but not even these were afterwards sent on. My generous entertainer had apparently made use of my name "to fill his own larder," a trick which had more than once been played upon me.

Kommunda's fertile district, traversed on December 4th, was well-peopled, chiefly by Pambia tribes. He had removed his former residence farther west, but it was not visited by us. At the settlement of Dumae, one of his sub-chiefs, the disorderly carriers laid aside their loads, obliging me reluctantly to halt for the night. Farther on the Mbomu, now a mere rivulet, was crossed for the third time, and at the station of Ndoruma's son Barani we at last left it behind us altogether. It rises in the neighbourhood, and, unlike other rivers, bears the same name throughout the whole of its long course. The Nsakkara people, however, are said to give it the name of Kengo.

Barani, a mere stripling, who three years before was an inmate of his father's household, received me with a princely condescension, while two of his retainers kept fanning him, which excited in me a feeling more of amusement than anger. He had often been sent by Ndoruma to the Mudiriyeh, where he had acquired a good knowledge of Arabic. In other respects he behaved well enough, assuring me that Ndoruma had only just been informed of my approach, and did not expect me so soon.

Although no messengers had yet arrived from Ndoruma, I made no doubt of a hearty welcome from my old friend, and left Barani's next day. We soon reached the Congo-Nile water-parting, and the Massumbu, which next crossed our track, and which had previously been passed on the route from Dem Bekir to Ndoruma's, flowed through the already-mentioned Bikki to the Nile. A little beyond it we came upon the new settlement of chief Gassande, another old acquaintance, who hastened forward with his little suite to welcome us, but could not persuade me to halt at his station. This was farther on more effectually accomplished by the carriers, who near the Bikki suddenly laid down their loads, and left myself and household in an inhospitable district, where we had to encamp for the night.

The Bikki, which has its rise in the west, at no great distance from this place, was here a shallow stream five yards wide. The district is specially interesting, as forming the water-parting of several fluvial systems. Besides the Mbomu and Bikki, here also rises, west of Barani's, the Duma, chief affluent of the Werre.

No messengers were yet announced from Ndoruma, although the station was now only a few hours distant. At last, as we were piling up the loads, firing the grass, and preparing to encamp for the night, Ndoruma's brother Mbima made his appearance with some followers. I had formerly stayed twice at Mbima's station on the west frontier, and at that time we were the greatest friends; but now I received him with marked coldness, and flatly told him I should not stir from the place till Ndoruma came personally to welcome me. Messengers were at once sent off, returning next morning with the assurance that the lord of the land would soon present himself.

I had often noticed that the better and more haughty Negro chiefs are more susceptible to biting sarcasm and ridicule in the presence of their subjects than to vulgar abuse and reproaches. Acting on this principle, I at first took no notice at all when Ndoruma approached with his whole suite. Then, after a considerable interval, during which he was visibly embarrassed, I addressed him in a few ironical words through a dragoman, regretting he had taken the exceeding trouble of coming so far to meet me. Doubtless his legs had grown stiff during my long absence, so that it would perhaps have been wiser to remain at home with his women. Or was he perhaps afraid of walking abroad in his own land! There was certainly good reason for his alarm, if an unbidden guest could traverse his whole territory, come even to his mbanga, and take him by surprise on his very couch, while the high and mighty lord knew absolutely nothing about it. This last thrust had reference to Ndoruma's plea that he had not heard of my arrival till the evening before. I added a regret that he had fallen so low, and could no longer exact sufficient obedience from his subjects to be informed in time even of urgent messages. I also drew a contrast between

his gross neglect of the duties of hospitality and the generous reception given us by Wando, Linda, and Popo.

However, when my black friend was sufficiently humbled, I held out the hand of reconciliation, and again spoke to him kindly. After that things settled down as of old, and we sat

BONGO NEGRO WITH INLAID TATTOO MARKINGS.

together over the camp-fire, pleasantly chatting on all our adventures since my former stay at the mbanga.

On December 8th I started early for Kandi's residence, whence, in January 1881, I had struck westwards for Toto's. Now, however, we traversed familiar ground to the Werre and

to Ndoruma's station, which had been removed from its old site a few minutes farther east. Of "Lacrima," my former station at Ndoruma's, not a vestige remained; the carefully-constructed dwellings, the diligently-tended garden, all had vanished, a prey to the all-devouring termite, to fire, and the weather.

Prompt measures had now been taken for our next journey. My intention was to traverse Mbio's recently-conquered territory, in order to open new ground, and avoid the already-explored districts of Binsa, Ngerria, and Wando. Ndoruma's eastern neighbour, Ngettua, had in the interim departed this life, and his possessions had passed to his sons. But in Mbio's district some Government stations had been established, and administered by dragomans, with the aid of a few basingers. The land was fearfully wasted, for dissensions had recently again broken out, and Mbio's sons had once more taken refuge with Wando.

Hence it was doubtful whether I should find sufficient carriers to make my way eastwards to Abaka Land. But the attempt had to be made, and I accordingly at once sent forward messengers to Ngettua's son Potuyo, and to the nearest Government stations in Mbio's late territory.

Ndoruma received sundry gifts, amongst others an Arab kaftan and some second-hand European clothes. In our conversations a chief topic of discussion was the general political situation. The prince complained greatly of his unruly lieges, and it was evident that he possessed less real power than many less distinguished Zandeh chiefs. He lacked the discipline which Zemio, Zassa, Popo, Yapati, and others had undergone in the Arab school of adversity, and was unable to keep a firm hand over his subjects; and as he was now dependent on the Bahr el-Ghazal province, and required to raise more heavy tribute than ever, the resistance was doubly inconvenient.

For some time back he had also been on unfriendly terms with Kommunda, against whom he had even planned a raid, which, however, my approaching visit had prevented him from executing. He was specially enraged that Kommunda had not reported my arrival, although my intended visit was otherwise

known to him through Zemio's messenger, Likalla, who was still at the mbanga.

Having received a promise from Pokuyo to provide the carriers for the march through his territory, I set out on December 13th with revived hopes. The season was most favourable, the grass had been fired, and no more rain was to be feared.

Ndoruma wanted to accompany me to Pokuyo's, but was prevented by the unexpected arrival, on the morning before my departure, of several chiefs with armed men and supplies enough for a long march, or even a campaign. This suited me all the less that Pokuyo, doubtless through fear of violence, had requested me to bring no armed men from Ndoruma's. But as these people insisted on escorting their ruler, I urged Ndoruma to remain behind.

I now struck north-eastwards, and followed this direction for several days, though with numerous deviations. One day's march brought us across the Werre and beyond Ndoruma's frontier to Pokuyo's. The road traversed a waterless, uninhabited rising-ground, which formed the water-parting between the Werre and a number of rivulets tributary to the Bikki. Thus I finally quitted the Congo basin, for the rest of my journey to Lado lay entirely within the Nile fluvial system. Ngettua's eldest son, Pokuyo, was still a young man. Next day he provided the necessary carriers, though after a long delay. I then started for Pokuyo's sub-chief Kanna's, at first crossing brooks and swamps draining to the Bikki ; but on the third and fourth days' marches from Ndoruma's, we found all the streams flowing straight to the Sueh.

My arrival at Kanna's residence, which was indicated by an isolated rocky eminence rising above the plain, was eagerly awaited by a crowd of inquisitive spectators, not one of whom would lend a hand to do us the least service. The little fuel needed to cook our food I had to extort revolver in hand, and a similar reception awaited us at all the other local chiefs'.

On the third day a short march led to the residence of Ngettua's son Guru, or Mange, a lad scarcely ten years old,

who nevertheless gave me a stately reception, and gallantly discharged all his princely duties. The same evening the new carriers were all ready, and he also sent us dishes of porridge with accompaniments.

During the march we were overtaken by runners from Ndoruma reporting that a basket and letters were on the road for me. They also talked some nonsense about Bohndorff, who was expected at Ndoruma's on the road to me. This, of course, I did not believe, and continued the march to the camp, where four dragomans duly arrived with despatches from Lupton and Bohndorff. They also brought a basketful of Petersburg papers down to May of the current year, and six packages of stearine candles, which I had asked Lupton to send me. The things had come round through Zemio's; but the dragomans knew nothing of Bohndorff, and the rumours about him again proved to be idle gossip.

Lupton wrote from Wau, November 11th, 1883:—"Saati leaves here to-morrow with 700 men for Meshra, and Bohndorff goes with him. Your effects are stored here, the road (to Meshra) being unsafe. I attacked the Mohk and Agar (Yange) tribes and routed them; they lost about 400 men, and we captured 350 head of cattle. I sent 600 (men) armed with new Remingtons against Thomu (?) and Noy (?). They attacked the soldiers fiercely, but were defeated, leaving 46 dead. These were the people who had conquered and killed Rafai. The fight took place six hours from here, but only 25 head of cattle were taken. . . . Saati goes to Khartum, and I hope will be back in two and a half months. . . ."

A second and longer letter, dated Dem Ziber (Dem Soliman), November 26th, stated that Zemio with his people had not yet arrived, and he had consequently not yet received my letters. Lupton added that he was again equipping a large expedition, had already mustered 1000 men, and expected 500 more. The Jurs and Mohks had this time been defeated, with a loss of perhaps 1000 men. About thirty slave-dealers and others had gone to the Jange chief Adwang, to buy slaves, but a quarrel had arisen in which all those Arabs perished. Lupton concluded

from this that the power of Muhammed Achmet had been broken by Hicks, especially as the false prophet had strictly forbidden his people to attack the Janges, and dervishes had gone off to punish all those who acted against his orders.

On the two last marches we frequently caught a sight of the Keddede and Nango mountain group, which I had already measured on the route from Dem Bekir to Ndoruma's. But our camp was pitched amongst a number of bare granite masses, the nearest of which, Pondio, served as a good point from which to observe the others.

The fourth march was to lead us to Taïb's, the first little station founded in Mbio's territory since his reduction. But we first skirted the granite range of Emba (about 600 feet), in the district of Ngettua's young son Guru. But on reaching the Ta affluent of the Sueh, which forms the boundary of this district, we lost our way, and wandered about till we got some people to guide us to Taïb's. This official, a Zandeh by birth, had been dragoman to Osman Bedawi, and was now in command of a small garrison. Here I was left in the lurch by all my carriers, with but poor prospects of supplying their place, this being one of Mbio's districts that had been most ravaged during the war.

The reader will remember that this war broke out in 1881, when the troops marched against Mbio about the time of my departure from Ndoruma's. Gessi Pasha had already left the Bahr el-Ghazal province, and was represented first by Saati Bey and then by Ibrahim Bey Shauki. The war was conducted by Osman Bedawi and Hassan Mussat, who had at their disposal a few regulars with their officers. Jointly with Ndoruma's people they invaded Mbio's western territory, where a sanguinary struggle was maintained for several months, with heavy loss on both sides. Hassan Mussat was wounded, the officers of the regulars killed, and the whole expedition compelled, by the arrival of the rainy season, to march back to the Bahr el-Ghazal province. But the war was resumed early in 1882, this time with the co-operation of Rafai Aga, and after a severe struggle Mbio had at last to succumb. He was banished with his two

sons to Dem Soliman, and the country placed under the indirect administration of Osman Bedawi and Hassan Mussat, the former in the west, the latter in the east, the river Yubbo forming the boundary between the two. Some of Mbio's sons had fallen in the war, others had escaped and again returned, while others again took refuge with Wando, or in the wilderness.

But after the outbreak of the disturbances in the north, Osman and Hassan were summoned to the Dinka war, so that

PRAIRIE FIRE ON THE SUEH.

only a few dragomans remained in the conquered territory. Hence fresh troubles in the eastern province, where Tahir Aga took the place of Hassan Mussat, who had fallen in the Dinka war.

In Osman Bedawi's province there remained only the dragoman Taïb with a few basingers, who, by conciliatory measures, had gradually restored order.

On December 17th and 18th I stayed at Taïb's, but at once sent forward messengers to engage fifty carriers at the next

ettlement. Taïb also exerted himself so much that sufficient ıands were got together to continue my journey in a few days. was accompanied by Taïb himself, and, near the second little vatercourse, passed the former residence of Basimbe, father of Mbio, Wando, and others, and at one time a mighty potentate n east Zandeh Land. After halting for the night at the confluence of the Yubba and Sueh, we reached Saleh.

The Yubba had flat ›anks, was from fifty to ixty yards wide, but only ighteen inches deep. The Sueh, on the contrary, although only forty yards vide at its mouth, was considerably deeper, with high steep banks and rocky ledges rising above the surface. Soon after our arrival the grassy steppe on the opposite side was fired, and a column of flames, filling the air with dense smoke, rolled down to the margin. Such fires are highly destructive to animal life. Myriads of insects rising on the wing were attacked by thousands of insectivorous birds, while above these hover kites and other small birds of prey, and higher still the larger predatory birds, whirling round and round, and every now and then pouncing upon the little quadrupeds or reptiles fleeing before the devouring element.

JABBIR, SCHWEINFURTH'S ZANDEH INTERPRETER.

The road to Saleh left Mbio's former residence to the south, where some of his sons and brothers still survived, while others dwelt in the north beyond the Sueh. This river, coming from

the east-south-east, and flowing for some days parallel to our route, but in the opposite direction, receives from the south all the streams crossed by us as far as Mount Baginse. The Yubba, on the other hand, rises in the south, where some of its farthest head-waters were passed on the road from Wando's to Ngerria's.

At Saleh, which was held by a head-dragoman with only twelve basingers, I had to circumvent the disorderly native irregulars left practically without control. Despite the orders of their commander, they had flatly refused to escort me to the next station, and only gave in when overawed by the solemn farce of recording their names.

Farther on the land showed less traces of the late war; settlements were more numerous, the fields were again under tillage, and the telebun and other crops had already been garnered. As it was some distance to the next and last station in Tahir Aga's province, we halted at the huts of an abandoned station on the Huuh. This largest southern affluent of the Sueh was here thirty yards wide and two feet deep. The district is associated with the name of Dr. Schweinfurth, who traversed it from north to south in company with Abd es-Sammat.

On December 22nd we reached Morjan's, crossing the Yeta, another considerable affluent of the Sueh, which was again passed the following days. About its source it presents the aspect of a papyrus swamp, and papyrus was met much more frequently on the marshy waters of the Sueh affluents than elsewhere.

At Morjan's I found the thirty basingers stationed here playing such high jinks that some of Mbio's old chiefs and sons, who had returned to their homes after the conclusion of the war, had since for the most part again taken to flight. Amongst them was Bassangadda, Mbio's eldest son, who now sent me secret envoys, asking whether he might visit me. He dreaded to come to the stations, but met me on the road to Morjan. He was a genuine Zandeh, already advanced in years, and betraying little princely dignity.

The object of his visit was soon apparent. Spreading out so

many bundles of rods before me, he explained that a part of them indicated the number of loads of corn, other provisions, and ivory, which he had previously consigned to the Morjan station; another part stood for the number of women kidnapped from him and of his adherents killed by the basingers. Now he claimed my protection, and although I pointed out that I could make no delay, nor interfere in their affairs, Bassangadda still wanted to come with me to the station.

On the way we spoke of old times, of my former residence at Ndoruma's, and how at that time my offers of a friendly alliance had always been rejected. Bassangadda, on his part, protested that their hostile feeling was exclusively directed against Ndoruma, and that all would have turned out differently had I approached Mbio's territory from another direction. But in any case they had now paid dearly for their folly. As we drew near the station, the homeless refugee was seized with a sudden fright, and thinking it more prudent to keep away, drew back, and had soon disappeared with his followers in the wilderness. I was glad enough of this, for had he persisted, I should have been the indirect means of betraying him to his oppressors. Our arrival was in fact already known at the station, and ten basingers had actually been sent out to arrest him. The chief dragoman, Morjan, also told me all sorts of things against him; but to this I only listened with half an ear, knowing that half was lies, and in any case I could do no good. Besides, Mbio's Zandehs had for months been complaining to the authorities of the arbitrary conduct of the basingers, and apparently not without success. At least, a couple of hours after my arrival the cry was suddenly raised that "the Turk (Egyptian) was coming." The cry was followed by the appearance of a certain Shebeli at the head of other Arabs and Bongo dragomans, with all their appurtenances. This was the new administrator appointed by Tahir Aga; on taking possession he privately informed me that at the evening muster the rifles of the former basingers would be sequestered, and all the men yoked with the slave-stick.

So it happened, while Bassangadda, who had meantime been

captured, was set free, and by Shebeli presented with a shirt "to begin with." But the whole proceedings were evidently a comedy got up for my edification, and after my departure things would most probably take a different turn, for before Bassangadda had been brought in, Shebeli spoke strongly against him.

After a two days' stay at the now crowded station, I was heartily glad to get away on Christmas Day, though at first very uncertain which road to take. An inhospitable waste stretched eastwards, while north-westwards Abdu'lallahi had a station, from which Shebeli had come with his people, and now advised me to take that direction. But as this would have farther on brought me in contact with the Arabo-Nubians, and also perhaps sent me too far north, I decided to strike south-east, making first for Kanna's.

We were soon over the frontier of Mbio's former territory, beyond which the route for several days traversed gently rolling ground, where extensive grassy tracts took the place of the sparsely-wooded savannah. My approach had been announced to Kanna, who gave me a hospitable welcome. Kanna and his brothers living in the district were sons of Hokua, whose father, Tombo, son of the renowned Yapati, had dwelt north of Mbio's domain.

After a day's halt with my friendly host, I struck eastwards across the swampy head-waters of the Yeta, and through a wild game country to the first settlements reached next day. Here I enjoyed from a rising-ground a view of Mount Baginse, which I had seen to the west on the route to Abaka Land. Now it lay to the south-east, and at last gave me a convenient point for taking my bearings and connecting my present with the former itinerary.

The path, which had hitherto been difficult to follow, merged farther on in a good road running south-eastwards. But instead of keeping to this road the carriers again struck east through a trackless district, where next day we completely lost our way. The men, however, had their own motives for taking this course, and now brought me to the Sueh, where a number of their

tribes-people from Kanna's district had for days been engaged in fishing.

Here the Sueh was only ten yards wide and six inches deep, flowing in a sandy bed, beyond which next morning we still continued to go eastwards. Baginse soon again came into view, and its position showed that we must be on the wrong track to reach the next settlements. No doubt the frontier of Emin's province lay due east, but the intervening space was reported to be an uninhabited waste, whereas the next settlements on our route should lie towards the south.

The Sueh district abounded in game. From a moist depression the heads of antelopes could be seen eagerly gazing at us above the tall grass. I took a pot-shot, and had the luck to bring down a stately buck. A little farther on the path going east ceased altogether, and we turned at a sharp angle southwards, thus again approaching the Sueh and crossing its eastern affluents. In the afternoon we crossed over to the west bank of the Sueh, and here the carriers began to argue about the right direction. We were now completely astray; but after much aimless beating about we at last came upon a well-trodden path leading southwards to some settlements of chief Gumba's people.

Messengers from Kanna had already arrived here, but it was no longer possible to reach the station before the evening. Nobody knew exactly how far it was, and as we were all exhausted after the long trudge through many difficult swamps, we encamped for the night on the banks of a little stream. Now, however, it appeared that we were scarcely fifteen minutes from the settlement, and when Gumba's attention was attracted by our camp-fires, he arrived late in the evening with merissa and other good things. But this did not prevent some of the carriers (Pambias and Mabugurus) from making off, leaving me alone with the Zandehs, always the most trustworthy. Our nightly slumbers were disturbed by prowling hyænas and by several unexpected downpours.

Kanna had supposed that the road from Gumba's would lead southwards to Basilipalla's. But the position and distance of

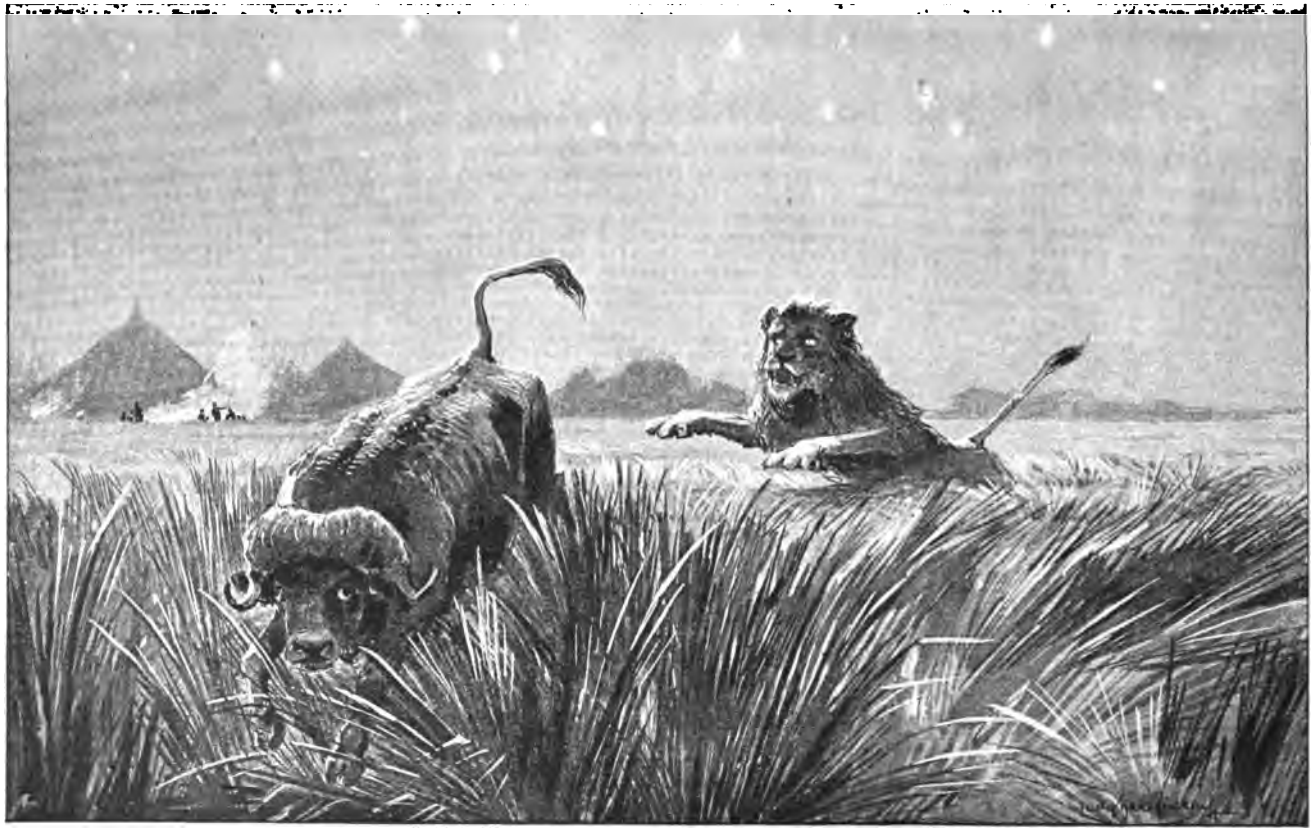
his residence now made it evident that this would again be a great round; so, after a long discussion, we decided to take a shorter route to the district west of Mount Baginse. But the necessary carriers had to be obtained from Basilipalla, who was one of Abdu'lallahi's dragomans, his administrative division also comprising Gumba's district.

The whole of this easterly region, with a number of broken tribes under powerless Zandeh chiefs, had already been reduced by Abd es-Sammat, and later Abdu'lallahi had stationed at various points a number of trusty dragomans, who safeguarded his interests, especially in the matter of ivory, and kept up the communications with Wando's territory. Others had also been stationed amongst the Mabuguru refugees from Mbio's in the district between Mount Baginse and Abaka Land, so that the relations proved far more favourable for the continuance of my journey eastwards than I had at first ventured to hope.

Our next destination was the residence of Bagiru, a dragoman settled beyond Mount Baginse. I remained, however, on December 30th at Gumba's, where Basilipalla made his appearance with the required carriers.

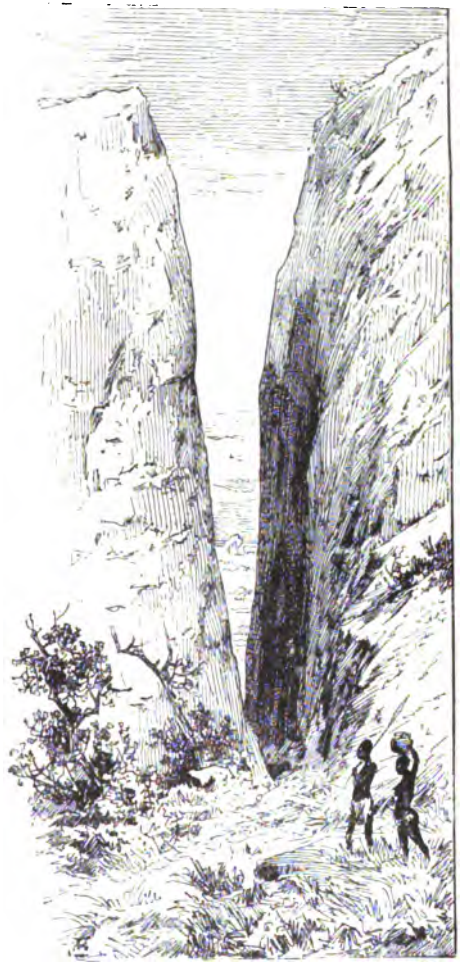
We are indebted to Schweinfurth for the first accurate account of this region. He had in his time undertaken an excursion to Baginse, and I had crossed his route on the march to Gumba's. Schweinfurth also had to complain of being led astray, escaping with much trouble from a labyrinth of jungle and tall grass.

In the evening we listened from time to time with bated breath to the roar of a marauding lion. This was of itself no rare occurrence, but on the present occasion the situation was somewhat exceptional. It appeared that the beast was in hot pursuit of some large animal, as was evident enough from the fact that the distance and direction whence came the roar was constantly changing. From time to time it produced a "blood-curdling" effect, and now drew nearer and nearer, presently so near that we could distinctly hear the rustling of the dry grass brushed aside by the actors in this wild nocturnal chase. Then suddenly in the pitch dark night they came madly tearing by



A NOCTURNAL HUNTING SCENE. (*Drawn by L. H. Fischer.*)

our huts, and in an instant again disappearing, the next terrific roar already echoing from afar. A tremendous uproar was now raised in the neighbouring huts, after which the lion's bellowing gradually died away in the distance. It produced the impression on me as if he had given up the hunt, and such proved to be the case. Next morning the occupants of those huts reported that the quarry was a buffalo who rushed suddenly snorting close by their camp-fire, while the lion, scared by their fearful yells, trotted off with an angry growl in another direction.



FISSURED ROCK AT MOUNT DAMVOLO.

The march to Gumba's had also taken a detour, for on December 31st we had to turn north-east, and then south-east to the district east of Mount Baginse. The path was scarcely visible, though its direction was often indicated by lopped branches or felled trees, while Mounts Damvolo and Baginse also served as landmarks. We were soon beyond the settled parts of Gumba's district, which was followed by swamps and watercourses draining to the Sueh. This river was itself at last

crossed at the point where it is formed by the union of two little swamp streams at Damvolo and Baginse.

The next settlements of the Mabuguru and Pambia tribes, under chief Munsa, lay in the vicinity of Mount Damvolo, where we entered a hilly district with rocky heights. The path ran over a rising-ground beyond Damvolo, from which we were separated towards the south-east only by a deep ravine. Damvolo forms a bare rocky cone continued towards Baginse by other craggy heights. On this side of the ravine, and close to our line of march, rose massive cliffs, presenting the fantastic forms of cones, bluffs, and pyramids. Specially striking was a huge gneiss block which had been rent from top to base, so that the fissure, some three feet wide, afforded a vista of the rolling land beyond. Seen through this natural framework the landscape presented a sufficiently pleasant aspect, with its wealth of fringing vegetation on the banks of its numerous winding streams, the dark green of the depressions, and pale yellow of the dry grassy steppe.

Farther on lay the Congo-Nile water-parting, which in Mount Baginse attains its highest elevation. Baginse, whose southern slopes send their running waters to the Kibali-Welle, forms also the divide between the Sueh and other streams flowing east to the Ibba. After its junction with the Issu, the Ibba flows north, where it takes the name of Tonj, and, like the Sueh-Wau, reaches the Nile through the Bahr el-Ghazal.

On the east slope of Baginse lay dragoman Kura's new settlement. Seen from this point, Baginse looks like a twin-crested mountain ; but other bare rocky heights abut upon its south side, while Banduppo, Nagongo, and Yambali, still further south, as well as Damvolo in the north, must be regarded as detached fragments of a system formerly continuous with Baginse.

Schweinfurth, who scaled this peak, gives it a relative height of 1270 feet ; he has also given us an attractive account of its flora, which to him in many respects seemed to resemble that of the Abyssinian highlands.

After a short halt at Kura's, I pushed on by the settlement of

Mangofuru, another local dragoman, to Bagiru's, where we stopped over night.

Beyond Kura's the route had again changed, trending north-east as far as the Ibba through slightly rolling grassy steppe. On the road to dragoman Usingi's we crossed the Bufuru affluent of the Ibba on January 1st, 1884, at a point where it was a shallow stream ten yards wide. Everywhere we were well received and hospitably entertained, although the Mabuguru natives had only recently taken refuge in this district from the east.

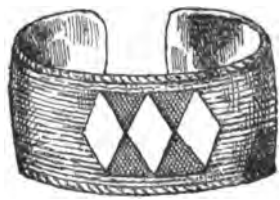
Our next destination was Ombamba in Belledi's district, which belonged to Emin's province, and which had been the westernmost point reached by me in the year 1877. Consequently at Ombamba I should be able to connect my present itinerary with the previous journey. The carriers undertook at Usingi's to make for that station, and we started at once. But we again made a great detour, soon leaving the north-eastern direction and trending at first west, and then east of the Ibba northwards. The river was fifteen yards wide and one foot deep, and contained much red sand.

I began to feel uneasy at the northern course we were taking, but the carriers declared they knew no other way, and assured me it would bring us to the station the same day. We traversed a uniform uninhabited steppe, where the little swamp waters, often overgrown with papyrus, drained to the Ibba, which also received on its east bank the Wawa, almost as copious a stream as itself. After crossing the Wawa we entered a district thickly inhabited by Mabuguru people. The track ran again for a short time close by the east bank of the Ibba, which here expanded into a spacious basin fringed by a rich vegetation of tall forest trees, brushwood, and trailing plants.

Amongst the hilly ridges in the east I fancied I recognized the table-shaped Mount Silei, already known to me, and this strengthened the impression that we were not on the road to Belledi's district. And so it turned out, for late in the afternoon we arrived at the station of another of Abdu'lallahi's dragomans. A little farther east there was certainly another station;

but this was one of Abdu'lallahi's zeribas in the border-land between the two great administrative provinces of the Bahr el-Ghazal and Hat el-Estiva (Equatorial Province). It had recently been founded, and served as a support and check to the recently-appointed dragomans, and was connected with Abdu'lallahi's northern settlements.

A short march on January 2nd brought us to the small frontier station. The Issu, which was crossed soon after leaving camp, is larger than the Ibba, and should therefore be considered the true upper course of the Tonj. I found it now twenty-five yards wide and eighteen inches deep, with an impetuous current and rocky bed. The hitherto traversed level steppe now gradually gave place to rising ground, which between the small eastern affluents of the Issu became hilly land.



BABUKUR BRACELET.

This district was also well-peopled, with numerous habitations and freshly-reclaimed land everywhere along the depressions of the swampy waters. We had a friendly reception in the clean little Arab zeriba. But we were now too far north to visit the Ombamba station, and our next destination was a settlement of chief Medi, whose districts I had also formerly touched. Here, therefore, I connected my itineraries of the years 1880 to 1884 with those of 1877-78.

The road running east to Medi's recently-founded station soon left the Mabuguru districts, and we gradually lost sight of the Magille mountains, a many-branching range south of Abdu'lallahi's zeriba. We now entered a frontier wilderness, where the prairie grass had recently been fired, leaving the ground far and wide covered with ashes, which concealed the track amid the blackened scrub, and when stirred enveloped the whole convoy in clouds of dense, stifling dust.

In this border-land lay the imperceptible water-parting between the Issu affluents and the Meriddi, which forms the upper course of the Jau. Farther on the track made

a bend through the Abaka territory to some more southern settlements, and thence by numerous habitations of Medi's subjects to the first Arab settlements in Emin Bey's administrative division.

I now pushed rapidly forward to another recently-founded station near the residence of Ansea, supreme chief of the Abaka nation. From this point to Lado the route nearly coincides with that followed by me in the years 1877 and 1878, and will therefore call for no detailed description.

Ansea's new residence lay east of his former zeriba. He at once visited me, but seemed aged and depressed, which perhaps was not to be wondered at, seeing that he had sacrificed his independence, and since the foundation of the new Government stations, had been called upon to furnish increased supplies. I now learnt that Emin was at Lado, but that no steamer had yet arrived. Nevertheless I hurried on to the new station at Kudurma's, where at last I gave myself a few days' rest.

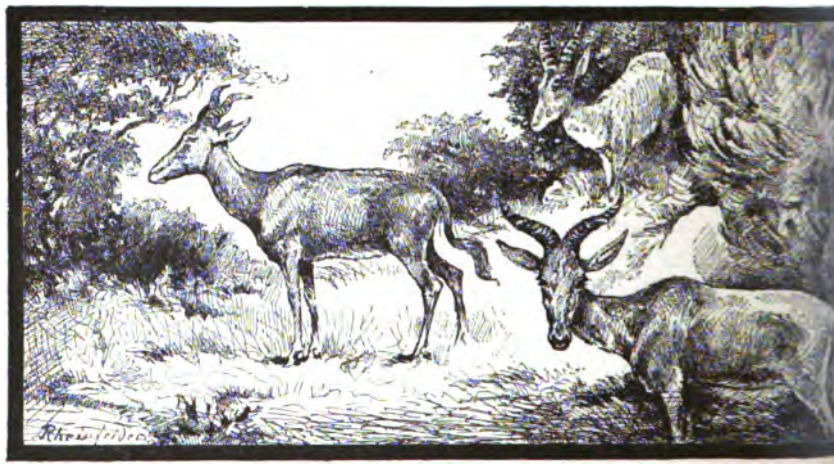
BABUKUR WOMAN.

This central station for the western districts was picturesquely situated at the foot of a hill, and near it lay numerous other habitations occupied by dragomans and natives, and surrounded by well-cultivated ground. Here there was much to astonish my people, who had never before seen such a large place. They were especially astonished at the huge cattle with their calves in the evening quietly descending the slopes to the station. At sight of a domestic cat my Akka servant's hunting instincts were aroused; in an instant he had seized bow and arrow, so that I had to explain that pussy is with us a member of the household.

Mustapha Dervish, the head of the station, was just then

at Wandi; nor had Ibrahim Muhammed Aga, Mudir of the Makaraka province, yet returned from his expedition despatched to punish the Agar rebels and rebuild the Rumbek zeriba. I found no letters awaiting me from Emin; but I now reported my approach and asked him for a reply at Wandi.

Our next goal was the new station in the Tomaya district, and on January 9th I entered Kabayendi, scarcely recognizing the old place, it had been so transformed since my previous visit. On the road thither we passed the once flourishing zeriba of



BOVINE ANTELOPE (*Antilope bubalis*).

Ringio; now it was a desolate ruin, and Ringio dead. Secret charges had been made against him to Emin, apparently more through party spirit than on the ground of his assumed ambitious designs. And now *without* trial or public sentence (such procedure in these cases was not usual in *that* province) he was *murdered*, together with others involved in the same fate, by the minions of Ibrahim Aga on his journey from Mangbattu through Loggo Land, where Ringio at times resided on Government business. I had associated long and intimately with Ringio, and had last met him with Bahit Bey in Mangbattu

Land. Can I have been mistaken in my estimate of his character (see vol. i. p. 304), and was he really such a dangerous conspirator that the Government need fear him?

For a quarter of a century Ringio had served the Arabo-Nubians and the administration. No warlike expedition could be carried out, no peaceful enterprise undertaken needing much physical labour or long convoys of carriers (I need only mention the transport of the steamer piecemeal to Dufile), in which a chief part was not played by Ringio at the head of his brave Bombehs and Makarakas. Ringio had ever been the right hand of Achmet Atrush, of Fadl Allah, Bahit Bey, and Rihan Aga, those well-tried officials of earlier times. But Ringio may doubtless have been inconvenient to the parvenu Ibrahim Aga, now risen to power and distinction. Enough! I was grievously surprised that such a man should have been "removed" in a way so opposed to justice. And what was worse, the Makarakas and Bombehs, backbones of the province, were thereby still further alienated from the Government.

On January 2nd I left for Wandi, not by the new and shorter road which ran farther north through Kura's, but by the old route through the head station. It brought us first to Makaraka sugaire (Little Makaraka), where I again recognized Achmet Aga's old rekuba. Achmet himself had died the year before; but his most useful work survived—the extensive vegetable and fruit culture in the surrounding district. The superintendent of Achmet Aga's estate brought me later whole basketsful of the produce, and in my delight I rewarded him with many little trifles, throwing in a few dollars over and above. Such was the superabundance of fruits, that much could not be utilized, especially as many of the people were still in the north with Ibrahim Aga. I brought away some *carica papaya* and fifteen splendid water-melons, some of the latter for Emin, who had introduced the seeds of the melon plant from Buganda; now they were successfully cultivated at nearly all the stations.

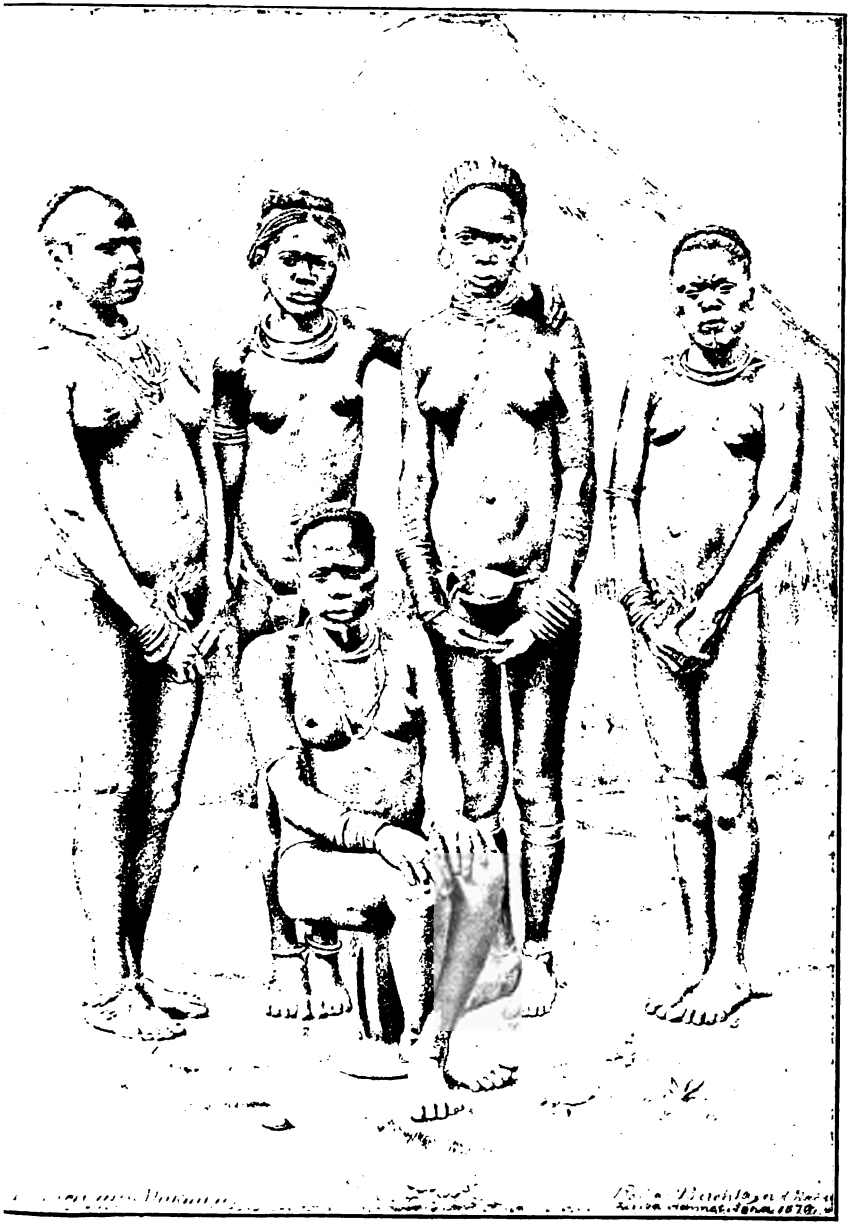
On January 12th I entered Wandi, where the painful memory was revived of the death of my former fellow-

traveller, Kopp. As in the other stations, here also we were bounteously provided for by the superintendent, the Egyptian officer Selim.

I was here overtaken by Mustapha Dervish from the north, while Emin had, by way of precaution, ordered ten basingers to keep a look-out for me on the road to Hokwa-Wando. This was now no longer necessary; but at Wandi I received the Governor's answer to my letter from Kudurma's, and in reply I informed him of my intention to continue the journey to Lado on January 16th.

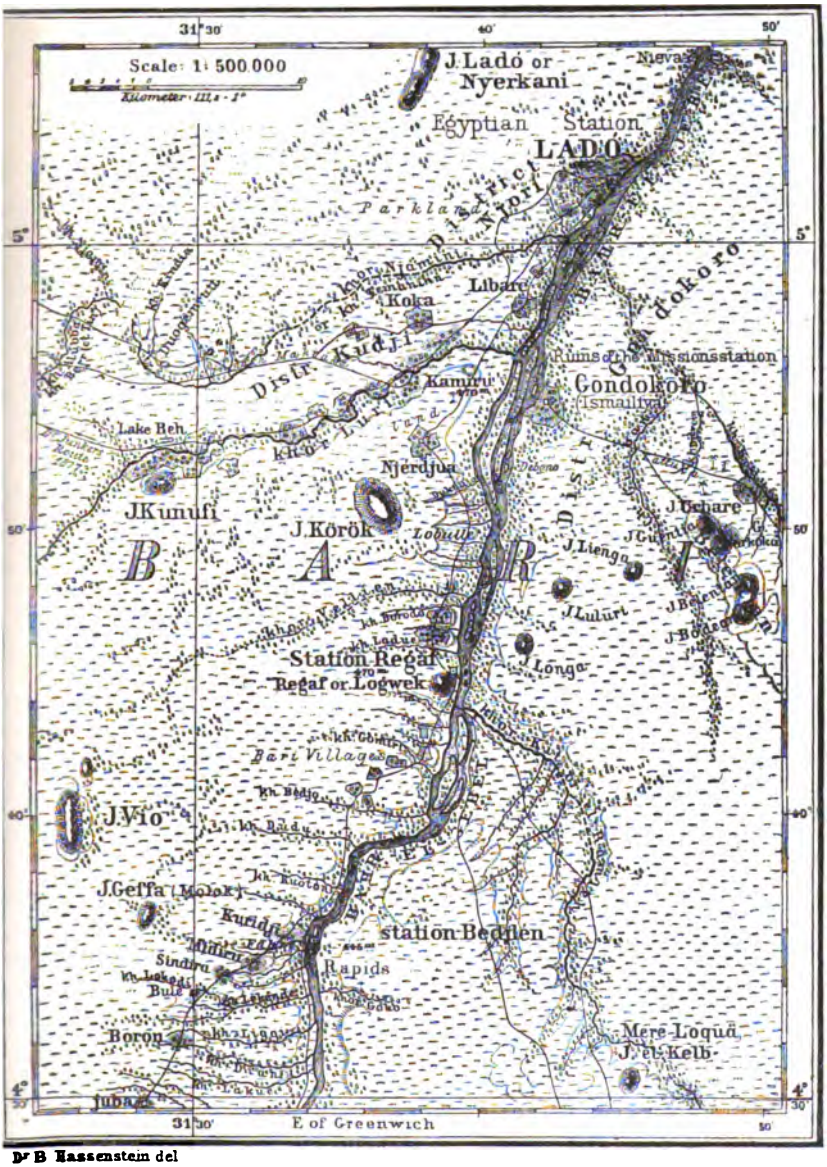
Although passing rapidly through, I could not fail to notice the many changes that had taken place in the Makaraka province during my absence. The Arabs, many of whom, however, still tarried in the land, had been replaced by a military administration with regular troops, unfortunately under the command of the Nubian upstart, Ibrahim Muhammed Aga. Many of the older officials, who had known him in a humbler position, had now to bend the knee to him, and this was specially irksome to the Egyptian officers who scarcely two years before had been removed to these provinces.

Such removals to the Sudan were not always regarded as penal measures, although they for the most part affected persons who, like the followers of Arabi Pasha, had made themselves troublesome to the authorities. Many, on the other hand, who had been banished for real misdemeanours, soon recovered their position in the Sudanese service. Others, again, who had come as common criminals sentenced to the severest punishments, often soon got rid of their fetters, and consequently regarded banishment to the Sudan with considerable complacency. But the remission of their penalties took place in the most arbitrary manner, sometimes through misplaced leniency, sometimes in the private interests of some higher official. No wonder that I had now again to listen to the old complaints of rascality brought by one against another, while all alike had their weak points. Although the charges were often made through interested motives, they none the less revealed the prevailing discontent in all classes of society. This discontent had driven



1. ABUKAYA ; 2. MAKARAKA ; 3. MONDU ; 4. MAKARAKA ; 5. MONDU.
(*From a drawing by R. Buchta.*)

many of the natives to open revolt, and the Mundu as well as the Bari people on the Nile had to be punished.



Dr B Hassenstein del

THE BAHR EL-JEBEL ABOVE LADO.

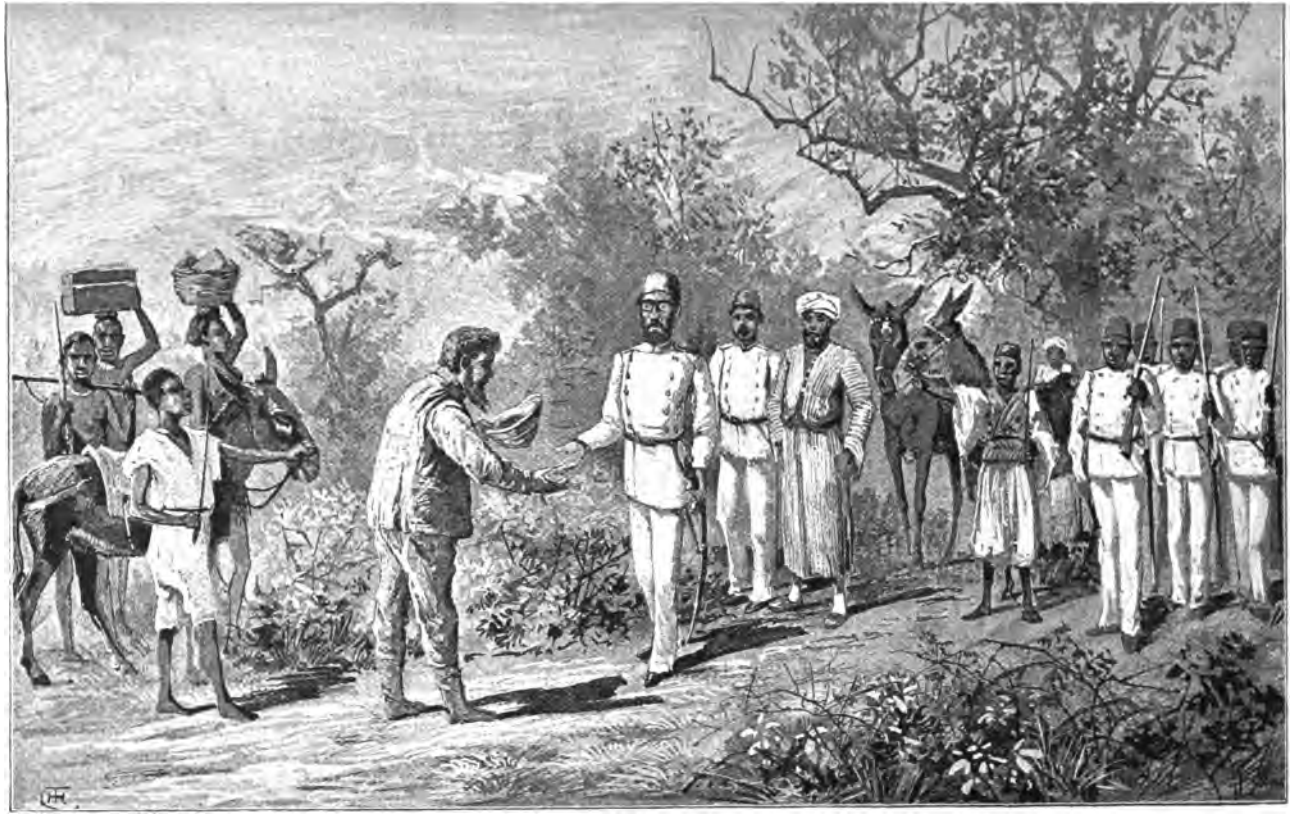
Formerly there were only five zeribas in the whole of Makaraka Land, and even these were but slightly fortified: now the number had been more than doubled, and all were for the most part defended by strong palisades—two enclosures of stout stakes, the intervening space of about three feet being filled in with logs and thorny scrub. The garrisons had also been considerably strengthened, and this again caused an increase in the official and *private* contributions levied on the natives, whose resources had rather fallen off than advanced. Under such relations the enforcement of statute labour became doubly burdensome.

The carrier service especially, to which the natives have such a decided objection, was more needed than ever by officials constantly on the move, by district superintendents and notaries, who were continually changing place, and had often to travel great distances from one station to another. A subordinate notary would demand and obtain as many as a hundred and even more carriers, utilizing them to do a stroke of business on his own account. The underlings thus became demoralized and overbearing, while the native populations were driven to despair and revolt.

On January 18th I started on my last but still toilsome journey to Lado. An ample supply of white durra and other things had been provided against a protracted stay on the Nile, or for a possible journey to Khartum. Other travellers joined our long procession, which was, moreover, escorted by some soldiers and dragomans.

At the first night encampment on the Bibia, a regular panic was caused by one of the carriers mistaking a little dog of mine in the gloom for a leopard, or perhaps a lion. An ugly rush was made to my quarters, during which my angareb got damaged, and I felt hoarse for several days afterwards from the effects of my strenuous shouting to restore order.

The second march led to my former camping-ground beyond the Reko range, beyond which another short but difficult march through thorns and scrub brought us to the little intermediate



MEETING WITH EMIN BEY. (*Drawn by L. H. Fischer.*)

NY

station of Niambara. To my inquiries about the steamer, some passing travellers from the Nile replied that it had not yet reached Lado, which completely relieved my anxiety.

Niambara Land had been depopulated, partly by former expeditions and raids, partly by an outbreak of small-pox and famine; since then this station served only as a kind of half-way house or caravanserai for travellers on their way to and fro. The settlement consisted of an aged Arab, a few basingers, and some Niambaras, who had survived the general ruin. Our next goal was the river Koda, which was some distance off beyond the second range of hills, and the stragglers did not arrive in camp till late in the evening. On the last stretch before reaching Lado travellers avoid going alone, and towards evening generally gather together in some common camping-ground, for the district is still infested by lions and leopards in undiminished numbers.

During the dry season a long march has to be made from the Koda to the next water-holes. Hence convoys start before dawn, and even then it is noon before the next watering-place is reached at the little Temanīn [1] rivulet. When we arrived we found only a few pools, still flooded, amid numerous gneiss boulders. During the second half of the route our line of march was deflected a little to the north. I was rejoiced to come in sight of Mount Kunufi, which warned us that we were approaching the Nile.

After a midday halt on the Temanīn we pushed on vigorously to the Luri, which, although a copious stream in the rainy season, was now dry; but water could be had by digging holes in the river-bed. Beyond it lay a Bari village, the destination of most of the travellers from Makaraka Land. Here I found messengers from Emin with greetings in writing, and the Governor had also been considerate enough to have huts erected for our accommodation. I was thus able to enjoy

[1] In Arabic *temanīn* means "eighty," the name having reference to eighty Arabo-Nubians once killed at this place by the Bari people.

a good night's rest after this wearisome journey, dreaming of our approaching arrival at Lado.

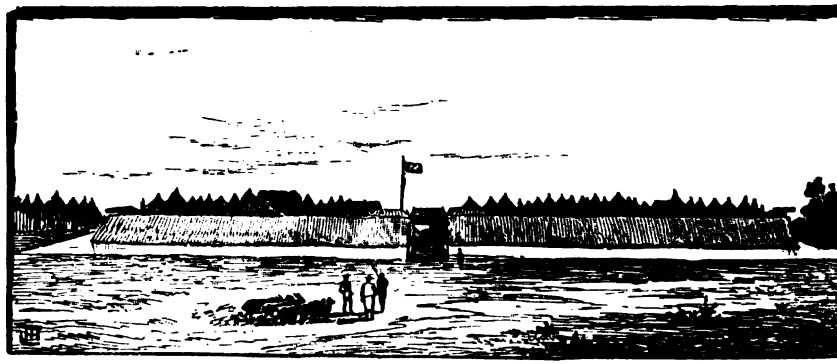
When I awoke with the sun on January 21st, 1884, I felt as if I had at last reached the end of my long peregrinations. I had been on the road for two months, having left my station at Zemio's on November 16th, 1883, and now only a short march separated me from Lado and my old friends. I was returning in good health, and my writings also, the fruits of so many explorations, had been brought safely through many a danger. For the moment it never occurred to me that Lado was still a long way from being my home. But the long sail down the Nile, and all incidental events, seemed child's play compared with what I had already gone through.

With dawn I was astride my ass, once more crossed the Luri, and thence rode through continuous cultivated Bari lands. How greatly the scene differed from that of the native settlements we had left behind us! Here the Negro had his well-protected holding, herds of cattle were everywhere grazing, the inhabitants of the numerous little Bari villages went quietly about their occupations undisturbed by the approach of strangers. My young people stared with open eyes when they saw that here the weaker was not plundered by the stronger, and that the Government of the all-powerful "Turk" did not deprive the Negro of his own. My little Akka servant Akangai, at other times usually so sedate, was now all joy and excitement at the endless succession of herds of cattle, which seemed so easy to take!

As we drew nearer the station, one of Emin Bey's men in our company was sent forward to report our approach, while I had all the still loaded rifles fired off at the last swamp-water, which, however, was now dry. Then suddenly the young people and others at the head of the column stood aside, and I beheld a number of persons in spotless white clothes advancing to meet me. At their head I at once recognized my friend, Dr. Emin Bey. He and a few other gentlemen were mounted on mules, followed by six soldiers in white uniforms. How long

since I had beheld such a spectacle! I seemed to be gazing on a solemn procession. Leaping from the saddle I greeted with moist eyes first the European, then his suite—Secretary Akhmet Effendi Mahmud, and Vita Hassan of Alexandria, the apothecary of Lado, a Tunisian Jew. The last stretch to the station we made on foot, conversing earnestly together.

GRAY KINGFISHER.



LADO STATION FROM THE WEST.

CHAPTER IX.

FIRST SOJOURN IN LADO AFTER THE RETURN JOURNEY FROM ZEMIO (21ST JANUARY TO 7TH JUNE, 1884).

Emin Bey's Home—Change in the Bed of the Nile—The Government Garden, made by Emin—The Apothecary Vita Hassan and his Shop—News of Lupton and Bohndorff—Spread of the Rebellion—Ghaba Shambeh destroyed—Latuka evacuated—Provisioning Lado—Lado Industries—Hicks' Army annihilated—Division of the Province into Districts—Ibrahim Aga in Lado—Emin's Collections—The Mahdi's Army only six hours' march from Dem Soliman—Lupton's Province in the hands of the Mahdi's followers—His Manifesto—Emin's Commands—Change in his Orders—Last Days in Lado.

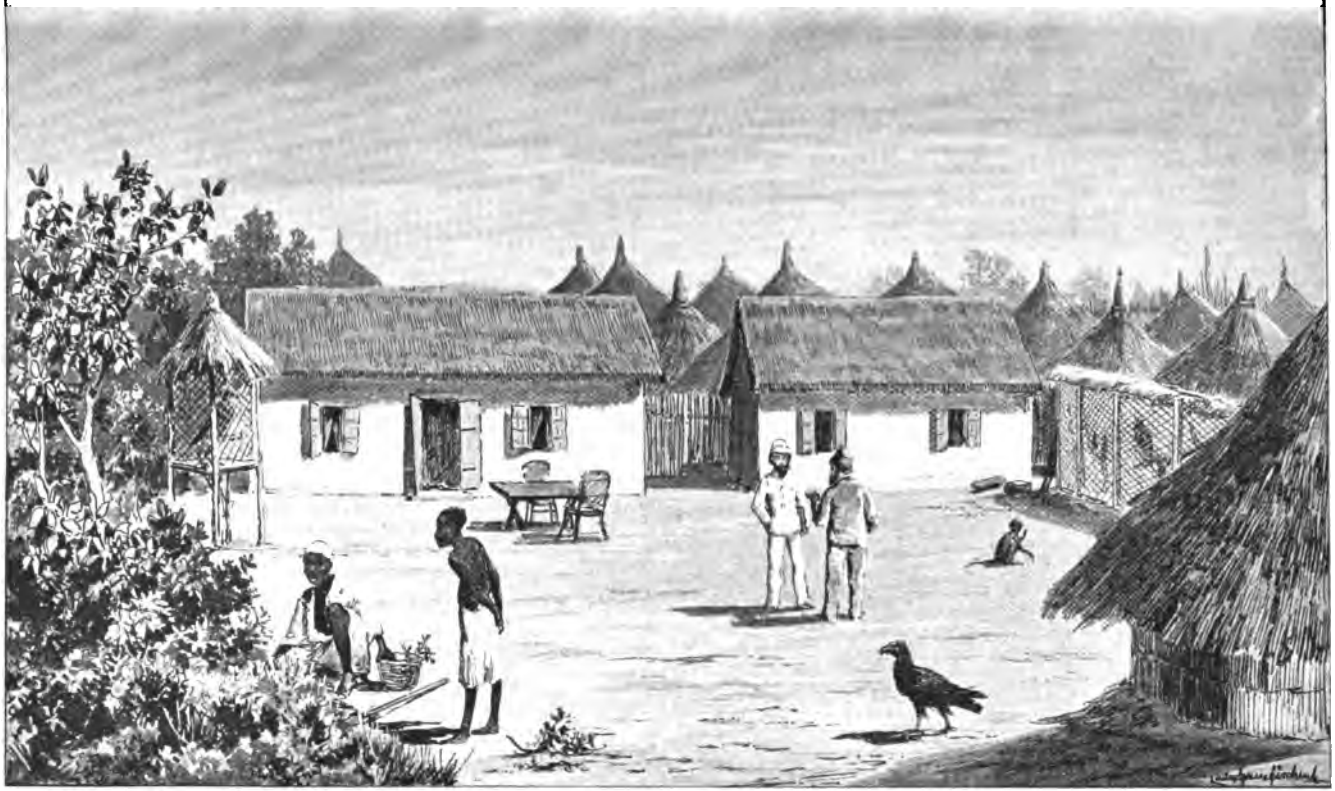
ON my arrival in Lado, which was still on the same spot, but hardly recognizable, Emin Bey first led the way to his official divan, from which I once more saw the longed-for Nile. Some old acquaintances among the officials soon came to welcome me; and then the Governor took me to his private divan, which appeared to me a veritable palace. It stood in an open spot, on the banks of the Nile, a spacious enclosed square. To the east towards the river and to the north the house was surrounded by the dark lustrous foliage of several rows of lemon-

trees, between which were the huts for the servants and guards. The west side of the square was shut in by two larger huts and a sun-roof, which were assigned to me for my residence. The southern boundary was formed by two long brick buildings, with slanting straw-roofs, and windows and doors made to shut; the one nearest to the river being the Bey's divan, the other his bedroom, the door of which opened on to the inner court. The front part of the square with its buildings stood alone, but at the back of the two large buildings were the kitchens, store-rooms, and the huts of the women-servants. The divan had two windows with aspect towards the river, which, however, owing to the palisade, was not visible; two others on each side of the door, looking on to the square and the shady lemon-trees; and a second door and a window in the wall nearest the other buildings. The arrangement, primitive as it was, had something of home comfort. One long massive table was covered with writing materials, another with meteorological instruments and newspapers: at each stood a chair of European manufacture. At the side was a bookcase with a small library, and articles from civilized countries lay about on several round iron tables. Clean covers were on all the tables, and a sofa filling another corner showed cushions and flowered covers, and the doors and windows boasted flowered curtains.

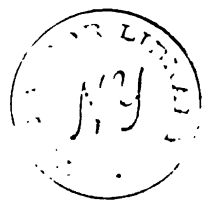
Emin Bey most kindly invited me to be his guest until the expected steamer should sail again. We both had plenty to ask and to tell, but Emin could only surmise as to the state of affairs in the north. The news I had received on the road was in fact of later date, and brought us down to May, for the *Ismaïlia* had arrived at Meshra er-Rêq after the last steamer from Khartum had reached Lado. We surmised that the long absence of the steamer was due to its being constantly employed, like all the rest since the advance of Hicks' army, in forwarding troops and provisions, and comforted ourselves with the assurance that a steamer must certainly now be on its way to Lado. The morning hours were passed in earnest conversation with Emin. The dinner-hour brought new wonders, a plentifully-covered table, with change of plates and table-

napkins, and such a choice of appetizing dishes that my palate, long accustomed to frugal fare, was not equal to the occasion. And the surprises were continued that evening in my hut. Dr. Emin had provided sumptuously for my wants; I found an angareb surrounded by a mosquito-net, with a mattress, pillows, and coverlets; a toilet-table with all manner of small luxuries, even scented soap; some chairs, and aërated waters. The second hut was for the use of my boys; the women were lodged with the Bey's servants, and Dsumbe's followers were accommodated outside with the Bey's orderlies. I settled down comfortably at once, had a bath, and felt myself another man. Towards evening a table and some chairs were set out near the lemon-trees, and we partook of a plentiful meal, including wine in green hock glasses, by the brilliant light of a genuine petroleum lamp. We talked late into the night, and then at last came the memorable moment when I once more laid myself in a clean soft bed after the hardships of so many years, during which I had nothing more than a bag with linen for a pillow. The unaccustomed comfort kept me long awake.

The last days of January were devoted to rest. Early in the morning I partook of black coffee with Emin Bey, and remained talking with him until the first breakfast at eight o'clock. At noon we continued our conversation, which was only temporarily suspended when night arrived. Emin had made his last journey to Khartum eighteen months previously, and so had much to tell me; and I, on my side, with the aid of the maps I had made, imparted all my experiences. Sometimes I visited him in the divan, where he despatched the business of the day from nine to twelve and from two to five o'clock. In the belief that, having arrived at the end of my journey, I could dispense with many things, I was very lavish with the contents of my baggage. I placed several baskets of utensils at the disposal of Emin and his subordinates. Many of these seemed very welcome, for no one had calculated on the steamer being so long away. A case of cigarette papers, for instance, was quickly appropriated, being already worth its weight in gold. Fifteen persons shared in it, each receiving five packets. Knives,



DR. EMIN BEY'S RESIDENCE AT LADO. (*Drawn by L. H. Fischer.*)



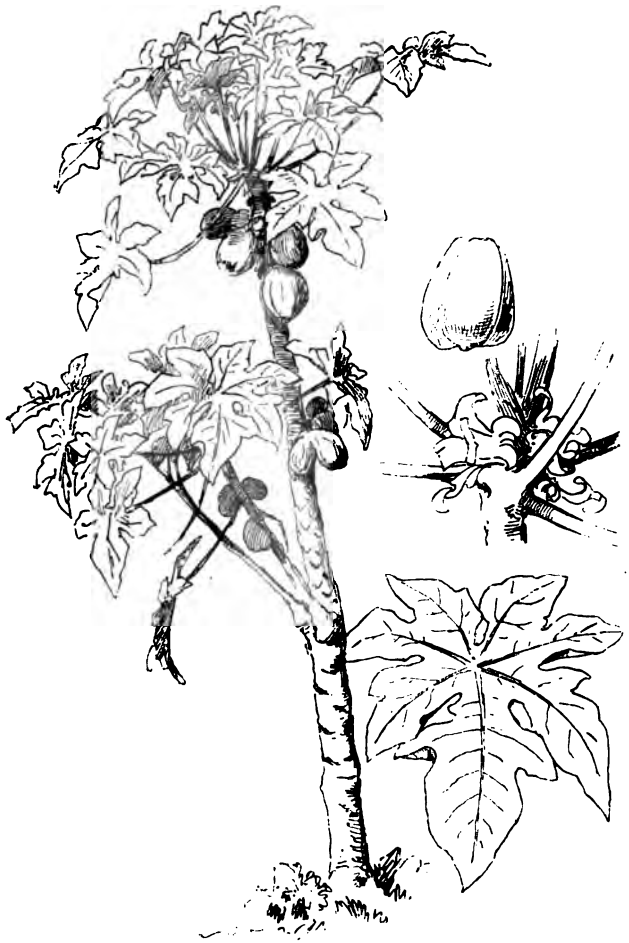
scissors, needles, etc., soon found owners. A small French folding-table with chairs to match, a hammock with hanging gear, and a large tent umbrella, which had hardly been used, I gave to Emin, as well as books, different instruments, revolvers, a small pistol, a hunting-knife, etc. I divided the remaining beads, brass armlets, needles, thread, knives, scissors, etc., and the last three Jos (double pieces) of Tirga among my boys and women; each of the boys receiving in addition two Russian suits, one of which I also gave to each of Emin Bey's little servants. For myself I only kept twenty Dra Madapolam, about the same quantity of Trumba, and a Russian peasant's costume. In the course of the first few days I called with Emin on the chief officials at the station, Vita Hassan, Akhmet Effendi Mahmud, the chief secretary, Awat Effendi, the superintendent of the stores, Hawash Effendi, and others, with whom I had previously been acquainted. Hawash, who had been dismissed in the meantime, was in very low spirits, and was endeavouring to get reinstated; he often came to see me later, but having made it a rule not to meddle, I was unable to help him much. And yet energetic officers were very much needed in the growing confusion, especially as Bahit Bey and Nur Bey, formerly Mudirs in Lado, had received their discharge and were now settled at Khartum, and another old discharged official, Morjan Aga Danassuri, was at Dufileh. They all, including the many clerks in the divan, returned my calls immediately. I devoted what spare time I had to the books I found at Emin's—I knew my own by heart, —but my writing, which was behindhand, I left for the present.

Of course the station looked quite different now from what it had done six years before. Broad, regular streets ran parallel to the river, and were intersected by several narrower cross streets, so that the large square was cut up into a number of small squares, formed by enclosed groups of huts. They were building now with clay bricks, and most of the chief officials already had houses like Emin Bey's, while others were in hand. The state-divan and rooms for the clerks were built in the same manner; and along the river buildings were in progress for Osman Latif Effendi, the administrator of the Mudiriyeh, who was then at

Rumbek, for the clerks of the department, the Kadi, the ordnance officers, etc. An air of comfort likewise pervaded Emin Bey's divan; there were window-curtains, a large writing-table, along the wall divans with cushions, chairs, and a large mirror. Two windows of the divan looked on to a small garden, in which a variety of flowers and flowering creepers were cultivated, and some papaws were spreading their beautiful crowns.

The bed of the river shifts so quickly near Lado, that in a century the river must entirely change its course. The banks here descend several feet perpendicularly to the water, whereas beyond the station, the banks on both sides slope. Since my last stay, from fifteen to twenty yards had been washed from the precipitous western bank of the chief stream, and now one often saw small portions breaking away. Emin Bey had been obliged to remove his palisade skirting the bank, between which and the water there was a small footpath, a yard and a half further inland, to prevent the palisade from falling into the water with the bank some day. Over the spot where in Gordon's time the storehouse and the divan had stood, the mighty stream now took its course. On the other side, the east bank, deposits of earth had been left, and there was now a large island covered with papyrus. In front of this, rather further down stream, a small new island was forming under my eyes. Still further down the water had made a broad side channel, through which almost the entire stream now took its way. An island many miles in length divided it from the original bed. It was easy to foresee that this rival would soon be looked upon as the chief stream. In view of these facts, it may be concluded that from this point, where it enters the gradually-widening valley of Bari Land at Bedden station, to about Sobat, the river is constantly altering its course, the change being the more rapid the further it penetrates from Lado into the marshy land to the north. Careful charts of this portion of the river will not help much in its navigation, but from the changes in the river-bed we may perhaps be able to determine whether this marshy district is gradually becoming an entire swamp, or whether it is rising by degrees. The north and west sides of the station were skirted by a small

moat, which was carried further later. The thick acacia wood, which had formerly stood in the neighbourhood of the station,



PAPAW-TREE (*Carica papaya*).

had been cut down on account of the danger at night from wild beasts. Indeed, even on short excursions to fetch wood, etc., many of the people had fallen a prey to them. The large Govern-

ment garden on the south, made by Emin, was the chief ornament of Lado. Countless lemon-trees (*Citrus Limonium Risso*) and bananas formed shady walks; one could often pick up whole basketfuls of lemons from the ground, and many were left there unheeded. The bitter orange (*Citrus bigaradia Risso*), the lime, the citron (*Citrus limetta Risso*), the orange (*Citrus aurantium*), and the papaw (*Carica papaya*), the delicious fruit of which I was to enjoy for months, were cultivated. This last grows rapidly and bears fruit at the end of the year, but it decays also in a few years. The blossom of the male plant is without fruit and gives a delicate perfume. The full-grown tree, with its regular crown of foliage, is an ornament of vegetation. The fruit, of the size of a small melon, resembles it in pulp, but tastes sweeter. Unripe, it is cooked as a vegetable; the ripe fruit soon decays. The seeds are attached to a membrane which can be peeled off, and always reminded me of fresh, gray, large-grained caviare. In addition to these, in some cases represented by a single specimen, were the guava (*Psidium piriferum*), a tree of which the fruit—green, smooth, and as large as an apple—has so strong a scent that a single one pervades the whole room: the *Annona squamosa* (the Arab Gishta, cream-fruit), the pomegranate (*Punica granatum*), small fig-trees, and the prickly-pear (*Opuntia vulgaris Mill.*). Emin Bey had even brought the vine from Khartum, and it bore blossoms, but as yet no grapes. The cassava and the sweet potato of the Negroes were also cultivated, and often appeared on our dinner-table, though they are despised by the Arabs and people in Khartum as food for niggers. There were large supplies of sugar-cane, which was distributed once a week. All the Arab vegetables of the season were grown, and cabbage and other things found their way to our table.

The gardens were of profit to the Government, as the products were sold daily to the officials for a fixed sum. The orange-trees were not very forward, whereas, at Bor station, they already showed splendid fruit. Later, when I was at Dufileh, Emin Bey sent me a basketful that had been forwarded to him from Bor. Dr. Emin had also brought a variety of flower-seeds from Khartum, and sowed them with good result. The gardener, an

Egyptian and non-commissioned officer in the artillery, surrised me now and again with a gracefully-arranged bouquet f various flowers and rare foliage. The orange and papaw lossoms were never wanting, and scented my whole room. I ıust here make mention of the chemist's garden. The storeıouse lay on the river n the south-east corner ıf the station, a coninuation of Emin Bey's dwelling; and livided from this by ı broad street running ɔarallel to the river was this garden. On the ɔne side, in the midst ɔf the dark-green foliage of lemon-trees, papaws, and other useful plants was a carefully-constructed miniature building, with doors and windows made to shut. This was the chemist's shop. The drugs were carefully arranged on shelves and in cupboards. The room was divided into two by the long dispensing table, with apothecary's scales, small mortars, etc.; the doors, windows, and wooden furniture were painted red-brown; everything in the house and garden was spotlessly clean, and did honour to the sense of order of Vita Hassan, the apothecary. A shady path led from the shop to the back of the garden, where some huts for sick people stood. The path was charming, bordered on either hand by a trellis covered with a perennial blue convolvulus, brought by Emin Bey from Khartum,

VITA HASSAN, APOTHECARY AT LADO.

which divided it from the vegetable beds. The garden was watered on the Arab system by an apparatus which conducted the water from the Nile in small branching canals, covered or uncovered, in the direction desired. An engine for raising the water was there, but unfortunately was not used.

In the course of time Emin Bey had made a considerable collection of ethnographical objects, which he handed over to me to be divided at my discretion among the museums of Europe. That gave me work for many days. I at once commenced cleaning and sorting the objects with the help of my boys, so as to have everything in readiness for the next steamer. Together with the various articles brought to me by the officials, this collection amounted to several camel-loads. The smaller things were packed in four large Berlin wooden boxes, which Emin Bey had brought from Khartum, where I had left them. There were no boxes for the larger objects, but Emin Bey gave me a number of straw mats, such as the Lurs near Wadelai make, in which I had them sewn in bundles until I could get cases for them at Khartum. Many were packed in large baskets, and the whole collection, together with the one I had brought from Zemio's, was housed in a separate hut in Emin Bey's inner enclosure.

And now the steamer ought to have come, but we saw nothing of it. We discussed its non-appearance more and more frequently. At first we had no misgivings, but after a while we began to fear that the state of affairs in Khartum was more complicated than we had imagined. The captain of the *Ismaïlia*, which had commenced its return journey from Meshra er-Rêq to Khartum on December 11th, had said that a second steamer had been named to leave Khartum for Lado soon. Months had passed, and the end of February was at hand; and they must have known by this time in Khartum of Lupton's difficult position in the Bahr el-Ghazal province, of the fate of Rumbek, and the commencement of hostilities by the Negroes in this province also, as well as of all other untoward circumstances in the Equatorial Province. And although in the latter half of the previous year all the steamers near Khartum were fully occupied, in the fair

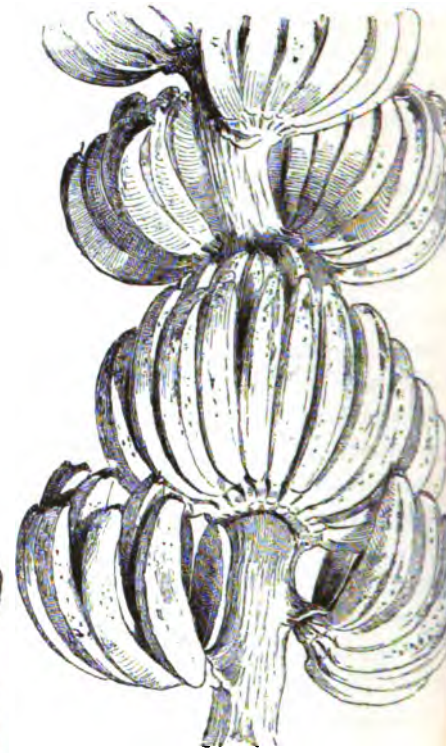
of such intelligence the Government should evidently not have lost a moment in sending steamers to us and to the Bahr el-Ghazal. What could, then, be the reason? Many still tried to hope it might only be carelessness, but I could no longer think so. I thought it more probable that the river was blocked; but this was contradicted by the fact that the water was very low, whereas the last time the river had been blocked, it had been remarkably high until the way was opened again. We exhausted ourselves in theories and conjectures. No one yet dared believe the worst.

The airing, cleaning, and packing of my collections occupied me until the middle of February. Endless pains were necessary in order to preserve the hides and skins, which filled many cases. I could not finally pack them as yet, being obliged to keep them at hand so that I might examine them frequently. Now, however, that the steamer did not arrive, I set to work at my writing, and at length began with a heavy heart to make arrangements for 1884, for my hopes that it might be unnecessary grew fainter and fainter. Tikitili Akangai, already grown up, whom, with Binsa, I had planned to take with me to Khartum, and if possible to Europe, I sent back in February to Mangbattu with Mustapha Dervish, who had arrived from Kudurma, as he gave me so much trouble. He wept bitterly at parting, perhaps moved by attachment, or very likely because he would now have to keep himself. My youngest Akka, whom I had sent to Lupton with the request to forward him to me at Khartum, was more docile, and Lupton had sent me word that he should be despatched in the next steamer with my collection which had been left behind by Bohndorff.

So far Lupton's letters from the Bahr el-Ghazal province had brought more favourable tidings than those received at Zemio's. The Dinkas had been routed on all sides with heavy loss, and he hoped soon to completely subdue the rebellion. Towards the end of December he wrote to me from Dembo that in a few days he was going to march against the Dinkas with 1600 men, and hoped to beat them. He had received no tidings from Dar-Fôr and Kordofan. I obtained the last tidings from

Bohndorff in Meshra er-Rêq, dated December 9th, two days before the steamer was to leave for Khartum, and his letter also had been satisfactory in every way. They had reached

DEVELOPMENT OF THE BANANA FRUIT.



BUNCH OF RIPE BANANAS.

Meshra er-Rêq unmolested, with an escort of 500 men. The chiefs of the harassed Dinkas, already weary of war, were daily expected in Jur Ghattas to tender their submission. Every fear of danger to Khartum was said by those on the steamer to have disappeared; the insurrection had been quelled in all the provinces of the Blue Nile, etc. But all these tidings

had been five months old in December, as the *Ismaïlia* had started for Meshra er-Rêq in July.

The province of Hat el-Estiva did not seem to be threatened by any immediate danger. On the contrary, the troops there had succeeded in giving the Agars a sharp lesson after the fall of Rumbek, and Ibrahim Muhammed Aga had thereupon restored peace in the province, and begun to rebuild Rumbek. But if attended by the least success the example of an insurrection spreads among the Negroes like the small-pox. The first successes of the Dinkas had infected the Agars, and the rebellion spread from them to their neighbours on the east almost unnoticed, so that the road to Ghaba Shambeh on the Nile to the north of Lado seemed to be in danger. On receiving intelligence that the garrison there was shut in and already suffering from scarcity of supplies, Emin Bey despatched a barque from Lado with twelve men, under the Egyptian officer Abd el-Wahab Effendi, to take corn to them from Bor. But, on February 29th, in the leap-year 1884,

BANANA-TREE, WITH FRUIT.

before the boat could reach its destination, a Job's messenger arrived reporting that Shambeh had been taken by the Negroes, the garrison hewn down, and the station destroyed.

All our fears now centred on the skiff and its unhappy occupants. Only a miracle could save them, for, even if they perceived in time that the station was destroyed, it would hardly be possible for them to work their way up-stream to us again during the period of contrary winds. New forebodings for the fate of the steamer from Khartum were also occasioned by the fall of Shambeh. If the captain were not wary, he would fall into the hands of the Negroes; but for us it would be even worse if the captain were led by the fall of Shambeh to the mistaken conclusion that Lado and Bor had also succumbed, and so return in despair to Khartum. It seemed necessary therefore to garrison Shambeh again, and to make short work with the natives. Ibrahim Aga, who had been set at liberty after the fight with the Agars, received the command to march on Shambeh with reinforcements; for Bufi, the nearest station to Shambeh, seemed also in danger, and was in consequence strengthened like Rumbek and Ayak. And now, in order to secure the central station of the province, the outlying garrisons had to be recalled. Those in the province of Latuka to the east of the Bahr el-Jebel, whence reports of danger and demands for reinforcements had already been received, were ordered to evacuate the stations and to fall back in the first place upon Obbo, lying east of the Bahr el-Jebel. There was at present no anxiety about Bor, although there was no land communication, and the boats had only been able to return to Lado during the north winds after the rainy season; the few boats at hand however were absolutely necessary for the service between Lado-Regaf, Regaf-Bedden, and Bedden-Kiri; so that since the last steamer in April there had been no tidings from Bor. It was garrisoned however by a strong force with about 200 rifles, and had always been able abundantly to provision itself.

Certainly, in such unquiet times, much that was unforeseen might happen at any moment. For instance, even before my arrival at Lado a rebellious spirit had manifested itself among

the local Baris, and an insurrection had only been averted by the prompt measures taken by Emin Bey, so that now all was quiet again. Another constant anxiety was the provisioning. A raid in the previous month to the west and south-west had yielded a hundred oxen, some of which were divided among the officials in lieu of pay, the amount being measured by three different degrees of age or size; and the rest were kept in reserve for slaughtering. The article most needed was corn, which arrived now only in single consignments, both the welcome white durra-corn from Makaraka, and the red from the south. Some years before, corn had been brought from Khartum in barges towed by the steamers, but later this was discontinued, and Lado supplied its own demand, which was constantly increasing with the growing number of officials from distant parts, from Makaraka, Madi, and the south. The irregularity in the arrival of the consignments by boat, which were thus rendered indispensable, compelled Emin to husband the corn, so that the old supply might not be exhausted before the new arrived.

His secretary, Achmet Effendi Mahmud, was at this very time at the southern stations, Dufileh and Wadelai, for the purpose of fetching corn for the supply of Lado in those uncertain times. Vita Hassan, the chemist and physician, was also there to inspect the sick at the station. In Lado he attended to the less pressing cases under the supervision of Emin Bey, who, in spite of his position, still clung to his old profession, and never refused his gratuitous aid. Now that Vita was away, it fell to Emin to look after the dispensary early in the morning. He did not greatly feel the loneliness of his house, where these two gentlemen, and now and then the keeper of the stores, Awat Effendi, were the only guests. The customary reception-hour in the evening, at which coffee is handed round to the chief officials, had not been introduced in the Governor's divan, although in general he was friendly to everybody.

On March 4th the first light rains began. Since my return to Lado there had been several very cool nights, when I had been glad of blankets. Soon the temperature rose to upwards of 82°, and I could not sleep at night for the heat, not

to mention the skin irritation which had set in again, and which I endeavoured to cure by baths and lotions. Now that the rains threatened us once more I had to clear my store-room, and I had a small gutter and channels made round my hut to carry off the water. The evening I spent with Emin Bey, and we sometimes regaled ourselves with Abyssinian beer (made of water, honey, and a little fermented grain), which was brewed in his house. When fresh it tastes like mead, and is very sweet, and after a few days acquires an agreeable acidity; but, like all other beverages in this country, it soon begins to ferment, and is then unfit for consumption. A box of cigars that I had reserved completed our enjoyment, but I kept back a few dozen for momentary comfort in later still more evil days. I could already see how many privations the secondary officials had to endure. Coffee, sugar, Khartum tobacco, rice, beans, and many other articles, all of which had formerly been regularly supplied by the steamer, were now wanting to most of them. The Effendi from Egypt, who was perpetually twirling his cigarette papers, had now to resort to a native pipe and Negro tobacco, and soon the little pipe-bowls from Magungo were in great demand.

In this way coin lost value, and absurdly high sums were given for trifles. Very shortly after my arrival I noticed at the sale of the effects of a man who had died, such prices as the following:—1 oka of tobacco, 104½ piastres; 1½ pieces of Tirga, 225 P.; 4 old boxes of hay, 80 P.; 2 locks, 54 P.; 1 old suit, 180 P.; 1 old coat, 125 P.; an old pair of trousers, 125 P., etc. And these prices rose with every month. I had already been obliged to beg thread and buttons for new Arab shirts and trousers, having given all mine away at first.

The short-sighted officials still thought that the delay of the steamer was due to carelessness in sending it off, and their whole wrath was directed against the Government. Every one longed to get away to Khartum, and hardly one would have remained of his own free will. Even a bottle of *Asti spumante*, which Emin Bey produced one day as a secret saving to cheer us up, availed nothing, so heavily did the uncertain future weigh on us. To me it seemed almost irony that new buildings were

in course of construction in Emin Bey's inner courtyard. Bari women were every day employed in carrying bricks for it with as much patience as if they had been building for eternity.

March 16th was a day of sad reminiscences, for it was just a year since the last steamer had arrived. "What is happening in the North?" we all asked of one another, and there was no one to answer. Even in the preceding years, since Gordon left, the steamers had not often been sent from Khartum, as may be seen from the following record:—

1878. *Safia* brought a few goods and English missionaries: river then closed. When reopened—

1880, April 3rd, *Burdên*—no goods.
1880, Aug. 5th, *Burdên*—goods.
1881, Jan. 14th, *Embaba*—goods.
1881, Jan. 29th, *Burdên*—no goods.
1881, July 4th, *Safia*—goods.
1881, Dec. 18th, *Burdên*—goods.
1882, July 13th, *Ismaïlia*—no goods.
1883, March 16th, *Telhawin*—no goods.

So that only nine times in the last six years had steamers come to Lado from Khartum. In the Bahr el-Ghazal territory it was not much better; so that there was nothing for it but to manage as best one could. Many of the officials clothed themselves in the Damur stuff manufactured in the province. Emin Bey gave me two whole pieces, which were really intended as specimens for the collections, but which I was soon obliged to take for my own use. The strong north winds which had formerly brought the boats from Khartum blew now in vain. To make up for the want of spirits, a common native kind was manufactured. The dragomans, who lived in a large zeriba of their own near Lado, and some Sudanese women in the station, made a good profit by this spirit manufacture, selling it at half a thaler the bottle. The clerks and officials were good customers, and celebrated the Friday, their Sunday, with mighty libations, and very often awoke on Saturday morning in the lock-up in consequence of some disturbance the night before. The spirits were often made the excuse for gambling. Sometimes the

men lost the whole of their money and even their household goods in a single night. Occasionally complaints of this were brought before the Kadi: he had nothing else to attend to except conjugal differences, testamentary quarrels, etc.

When weary of the sight of this demoralization, I would refresh myself with a visit to the school. It included an orphanage, giving shelter to about a dozen sons of deceased officials. A few of the officials also sent their small Negroes to be taught. Among the handicrafts, shoemaking and carpentering were represented at Lado, and there was also a tinker, but the blacksmith's work was done by Negroes. The shoemaker was a genius in his line. Without having learned his trade in Khartum, he soon advanced from sewing the simple Arab shoes to making all kinds of shoes of European patterns. Even Emin Bey and I employed him, but well-tanned leather was not to be had. In order that his art might not perish with him, some of the officials apprenticed their Negro boys to him. I recognized in the carpenter the same man who five years before had made some small boxes and other things for me at Khartum. He had formerly been servant to Dr. Orris, and had learned in the arsenal at Khartum, and was now stationed here to attend to all the carpentering. On the other hand, the tinker, a Khartumer, had not advanced much beyond soldering, but was useful in mending the kettles. In Lado I saw few of the private vegetable gardens which are to be found at the other stations, for the men for the most part relied on the produce of the Government garden. Only Awat and Hawash Effendi, who had been reinstated in the meanwhile, and were soon transferred to Dufileh, had any taste for gardening; they grew a variety of things in their fields, and Hawash brought me some very fine cucumbers.

There were still no tidings, except a message from Makaraka that the chief Ganda had been killed in a feud south of Rimo, but that peace had been restored. And Ibrahim Aga announced that he had seized several hundred cows, and was about to send corn to Shambeh, and reopen the station which had been destroyed two years before and since rebuilt.

At length, on March 26th, Lupton's sensational news put us out of all doubt as to the situation in the north. In a long letter to Emin Bey, he described the complete success of his expedition to the north, and how he had completely subdued the northern Dinka tribes. By a clever artifice he had succeeded in entrapping several of the enemy, whose depositions had been of service to him. Proceeding further northwards, he learnt that General Hicks had been beaten in Kordofan, and his troops entirely annihilated. An Arabic letter which Lupton enclosed was of importance.[1] It was addressed to Zaati, who had left for Khartum by the last steamer, by an official who had escaped to the Mahdi from the Bahr el-Ghazal. It could not be denied that it contained some truth, but the object evidently was to entice Zaati and his people over to the Mahdi, if not to place the Mudiriyeh Bahr el-Ghazal in the hands of the rebels. It was related therein that Hicks, Allah ed-Din Pasha, Gnawi Bey, and many others were killed, and that the Mahdi was pressing on to Khartum; that Dar-Fôr had fallen, Slatin Bey had surrendered and become a Mussulman, bearing the name Abd el-Kader; that the Mahdi was in possession of four sherifs, that is to say, four armies; that Bornu, Bagirmi, Wadai had sent envoys to the Mahdi, and so on. At the same time, Lupton sent a number of newspaper cuttings, which contained nothing new beyond further details and reports of past occurrences. We knew now how it was that neither the steamer nor tidings from Khartum had reached us for more than a year. A painful certainty took the place of the blank uncertainty. My worst fears were realized. The most important question for us now was, What has Egypt, what has Europe, determined on in the face of this last great disaster? That Egypt alone would be unable to quell this rebellion seemed beyond doubt. Besides, we thought, Europe must now see that her honour is at stake; the work of a hundred years of civilization must not be lost. Even an international crusade seemed not too much to hope for. Our fate depended upon whether everything would be lost before help arrived. If only we had known whether Khartum

[1] Reprinted in R. Buchta's *Der Sudan unter ägyptischer Herrschaft*, p. 156.

had fallen! But this was the uncertainty that now tortured us. Emin Bey, however, kept Lupton's tidings strictly secret from the people. March neared its close sadly enough. My sojourn in Lado threatened to be indefinitely prolonged, and I was still living at Emin Bey's as his guest. I felt that I ought to provide for myself to the best of my power, and to set up housekeeping on my own account. Dsumbe, with his wives and children, was still with me; but on receiving the evil tidings I decided to dismiss him, as it was difficult to maintain so many people. I had now to content myself with Binsa, my three girls remaining with Emin Bey's people. I asked Emin to give me a house that had been vacated in the station. He assented at once, but, with his usual kind forethought, had it repaired first, so that for the present I remained his guest. Hawash Effendi's journey to Dufileh, where he was to assume the government of the southern districts, took place at this time. The Hat el-Estiva (Equatorial Province) of Emin Bey was sub-divided into ten districts (Idarát)—

1. District (Idara) of Rôl, capital Ayak. Stations: Ghaba, Shambeh, Bufi, Lessi, Rumbek, Gôk, and dependencies.

2. Idara Lado, capital Lado (Mudiriyeh). Stations: Amadi, Sayadin, Gondokoro, Regaf, Beddên, and dependencies.

3. Idara Makaraka, capital Wandi. Stations: Kabayendi, Kudurma, Anzea, Medi, Ombamba, Goza, Mundu, Loggo, Tambira, Kalika, Kerebêk, with dependencies.

4. Idara Mangbattu, capital Mbaga. Stations: Gango, Kubbi, Tangazi, Gadda, Dongu, with dependencies.

5. Idara Kiri, capital Laboreh. Stations: Kiri, Muggi, Khor Ayu.

6. Idara Dufileh, capital Dufileh. Stations: Fatiko, Wadelai, with dependencies.

7. Idara Fauvera, capital Foda. Stations: Fauvera, with dependencies.

8. Idara Fadibêk, capital Fajuli. Stations: Farayok, Fadibêk, Fatyer, Fartyel, Lobbor, with dependencies.

9. Idara Latuka, capital Tarangole. Stations: Obbo, Kurau, Marangole, with dependencies.

10. Idara Bor, capital Bor, with dependencies.

So that, in consequence of the latest intelligence, Hawash Effendi was to break up the stations in the Fauvera and Fadibêk districts, and to concentrate the soldiers in the southern stations for the present, just as the men in the Latuka stations had been recalled on the fall of Shambeh. Besides the stations on the Bahr el-Ghazal, the only station to the south was Fatiko, which was left to guard the eastern territory on the other side of the river, near Dufileh, which afforded a rich store of grain for the stations.

I dismissed Dsumbe on April 1st, after making out a certificate of freedom for him and the other servants. In addition to the wages due to him, I gave him a gun and ammunition; and, armed with credentials from Emin Bey, he returned to Mangbattu Land. The rainy season set in very gradually this year. We heard from Dufileh in April that the river had not yet risen there, whereas, in the previous year, when the rains came earlier, there had been considerable floods at this time. My work was now limited to making fair copies of the routes I had marked out on my journeys. I made a copy for Emin Bey of my map of the country bordering his province on the west from Abaka Land to Ndoruma's, and of Mangbattu Land in the south. April 6th was Palm Sunday. More letters arrived from Lupton, but did not contain much that was new. A copy of an Arab letter sounded strange and unintelligible. It asserted that the soldiers had made a slaughter of the Arabs at Shekka, and one of the leaders was said to have fled to Harum, one of the last survivors of the old race of Sultans at Dar-Fôr. Under the date of March 27th, Lupton wrote to me that he would soon send the maps he had made of his route between Ombanga and Dem Bekir, for which I had asked him. A letter I had sent from Lado for Zemio had reached him. He made complaints of Zassa, who had still failed to appear in the Mudiriyeh. Zemio, however, had returned well contented from the wars, and had been indemnified by him (Lupton) with articles of the value of 2500 piastres; and shortly before, Foya, Zemio's uncle, had brought 1430 carriers with 106 ardeb of corn. Zassa had also

sent 1000 loads, and Zemio's brother, Wando, had sent his son with a promise of 800 loads, and the request that he might be removed from the jurisdiction of Rafai's province. (I had persuaded Wando to do this on my journey through.) These were the latest tidings of my black friends in the west. Untoward tidings came of Shambeh. In Lado we had thought it was in course of being rebuilt, in accordance with the orders to Ibrahim Aga; and now, on April 7th, arrived a letter from Ibrahim, demanding 600 men for the march to Shambeh, as the other stations had been reinforced, and there were not sufficient men left for Shambeh. Owing to the universal inertia, the troops from Latuka were not to be expected for months. Ibrahim Aga was evidently wanting in good-will, and so the rebuilding of Shambeh was postponed until fresh complications made it impossible to carry it out.

On Holy Thursday I completed a second section of my map. On Good Friday Emin Bey regaled me with fish, which were better than our hopes. On Saturday in Holy Week a fire broke out in the station, and reduced a whole block between four streets to ashes. Some saved their chattels by bringing them to the river bank, but many stood irresolutely by, stammering prayers. My boy had put the boxes out in the court. Fortunately there was no wind, or else the conflagration would have been much more serious, for the huts, sun-roofs, and granaries in the different yards stood close together.

On April 13th I kept Easter Sunday by reading old papers after the day's work was finished, and smoking one of the reserve cigars. Emin Bey received an Easter egg—*i. e.* Gambari sent him a fine live eagle (Atumba in Mangbattu) and a number of small green parrots. A bamboo cage was made for the eagle under the lemon-trees in the outer court, and for the parrots Emin had one of the window-spaces in the thick wall of his divan enclosed on both sides with a wire netting, and a small tree-stump placed in the middle. The parrots, to which some estreldas were added later, took to their abode with great satisfaction, which they manifested by a terrific noise early in the mornings. A beautiful African eagle (*Helotarsus ecaudatus*

had been in Emin's house five years already. He walked about as he liked, and often visited me in my hut. He was not dangerous, and liked to have his head stroked and to be fed

HELOTARSUS ECAUDATUS.

with the bats that were often caught in the store-rooms by dozens. A water-fowl with long legs, and a little rail, were members of the household at large, and could be seen splashing in the puddles in the court, especially when the lemon-trees

were being watered. Several *Colobus Guereza* were no less valuable. The gray parrots, which had been introduced from Mangbattu Land, were also kept in many of the other houses.

Lupton's official letters contained nothing new. He complained that his soldiers, who, after the rebuilding of Rumbek, had been forced to co-operate with Ibrahim's troops to the west and north of Rumbek, were still kept back to assist, it was pretended, in the march on Shambeh. Emin Bey knew nothing about it, and had already reprimanded this arbitrary measure on Ibrahim's part. Heavy rains set in after Easter, cooling the air, and making it easier to sleep at night. In the daytime I practised fatalism, and read a series of the *Ausland*. On April 18th, my birthday, Emin Bey surprised me with a beautiful bouquet, and in the evening gave a dinner that, under the circumstances, was magnificent: soup, sourkrout with sausages, pickles, and at least ten other dishes that he had managed to procure. Even a bottle of French white wine (Bomes), that had been kept sealed till now, was sacrificed. I contributed a small bit of Turkish tobacco.

On April 21st, Ibrahim Muhammed Aga, Abd Allah Abu Seïd, from Ndirfi, who had come to Mangbattu with Bahit Bey, and Defl-Allah from Ayak on the Rôl, arrived in Lado after making war on the Agars. Ibrahim made up the most wonderful fabrication. He said he knew for certain from Khartum that a railway was being constructed across Gos-Rejeb; that Slatin was certainly dead, etc. About the war against the Agars, he said that much blood had been shed, and that he had had all the ringleaders and many of the chiefs hanged. It was useless, he continued, to rebuild Shambeh now, as the natives would be sure to destroy it again. It was quite certain that these officials had regained from the Negroes much that had fallen into the hands of the latter on the destruction of Rumbek. Extravagant sums were reported later to have been appropriated by Ibrahim. Allowing for the general tendency to exaggerate, one might calculate them at a tenth, which still made a very big sum. Ibrahim strutted about in an embroidered uniform, but his bearing remained that of the rude,

crafty Dongolan of seven years before. To me he made very friendly advances, and often came to see me.

Some wild beasts also made their appearance in our neighbourhood. One day two half-grown leopards were sent to Emin from the south; and one evening we were alarmed by an elephant who, coming from the east, had swum over to one of the islands opposite the station, and now came wading and splashing through to our side, making direct for the stores. The noise made by the men caused him to beat a retreat, but he soon attempted to effect a landing again, and had to be driven away with bullets. In the morning an elephant-hunter followed up his track, but could not find him. On April 26th we could see that the river had risen a little at last. The next day the Copts, of whom there were many among the clerks, celebrated their Easter at the same time as the members of the Greek Church, and the divan was closed in consequence.

More letters came from Lupton. They were full of courage and hope. Amongst other things he wrote that the Mandala Arabs had extended the field of their hostilities far to the south, nearly reaching the Mudiriyeh. He still had no tidings from Dar-Fôr of Slatin Bey. At the end of April I sent him a report on the part of his province through which I had travelled, and a compass which he had asked for. Ibrahim Allah and Abd Allah from Ndirfi left for Makaraka.

And now it was already May. In a desultory way I occupied myself with all kinds of things, just as they came. I went on making out my map, and the collections were steadily increasing. Officials and travellers brought ethnological objects to Emin, which he handed over to me, so that I soon had several basketfuls standing about. Vita Hassan, too, brought back all kinds of things from his inspection of the South. Emin Bey himself filled some cases with birds' skins, mammals, butterflies, etc.; there was even the perfect skeleton of an Akka; and, to crown all, he placed the whole of his stock of living animals at my disposal. A basket of seeds stood ready for Dr. Schweinfurth; and I had undertaken to convey all these collections, in accordance with Emin Bey's wishes, to London, Vienna, Berlin,

Munich, etc. Along with these, there were political and military matters to occupy one. A number of irregular troops, Dongolans, were despatched to A-Madi and Bufi, where there was danger of the Negroes following the example of their fellows near Ghaba Shambeh, and attacking Bufi, which lay near it. Defl-Allah Ayak received a number of arms from the stores, and left for his station on the Rôl. And then came the hours of despondency again. I often sat now with Emin Bey outside his house, under the shady tree by the river, which flowed free and unobstructed to the north. Once I proposed in joke that we should entrust to it letters in pumpkin bottles decorated with a small flag. Many a trifling incident seemed now a matter of moment. It was not without sadness that I got out my last Oxford shirt. I had hoped to wear it on the return journey to Cairo.

The construction of my hut somewhat diverted my thoughts. I went every day to superintend it, and thought the while of Sir Samuel Baker; for the implements he had left behind were still in active service. If it had not been for him, many necessary tools, which after so many years I saw in daily use, would never have found their way here. He it was who introduced good implements, and at that time supplied Gondokoro, the first station, with axes, shovels, picks, etc. The zinc plates he brought for covering the stores were still used, though certainly for many other purposes. How great would have been the straits at first if Baker had not so energetically provided against them! But I was surprised that many of the implements thus provided had never been used. In the whole province there was no one who could give direct instruction in many practical arts, the very A B C of the work of civilization. It was an infinite pity that no ingenious man with a talent for small technical expedients, such as the English often send with their Protestant missions, was at Emin's side to assist him. The Roman missionaries are almost without exception talented and trained in this direction. It is owing to this want that the buildings in Lado show no progress. They were constructed of simple clay-bricks dried in the sun, which were certainly easily

ORNAMENTS OF THE NILE TRIBES: NECKLACES, IVORY ARMLETS, GIRDLES OF IRON, AND BEADS.

made; but before Emin Bey had undertaken the administration of the province, there had been brick-kilns in active service at Lado, and once a handsome solid divan had been built of the bricks under my eyes. Emin Bey said that since all the wood had been cut down in the vicinity of Lado, there was no material for brick-burning; but the bricks might easily have been baked a few miles up the river and brought down in barges. It was just the same with the water-machine mentioned above. How well it would have pumped up the water for the large garden and the considerable network of canals! only a substantial shaft of wood or bricks to protect the tube from being choked by the mud was necessary. An engine-man of the steamer from Dufileh had only just for the first time set the water-engine at work, but the shaft was not constructed, and so the machine fell later into disuse again. It was the same with a number of excellent wheel-barrows, some of wood and some of thick iron sheets, such as were used in thousands by the workmen on the Suez Canal. A large number were sent to Khartum, and dozens of them forwarded to Lado, but they lay unused in the station store-houses. All the refuse from the houses and gardens and streets, as well as sand, stones, wood, and everything else, the people everywhere continued to carry on their heads, as they always had done. Emin Bey said the people would not accustom themselves to the use of barrows. I asked for some of them, and made my boys use them the whole time at their work; indeed, I took one on my journey to Anzina, and made a present of another to Kabrega. I did not part with mine until reaching Buganda. Strangely enough, there was not a good boat in Lado, although boats were, one might say, indispensable, if only because some of the fertile islands were used by different officials to cultivate vegetables, or as cattle pastures. Yet there were only a few bad dug-outs of the Baris in use. Wood for boats was plentiful enough on the river Ayu, south of Laboreh, and the Arabs there made very good ones. There were some, too, in other stations, only not in Lado. Men, corn, wood, and reeds for the huts were all transported in barges, but these were generally on a journey, and so were not

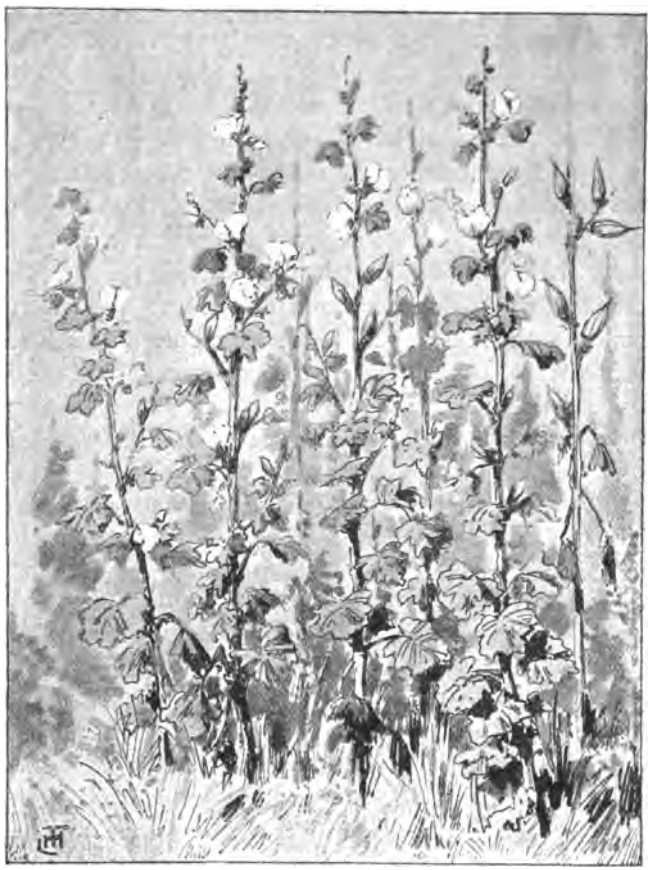
available for local use at Lado, for which indeed they were too heavy.

The building of my new huts, into which I moved on May 13th, led to my making many practical discoveries myself. Binsa made, by my orders, crates and a table out of ambatch staves, and I found that ambatch can be very firmly joined by pegs of bamboo, which is easily split and pointed. In my other contrivances I made use of all kinds of things at the station. Some of the old damaged tin sheets, dating back to Baker's time, I procured from the stores and had made into shelves for provisions and other things, hunting up a few dozen old bricks to support them.

Emin Bey, for his part, continued to provide all I required in the kindest way. White and red corn, sesame, oil, and honey, he had supplied to me from the stores; and from his own house he sent me soap, coffee, lights, tinned butter, English relishes, julienne, and many other things. Just at this time honey, oil, and butter, sent by Ibrahim from Makaraka, arrived for me, so that I was provided with these articles for a considerable time. Awat Effendi sent me a quantity of milk every morning, for which I was especially grateful. I had one oka of meat daily served to me like the officials; the lads fetched it every morning from the gate of the station, where an ox was slaughtered daily. Fowls were less plentiful than in other districts, and were seldom seen on our table. My few vegetables (bamia, tomatoes, cayata, [sweet potatoes], melochia, etc.) Binsa fetched early in the morning from the Government garden; Emin Bey's clerk sent me a quantity of tobacco from Wadelai; and on the day I took possession of my new abode, Emin Bey sent me a sheep, to be slaughtered, in accordance with the Arab custom, as a peace-offering.

Thus I had once more established a household of my own. The consequent occupations diverted my thoughts somewhat from the general and particular trouble. The housekeeping went on excellently. Halima seemed to have learned something at Emin Bey's, and cooked quite a respectable dinner for me on the first day. In the evening my lamp was brought out, cleaned,

and lit once more, after lying for months unused. I contrived all kinds of work to keep my boys employed. I got them to make a large bird-cage out of an old box, and to catch some



BAMIA (*Hibiscus esculentus*).

little estreldas. Some beds were made in a corner, and the edible gourds of the A-Zandehs were planted along the palings. On two sides my dwelling bordered on that of the absent overseer of the Mudiriyeh, Osman Latif. He possessed a large

garden planted with fruit-trees and provided with a well; it was the only garden within the station, and had been laid out by Lupton Bey, when he was Governor here. Unfortunately it was running wild, for the overseer's people gave themselves no trouble to keep in order what had been made with such pains.

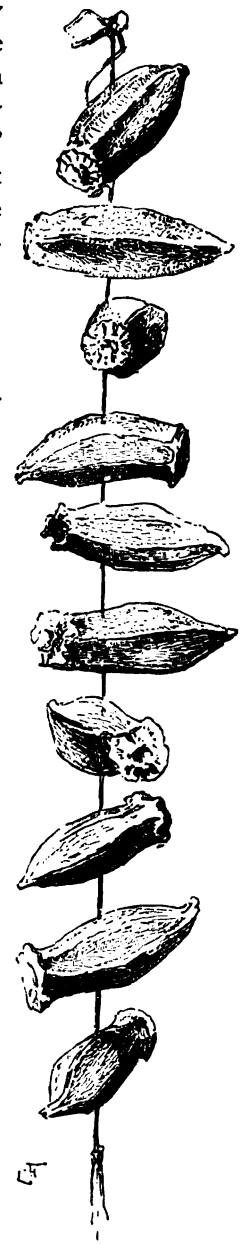
We had thus come to the second half of May, and were now called upon to ward off a danger threatening Lado. One of the most powerful Bari chiefs, Loron, who lived only a few miles south of Lado, and had been known in Baker's time, had long made himself troublesome. It was now said that he was secretly hatching a plot, and had planned to attack Lado on all sides at once. Emin Bey, therefore, gave the overseer in Regaf, Ali Effendi, the necessary instructions contained in the words, "Thou knowest thy work." This formula sufficed, and one day Loron was simply assassinated. Ali Effendi reported this later with the words that "Loron had fled into the water," and set his son in his place. The Government gained a considerable number of cattle by this means. (Compare Casati, *Ten Years in Equatoria*, vol. i. p. 270.)

On May 25th every one was looking eagerly for the steamer, especially Awat, the keeper of the stores. He firmly believed in the prediction of the soothsayers, that the steamer would arrive on this day at the very latest. Of course it did not come.

While I was sitting with Emin Bey, and dictating to him the names which he himself put in the map I made for him, another Job's messenger was on the way. We plagued ourselves to find an advantageous boundary for the future in the east and the south for the two provinces, Bahr el-Ghazal and Hat el-Estiva; but we might have spared ourselves this trouble. Lupton had, it is true, certainly written a short time before that hordes of Mandala Arabs were extending their operations far into the south, which no doubt demanded attention; but in spite of that, his success against the Dinkas and the Arab tribes in the north had allayed our fears, so that we were the less concerned on this account. But now there came tidings which quickly destroyed all our illusions and led us to fear the worst for the Mudiriyeh Bahr el-Ghazal and for Lupton himself. Letters from Lupton, dated April 3rd,

7th, and 12th, arrived on May 23rd. They were all short, and in the last he said—"The Mahdi's army is stationed six hours' march from the Mudiriyeh. I shall fight to the very last. If I fall, greet my relations for me." Enclosed were several other letters, amongst them a copy of a long Arab letter from one of the Mahdi's emissaries, who tried to convert the people in the Bahr el-Ghazal province. This letter, translated, ran as follows—

"In the Name of God, the All-Merciful, the Pardoner of all, thanks be to the King of Grace, our prayer and salutation to our Lord Muhammed and his people whom we serve. I bring you good tidings, my brother Ali and my brother Akhmet Khoshkhan. I make known to you tidings of the Prophet, the righteous, for your instruction. I, Nurein, the son of Kher, having saluted my acquaintances, and desired for them the mercy of God Almighty and his blessing on their hands: O, my friends! I am not far from you. You are of my blood and I of yours. O, all ye Arabs, ye who dwell in Dem Bekir, I exclude none of you, for the Almighty hath said: 'All the Faithful are brothers. Do good to your brethren, that God may forgive you.' Yes, my people, thanks be to God, many of us are true believers, and have seen the coming of the Priest-Prophet, who was awaited by the whole world. To the East and to the West they have believed on him, and followed after the Light that hath descended with him, and we hope to come near unto him, and have bought of him his blessing. We have seen that God the Almighty



DRIED BAMIA CAPSULES AS A VEGETABLE.

alone knoweth his countenance and his form. The true prophet hath appeared, and his fame hath spread abroad. He who believeth on him, conquereth: he who lieth is an unbeliever. He is not to be compared with any that we have seen in our lifetime, ever. Believe on God and his Prophet and on the Priest-Prophet. If ye ask of the nations, all believe on him: Arabs and Persians all believe on the Mahdi: the rich and the merchants all believe on him; and ye are foolish, liars, and unbelievers. The whole world, to the East and to the West, believeth on him. If ye ask of Slatin, he hath been converted and followeth the troops of God; and if ye ask of the Mudiriyeh Fashir, they have destroyed the Mudir Saïd, the Christian. Fashir is overthrown, and the Mudiriyeh Kerkebie, and the Mudiriyeh Kolkol, and the Mudiriyeh Om Shanga have submitted. Inquire not of the nation of the Turks: they have all submitted, without exception, from one end to the other. We have seen it at our coming. And if ye ask of Ginawi, he came with Hicks the Christian, and with them 36,000 soldiers; they were destroyed on Monday, as by lightning. And if ye ask of the troops of God, when they saw the place of battle full of men, then their obedience grew, and the numbers of the Faithful grew, and now the whole world believeth. O my brethren, only ye are foolish and unbelievers, ye and those with whom ye stand. When one of them is killed a fire spark flieth from the wound; we have seen it with our eyes: it hath told us of this thing. Therefore every one believeth on him who hath seen him, and if he have been an unbeliever and have not believed on God and his Prophet before, he has turned unto the true faith. By God! God and faith in the Mahdi, and their secrets are many. If I were to relate to you their quality a thousand sheets of paper would not suffice. And when my letter cometh unto you, believe and acknowledge the Prophet that God hath raised up unto us in the fulness of time; and if ye ask, all creatures have turned all together from the going down of the sun to the rising up of the same. And if ye ask of the troops of God, he hath sent them, and us with them, 100,000 with shields and spears, to the Bahr el-Ghazal and all the lands wherein ye live:

and if ye inquire, we have arrived with them at Om Mbanga,[1] and we set out for war on you to the glory of God. And if ye inquire for the sons of the North who belong to the troops of God, and have now set out with us for the glory of God, and whom he hath sent with us to the Bahr el-Ghazal—among them Nur Angara and Hamdallah and Muhammed Wod Shir and Mohammed Ferah and Saïd Hassein and Muhammed Imen, all ready, with me in Om Mbanga within two or three days. If ye believe, and all who are with you, come in haste to join us at Om Mbanga; and if ye believe not, ye will hurt only yourselves.

(Signed) "NUREÏN,
"From the Army of the Mahdi."

This news stunned us, and showed the inevitable results only too clearly. When Lupton's tidings of the failure of Hicks Pasha's army arrived, we had sought to conceal it, but it was soon known nevertheless; Ibrahim had much to relate about it on his arrival. In spite of this, we kept these Job's tidings also to ourselves, telling only Vita and Emin's present confidential clerk, Osman Erbab. Emin Bey immediately sent orders to Makaraka that Ibrahim Aga was to return to Lado, for the chief thing now was to tide over the moment that might lead away the Arabs of this province into the Arab camp. Being a Dongolan, Ibrahim Aga had risen from their midst and knew every man personally: much in the future depended upon him. Emin Bey had confidence in him, and wished now to give him the necessary instructions by word of mouth. The troops from Latuka, which had been destined for Amadi station to the north-west of Lado, were ordered to remain in Regaf for the present. Naturally the next few days passed in terrible suspense for us who knew the ill tidings.

Early in the morning of May 27th I was sitting working at my maps, when Emin Bey summoned me to the divan. With the presentiment of evil, I left my work as it was, and

[1] My Ombanga, five days' journey to the north of Zemio; even then I feared an attack from the Arabs thence, and caused Zemio to place sentinels on the road thither.

hurried to him. I found him sitting before a bulky despatch from the Bahr el-Ghazal; with tears in his eyes he handed over the letters addressed to me. The inevitable had happened; the Mudiriyeh Bahr el-Ghazal was in the hands of the rebels. We were to learn later in part how it had come about. Events quickly crowding each other had compelled Lupton to yield the Mudiriyeh to the foe without a single blow. He was forced to take this course to prevent the useless loss of many lives, for not one would have been spared. Most of the letters were in Arabic. Those in Lupton's hand were short; one could see that they had been written under pressure and at the dictation of those around him. But we had no time to deplore the loss of the Bahr el-Ghazal, being ourselves threatened with a similar fate within a short time. The despatch had been sent by a person signing himself Emir Karam Allah, who had taken possession of the Bahr el-Ghazal province in the Mahdi's name, as his representative, and now, in a long letter to Emin, demanded the surrender of his province also. A second Arabic letter, addressed in Lupton's name to Emin Bey, confirming the surrender of the Bahr el-Ghazal province, ran in the translation as follows—

"In the Name of the Merciful God who is most compassionate! Praise be to God our gracious Lord. Prayer and salutation to our Lord Mohammed and his people!"

And following this—

"The Emir Abdallah[1] to his Excellency Emin Bey, Governor of the Equatorial Province. I send your Excellency a thousand hearty greetings. To no men is hidden and unknown the coming of our Lord, the Prophet-Priest, the expected Mahdi, and his triumph over the Turks and others who have striven against him, and that which has happened and come to pass in the province of Fashoda, in the first and second place; thirdly, his campaign against Yussuf Pasha and the Government of Kordofan, and the officials and others under orders from

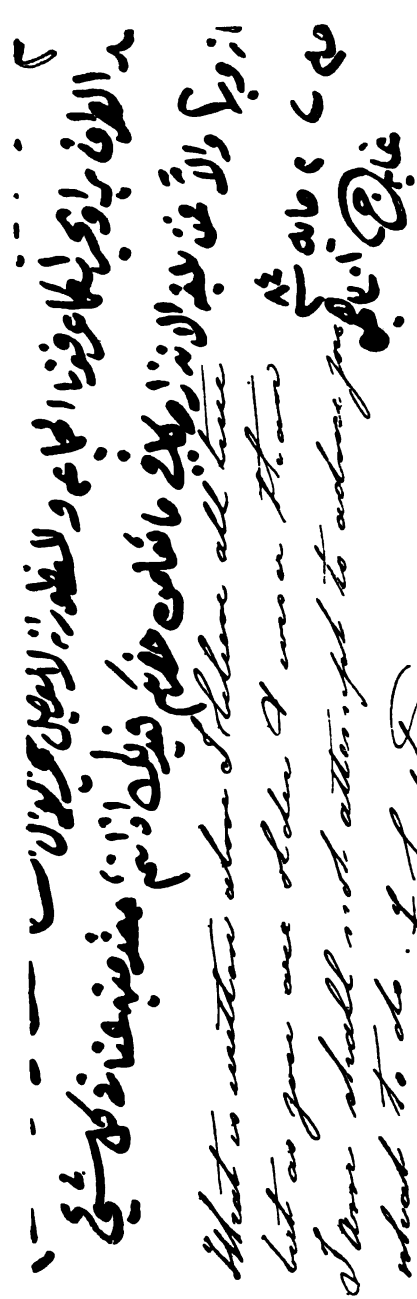
[1] Lupton's Arab name.

Khartum, such as Ali Lutfi Bey and others, with their expeditions coming out of Dar-Fôr and the province of Fashir; further, as to their Governor, Abd el-Kader, known by the name of Slatin Bey, and many others; and especially concerning the expedition under General Hicks Pasha, 36,000 men strong, with many other high officers and persons of note, such as Zaati Bey, Mahmud Ahmedani Bey, Quenawi, etc.; his Excellency Alla-eddin Pasha, Governor-General; and all that we have already communicated.

"When in these days there arrived by order of the Imam—Peace be with him!—an Emir named Karam Allah Sheikh Mohammed, with a number of Dervishes and Bedouins and about a thousand officials from the districts of our province, who in our presence submitted and took the oath of allegiance to him, and by reason of their devotion became supporters of the Mahdi, we saw the necessity of submission and obedience. God has spoken: 'Give obedience to God and his prophets and to those in authority over you.' We have surrendered ourselves and our families and our possessions, and have suffered no harm. Now that it is reported that Khartum is besieged, and that thou hast read what we have related, surrender thyself and come here rather than remain in thy present position, for ye are neither more numerous nor stronger than we. If, however, thou shouldst tarry longer we will cut off the ways to you by land and by water, as the people have told us. We perceive that thou canst by no means remain in the Bahr el-Ghazal. We have counselled thee; if thou hearest, it is well; if not, we have not failed to warn thee, and thou must know what thou hast to do, for thou art above us in all things.

"In conclusion our greeting. 2 May, '84, 30 Gamadauwil 1301 after the Hegira."

Beneath was placed Lupton's seal and the words, "What is written above I believe all true, but as you are older and wiser than I am, shall not attempt to advise you what to do.—F. LUPTON." The accompanying fac-simile contains the original English words and the concluding words of the Arabic letter.



FAC-SIMILE OF THE CONCLUSION OF AN ARABIC LETTER FROM LUPTON BEY, AFTER THE SURRENDER OF THE BAHR EL-GHAZAL PROVINCE TO EMIR KARAM ALLAH.

Other letters in Arabic treated of the same matter in other words, or were addressed to particular officials with the object of converting them. There was also the following circular of the Mahdi Muhammed Akhmetto the whole Mohammedan population of the province—

"Copy of a proclamation of our Lord the Mahdi—Grace be with him!—to the people and officials of the Bahr el-Ghazal and of Equatoria in general. The repentant servant who trusteth in the Lord, Muhammed the Mahdi, son of Abdullah, to all his friends and believers in the Lord and Holy Scripture, and to the inhabitants of Dium and the Equatorial Province—

"We offer you our most sincere and honourable greetings, and make known to you, O brethren, that of a surety the mighty and exalted God hath created this house (this world), but not for a lasting habitation, nor for a dwelling of the innocent, nor hath he given command to cultivate it, but that he hath cursed and hated it, and given command to make ready for a journey, as he hath said, 'Make ready for eternity; the best preparation is piety;' and further, 'Fear God, O men, and tremble for the day when the father cannot take the place of the son, and a child cannot take the place of the father, for the promises of God are sure.' Ye shall not be deceived by the life of this world, ye shall not be led away by the delusion. This preparation shows that there is another world, and the warning of the deceitfulness of this life proves that the life is beyond, and that there is no true life but in the future. This is the everlasting life. What can be more beautiful than those abodes! Their pleasures are everlasting, their life is pleasantness, their drink nectar, their gardens are spacious, and in them flow streams: their food never faileth, nor their shelter. Blessed are they who shall be found worthy of them. There shall be found that which no eye hath seen, no ear hath heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man. He that hath created them and made them beautiful, hath invited us in his saying, 'Make haste to implore pardon of your Lord, and that paradise that is wide as the heavens and the earth, and that is prepared for them that fear God.' To follow this exhortation is our bounden duty, even as exile (for the sake of the faith) and the holy war are duties as inevitable as to do good for the sake of God; for the exalted God hath bought the souls and possessions of men, as it is written, 'God hath purchased the souls and the possessions of men, for paradise is theirs.' God the exalted hath many a time and oft exhorted us as to the necessity of obeying this behest, hath commanded it, assured it, and promised it. The Most High hath spoken, 'Arise, ye faithful, follow the voice of God and of his Prophet, when he calleth you to that which Life giveth unto you.' Again he saith, 'Arise, ye faithful, the soldiers of God!' He hath shown what profit there is in following in two ways his

call, by engaging in holy warfare or by supporting it, and the shame and perdition that lie in delay and untruth, in his words: 'What is it that ye have that ye should not give your possessions for the cause of God, when the inheritance of heaven and earth belongeth to God alone?' He among you that has given of his goods before the victory (of Islam), or has taken part in the holy war, will take a higher place than they that offer their riches after the victory, and then first enter the fight. But to the one and the other God has promised a glorious reward. He knows that which you do. Who will make to God a large loan that God may repay him a hundredfold, and give him a glorious reward? One day thou shalt behold the faithful, men and women; their light will go before them and on their right hand. This day, so they will hear, we bring you glad tidings of the gardens of paradise, which are watered by streams and where ye shall dwell for ever. That is the great joy. On that day shall the men and women, the hypocrites, say unto the faithful: 'Look upon us, that we may have a ray of your light.' Then shall they answer: 'Turn round behind you and seek light there.' Between them shall rise up a wall, in which there is a door. Within mercy shall sit, and without, opposite, torment. The hypocrites will cry to them (the just): 'Were we, then, not with you?' 'Yes,' they shall answer, 'but ye have been led away, and have awaited your own convenience, and have doubted, and your desires and fancies have blinded you until the command of God came. The tempter has led you away from God. Now, there will no longer be any ransom for you, nor for those who are unbelievers. Your habitation shall be in the fire. Woe for your end.

"These words of God suffice for exhortation and warning. If you have understood that which has been said, my friends, and are convinced that the world is transient, and that on that inevitable day, which shall endure fifty thousand years, God will summon you before him, on the day when evil and good shall be manifested, then know that I am the steward of God and his Prophet. God, the exalted, has appointed me in his great mercy for the sake of all the faithful, and especially my cotemporaries,

and has sent me to punish those who have risen up against God and against me; for I am the successor of the Prophet of God —Peace and grace be unto him!—and follow in his steps in maintaining the faith of God by command of the Prophet and of that same God. I am the expected Mahdi. This is no vain boast, for with God it is to give and to withhold. There is no power, neither any might, save in God alone. Praise him for the mercies he has shown us! Thanks be to him! I have now summoned you to come to God, my brethren, and have declared unto you my mission with the help which he has vouchsafed me, as in my first letter accompanying this, and have sent to you one of my friends with this writing, to take command over all your lands, and with him some warriors. He is Karam Allah, son of Sheikh Mohammed. When this man arrives among you and communicates to you these commands, and if you believe in God and the promise of his Prophet that I should appear, you must above all things serve and love God with your whole life and take care for your life everlasting; in every capacity arise from your sloth and cast off all temporal delusion, which is as a *fata morgana*. Consecrate a pure faith to God, shun hypocrisy and pray that God may grant our prayer; and abstain from seeking after honour and riches. What is apart from God is valueless, and what is apart from paradise perishes. Rise up, therefore, at once and join our Emir with implicit obedience; take all your possessions and go with him, and do not expose yourselves to destruction by stubbornness and refusal to obey the summons. God has reproved the stubborn in his word: 'If one should say unto them, "Come, the Prophet of God will pardon your sins," they would turn away their heads, and ye should see them depart in their pride.' You have heard what punishment is overtaking the blasphemers and the renegade Turks. Blessed is he who submissively follows the exhortations of another! Every one who obeys the command of God, and rises up and places himself under our Emir, and comes to us with him, will obtain the favour of God and his Prophet, and also our favour and protection; and he who refuses will have the sword behind him as his reward in this world, and in the

next a habitation in the fiery furnace. Out of pity for you I offer you this counsel. This is a warning to you, an admonition for him that hath ears to hear. And herewith an end.

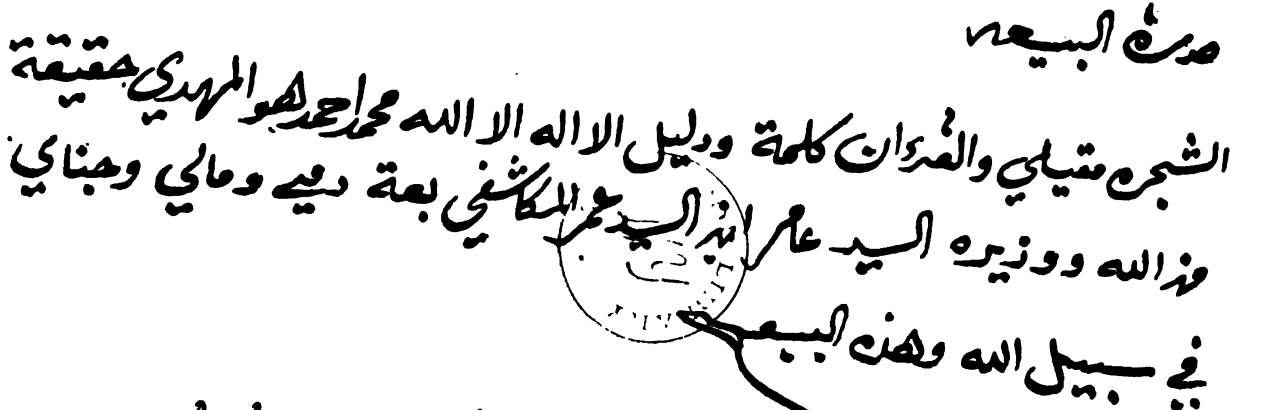
"This is a true copy of the original, dated 6th Rabie Auwel."

Even I too was honoured with an autograph letter from Karam Allah. I have already mentioned that my collections sent on with Bohndorff into the Bahr el-Ghazal were, on his departure, left in the store-house at Wau, and it was under this pretext that the Emir now wrote to me. The translation of the letter is as follows—

"In the Name of God, the All-Merciful," etc., etc. Then, following this: "The slave of his God, Emir Karam Allah Sheikh Mohammed, to Dr. Junker, the traveller. After my greetings to thee this is for thy information, O traveller: Thou hast certainly learnt that the times have changed, and that the power of the Turks is broken by the appearance of the successor of the Prophet of God, whom we were awaiting, our lord Mohammed el-Mahdi—to him be salutation! And you have also heard how he has repeatedly slaughtered the hosts of the Turks—firstly, on the Island of Aba; secondly, the army under Rashid Bey, called Abu Kuka, Mudir of Fashoda; thirdly, the large army under the command of Yussuf Pasha esh-Shellali, and with him able and skilled men numbering 9000; fourthly, the army commanded by Muhammed Pasha Imam, numbering 12,000 men; fifthly, the conquest of the Mudiriyeh Kordofan; sixthly, the army of the Governor-General of the Sudan, Ala-eddin Pasha, and an officer of the general staff named Hicks, and a number of mudirs and officers with wondrous cannons, seven of them five-barrelled mitrailleuses, and seven of Krupp's carrying a distance of twenty-four hours, and the rest common guns of the period of Ismail Pasha (Eyub), in all thirty-six cannon and seven rocket batteries with over 36,000 men; and all were killed by the followers of the Mahdi—to him be salutation!—as in the twinkling of an eye, with the surrender of all the Mudiriyehs of the Sudan and their subjection to the authority of the Mahdi; and how the Mudiriyehs

that Emin Bey and his people were at once to set out for the Bahr el-Ghazal, otherwise the latter would provoke hostilities. So that to all appearance we were on the eve of the same catastrophe that had befallen the Bahr el-Ghazal province. What the rebels intended to do with this province could not be gathered from Karam Allah's letter, which was vague in parts. On the one hand it was said, "Surrender the Mudiriyeh" (but to whom?), and on the other, "Come with all thy people,"—an utterly indefinite and impracticable command, as in many stations the men still stood out. Evidently Emir Karam Allah was desirous of procuring, with the least possible trouble, a written declaration of the surrender of the Mudiriyeh, which he might send to the Mahdi, and at the same time wished to secure Emin Bey and the higher officials in order to have them conveyed, like Lupton Bey, to Kordofan. After the official surrender Karam Allah could reckon with certainty on the Arab part of the population, and then a large number of the people who had migrated to the Bahr el-Ghazal province after the peaceful surrender would be sent here. If only on account of the supplies it would be impossible for a large number of men to stay for any length of time in the province, which had been exhausted by the war of the previous year. Moreover, it was probable that even if the Negro lands were to be quitted at first for other reasons, the Mahdists would still certainly attempt to obtain the arms and ammunition of this province. Not until he had succeeded in this could Emir Karam Allah regard his mission as at an end. Finally, the conveyance of the higher officials and of my unworthy self to Kordofan was intended to increase the importance of Emir Karam Allah, and at the same time to afford to the Mahdi a number of valuable hostages.

After all this there could no longer be any question of secrecy. It was certain that with this despatch incendiary letters had been sent to all parts of our province, and that the people on the Rôl, in Rumbek, and even in Makaraka, already knew all. Emin Bey, therefore, immediately summoned the higher officials, viz., the three officers, the Kadi, the schoolmaster, the chief secretary Osman Erbab, and some of the clerks of the depart-



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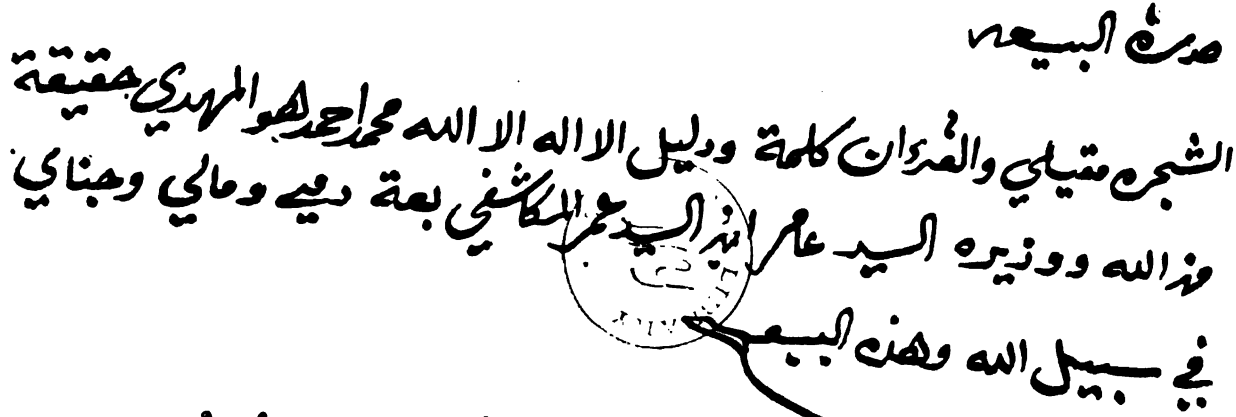

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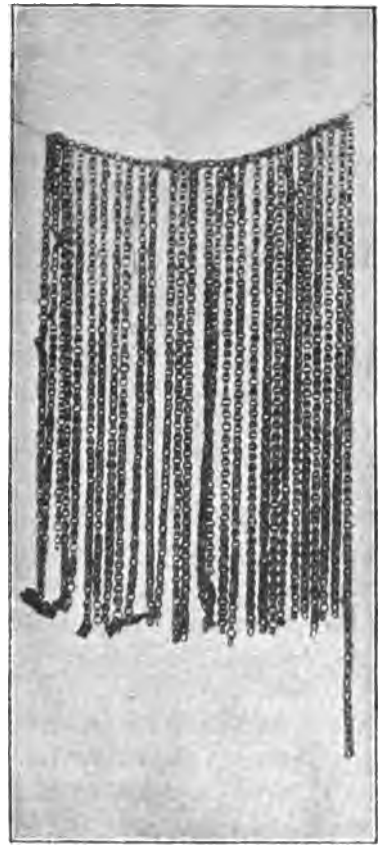
ment, as well as Vita Hassan, Awat, Akhmet Effendi Reif, and others, to a conference, in which the letters from Emir Karam Allah were read out. After taking the opinion of each one, and having regard to the facts that Hicks Pasha's army had not been able to withstand the troops of the Mahdi, that Lupton had surrendered the Bahr el-Ghazal province, and that it was impossible to concentrate the troops here so rapidly as was requisite, it was unanimously resolved to surrender this province, and to avoid any further useless bloodshed. Emin Bey, on his side, was ready at once to set out for the Bahr el-Ghazal, and asked those present who would accompany him thither. From a sense of courtesy, and, perhaps, also with the zeal of the newly-converted, more people offered to do this than was desirable. A selection had to be made, which included the Kadi and school-master as divines, the clerk, Osman Erbab, who belonged to a family of consideration in Dongola, the former administrator of Latuka, Mussa, and Akhmet Baba, another clerk. I said I would reserve my decision as to whether I would accompany them, although I had already formed a plan for myself which would lead me far enough from the Bahr el-Ghazal. Knowing what I did of the available strength of the troops in this province, and having regard to the length of time it would take to concentrate them, I could only concur in the resolution passed by the conference; but I acknowledge that I thought Emin Bey's journey a mistake, and considered that a written declaration of the surrender of the province would be quite enough for the present. The delay in departure could be accounted for by a letter saying that, in order to maintain the province for the Mahdi, the presence of Emin Bey was absolutely necessary until the arrival of a substitute. By this means nothing would appear to be neglected, especially as Karam Allah's letter was so ambiguous, and time would be gained. I was in no doubt at all as to what a journey to the Bahr el-Ghazal would mean for me. I explained Lupton's writing that my coming would be necessary for the safety of my things, and that he hoped to meet me, by a temporary embarrassment which would prevent his calm consideration of my interests. What

had I to gain by a journey to the Bahr el-Ghazal? How was I to carry away my goods from thence, and whither? To Kordofan through the midst of the Arab tribes? Or back to the Negro lands where further complications were imminent? Besides, I was certain that what Karam Allah concerned himself about was my compulsory conversion to Islam, not my goods lying at Wau, which there were no means of transporting. My determination, therefore, not in any case to go to the Bahr el-Ghazal was very soon taken. Only the road to the south, and eventually to Zanzibar, was open to me. I communicated this to Emin Bey on the same day, and gave it at the same time as my opinion that it would be better for him to remain. I looked upon my collections in the Bahr el-Ghazal as lost, and it was impossible to transport those in Lado to the south. I was thus obliged to think all the more of the preservation of my writings; and this it was, probably, which decided me to take the road to the south without delay, before the anarchy which would inevitably follow Emin Bey's departure broke out.



IRON CHAIN APRON OF THE BARI GIRLS.

So for the moment Emir Karam Allah's letter to Emin Bey was answered to the effect that the Mudir surrendered the province without resistance, and was preparing to set out for

the Bahr el-Ghazal. To the letter to me the reply was that I was weary with many years' travel, and could not therefore return by the long route through the Bahr el-Ghazal territory, and should not appear myself; but I appointed Ibrahim Aga to look after my interests, and begged Emir Karam Allah to take care of my things until he arrived; if my collections could be preserved for me, my thanks would not be wanting. According to Emin Bey's plan, Ibrahim Aga was to start with him for the Bahr el-Ghazal, and received the repeated command to come hither immediately; whilst Emin Bey had his mule in Makaraka sent direct to Amadi (on the way to the Bahr el-Ghazal) in order that from thence he might ride it.

The last days of the month were passed in great excitement, on account of the expected arrival of the Mahdists. Not until now, unfortunately, did Emin Bey send orders to withdraw the stations in Mangbattu, and order the administrator there, Rihan Aga, to repair with all the soldiers and Arabs to Makaraka. In the same way he withdrew the stations to the south of Ndirfi and Rimo. I also wrote to Casati at Mangbattu to come to Lado with all speed.

There were no further tidings during the next few days, but all sorts of exaggerated reports began to circulate. On March 28th, the day after the arrival of these evil tidings, which spread like wild-fire to all the stations, Vita Hassan, Osman Erbab, and Awat came early in the morning to me, begging me not to leave Lado for the present, as they could all see that a deplorable state of affairs would arise in the province on Emin Bey's departure. I endeavoured to calm them, and promised not to leave immediately, but said that I wished to be ready for the journey, and to withdraw later to the stations to the south.

As a matter of fact, the people, and Emin Bey himself, as Mohammedans, with the exception of Vita—who, although a Jew, was also half a Mohammedan—and even the Copts, had nothing like as much to fear as myself; and they moreover had not that to relinquish which I had already partially sacrificed, and by remaining here should lose altogether, even perhaps to the writings and maps that it had caused me so much trouble

to make. Emin Bey could only concur in my decision, and on May 28th handed me over all the despatches that he had got ready in the previous year.

The 29th also passed without tidings; the people were somewhat calmer and began to consider matters more dispassionately. Judging the situation with more discernment, Emin Bey now gave up the idea of going himself to the Bahr el-Ghazal, but the despatch of the deputation was held to. Even that was a momentary gain; but as time passed by, we began to consider how much of all these evil rumours might be lies and exaggerations. In any case, at the slow rate at which the history of these countries is made, months might elapse ere the rebels really made their appearance before Lado. Besides, the situation in Emin Bey's province differed from that in the Bahr el-Ghazal. Lupton had only a few hundred regulars at his disposal; all the other men carrying arms were Arabs, chiefly basingers and undisciplined dragomans, who always gave their services to the party which was the stronger at the moment. But in Lado there were still many trained soldiers of Baker's time, and there were at any rate in the province about 2000 regular troops with Remingtons, and certain officers who had been long in the service. Some reliance could be placed upon these troops, as had been shown for years in the deeply-rooted animosity of the Negro soldiers for the irregulars, that is, the Arabs armed with rifles; and besides, there were quite as many rifles of the old type in the hands of the Arabs and dragomans here. There was no doubt that Lupton had been obliged to surrender by the defection of his Arabs at the last moment. In Lado, on the contrary, we might in time think of defending the place, of course in the hope that at length help would arrive from Khartum; so that Emin Bey's desire not to strike the flag of the Egyptian Government was united with the instinct of self-preservation. In his responsible position his anxiety was very different from that of the others, who simply gave themselves up to Mohammedan fatalism. In such an anomalous situation—for when was it ever heard that provinces of such extent should be cut off for years from the mother-

country and from all help, and that people should be left in doubt whether any mother-country were still in existence?—in this exceptional position, Emin Bey was obliged to forecast as much as possible, and to find ways and means to keep open a retreat at the last moment for those who held to him. In these days of trouble and anxiety we made and discussed all kinds of plans for retreat. If we had had any certain prospect of help, or had even received news that the danger in Khartum was past, a retreat by way of Bor, and later by the road to Sobat, would have been the first to be considered. The lines of march to the coast, however, even if we should be able to reach it in the course of years, seemed beset with insuperable obstacles. The difficulty of there being so many women and children in the train who required to be transported, alone excluded such an undertaking. Finally, we set aside all adventurous schemes, and endeavoured definitely to settle our course of action for the immediate future. Emin Bey and others were acquainted with the southern territories on the Somerset Nile, under Anfina and Kamissoa, Rionga's son, whence the stations had been withdrawn since 1879. In case of need, therefore, a retreat thither and the building of some intermediate stations was determined upon, leaving the garrisons in Dufileh, Wadelai (on account of the two steamers there), and Fatiko stations. To facilitate a speedy withdrawal from Lado, Emin Bey determined to send all unnecessary officials to Dufileh, and to reduce Lado to a mere military station. Those remaining behind were to send all their property southwards, and Vita Hassan was within the next few days to superintend the transport of the household effects of Emin Bey and some of the officials, the Governor himself intending to follow as soon as possible. These orders were, however, revoked; and in the end only the Government books and the clerks and officials that could be spared were despatched to Dufileh. There was little fear that the rebels would follow up the pursuit as far as the Somerset Nile; in any case, every one knew the distance was very great, and then in those parts more dependence could be placed upon the thousands of armed Negroes than here, where the Baris had withdrawn to the opposite

bank with their cattle. In conclusion, it seemed inadvisable to concentrate troops in Lado or Gondokoro on the east bank, as such a course would be speedily followed by scarcity of corn.

I intended to set out at the beginning of June for the southern stations in the first place. I was only awaiting the departure of the deputation to the Bahr el-Ghazal territory. The Kadi already felt himself to be at the head of the true believers, and showed me much favour, in which, however, I had very little faith. I did not follow his advice to deposit my writings in his house, and I even concealed from him my approaching departure. A fire in the station made an unwelcome diversion; in half an hour a whole quarter, with many of the clerks' houses, was consumed. From Ibrahim Aga, who was daily expected from Makaraka, the written announcement arrived that he could not come, as people from the Bahr el-Ghazal were on their way to Makaraka by Sabbi (in Abdu'lallahi's district). So no doubt he also had private information, and from his report something seemed about to happen.

In the meantime I vigorously pushed on my preparations for departure. Emin Bey made several contributions, even to the extent of an ass and 300 Egyptian thalers. As I still had seventy-five thalers remaining, I was now able to requite many obligations shown to me at Lado. Though during the last four years I had hardly expended any money, for the future in the southern stations it would have to supply all my needs.

On June 3rd the deputation at length started, accompanied beyond the gate by the greater part of the people at the station. On the following day I bought the rest of my travelling outfit—for instance, shoes made in Lado, cartridge-cases for the boys, a light angareb, and so on. I cut up a number of skins, which I had carefully preserved hitherto, to do up many of the packages. I could not have taken them away in any case, but it was a painful sacrifice. On June 5th I was at length ready for my journey.

In the meantime we had received news from Rumbek. A former orderly of Lupton's had arrived there, saying that Lupton had dismissed him with the words, "The world has come to an

end, go whither thou wilt." The soldier had seen that they had burnt the books of the Mudiriyeh, and publicly sold the relatives of the soldiers, slaves, etc., and had thereupon taken flight with several others. I talked over many matters with Emin Bey; he promised to acquaint me with all that happened, and we even agreed upon a code of Arabic cypher in case his letters should be examined. On the evening of June 6th I wrote a few more words home, and gave the letter to Emin Bey in case a steamer should still arrive.

ARDEA ALBA.

MADI APRON AND GIRDLE.

CHAPTER X.

JOURNEY TO DUFILEH, SOJOURN THERE, AND RETURN TO LADO (JUNE 7TH TO SEPTEMBER 18TH, 1884).

To Regaf—Muggi Station—From Laboreh to Dufileh—Arrival at Lado.

IT was with a heavy heart that, after so many weary years of travel, I set out with practically no equipment on the return journey by the southern route, which might take years. I anticipated that Kabrega, the king of Bunyoro, and Mteza, the king of Buganda (of whose death I learned later), would force me to remain a long time there, although I was in a position to satisfy their demands. It was very unfortunate for me that the former active traffic between Bunyoro and Buganda with the more southern stations of the Egyptian Government had long ceased. Since Dr. Felkin's return from Buganda (1879), Emin Bey had

heard hardly anything of it, and did not even know whether the mission stations were still in existence. Finally, at this time, the most southern stations in those districts to the north of Anfina and Kamissoa were withdrawn, and this would be another impediment in my journey from Wadelai or Fatiko, the only stations which were left later in the south. For the moment, the southernmost stations mentioned were my goal. Only in extreme need did I intend to pursue the retreat. Emin Bey returned to me many of the gifts I had made him on my arrival, as I should be able to make use of them as more substantial presents for the princes in the south; but I was greatly in need of things with which I could rejoice the ordinary Negro heart or pay the customary imposts to the south of the Victoria Nyanza. I had not even what was necessary for my own use. Only the greatest care and economy had hitherto preserved me from want. I now had hardly another new shirt left, and the last article of underclothing would soon be in rags. But neither in the Government stores nor among private individuals was anything to be found that could contribute to the scantiest outfit. On my departure, Emin Bey gave me, amongst other things, a piece of Damur and a gun, and, in addition to the commands for the stations, letters of recommendation to Anfina, Kamissoa (ruler on the Somerset Nile), Kabrega, and Mteza. I very much felt the parting from my collections. I packed a number of large Mangbattu trumbashes and Banjia sabres, which had been destined for European museums, to use as gifts to the Negro chiefs in the absence of any other offering. Everything that could be dispensed with was left behind, including the large, beautiful collection of native articles, numerous loads of skeletons, skulls, well-dressed hides, seeds, ethnological objects, etc., which I had conveyed hither from Zemio's with so much trouble. Everything I had to leave and give up as lost, like my collections in the Bahr el-Ghazal. Few will be able to imagine the bitterness of such a renunciation. It was not merely the work of five years which could be done again, but the work of five years in Central Africa, the fruit of which was lost once for all. The main point now was to preserve my own skin and my case of writings, if only I could

deposit the latter unharmed with Mteza. If the rebels in the Bahr el-Ghazal had burnt the Government books, I could expect no better fate for my writings. Of Emin Bey's things, I took with me his voluminous despatches and some small tin boxes containing rare birds and butterflies, to send on to his address *viâ* Zanzibar.

In spite of all misadventure, I was not quite in despair on leaving Lado. From the station southwards along the Nile I had nothing to fear. The regular troops were stationed there, partly under Sudanese officers who had been long in the service; and the officers were mostly Egyptian, with Hawash Effendi as Governor of the province. The Dongolans and such-like people were distributed in Makaraka, the Rôl, Mangbattu, Kalika, etc. My departure from Lado, which I never expected to see again, was a very sad one; I was accompanied beyond the zeriba in silence. A hearty hand-shake here and there said much both to me and to those remaining behind. The thought of the gloomy and uncertain future hung like a heavy cloud over us all. My last hearty greeting was for Emin Bey.

Although the territory south of Lado was unknown to me, I did not yet begin my usual work on the journey, as the country near the Bahr el-Jebel had been mapped out by the survey of Emin Bey. With his map before my eyes I began my journey by land, although I should have travelled more easily to Regaf by the barge. As it has to be towed, this is generally several nights on the way, whereas by land one day's good march brought me to Regaf. My luggage consisted of about three loads with the abreh, oil, butter, and other provisions. The most necessary things were in my eight Berlin tin boxes, the small provision case, and two sacks. Besides these there were a long basket with four guns, two wooden cases with trumbashes, the case of carpenter's tools, etc. At the last moment I had used many beautiful leopard skins, some for wrappings and some for straps.

Once more I mounted my faithful ass of many years, but I soon found that he was no longer the same as of yore. I had not kept him under my own eye in Lado, as formerly: less care

and nourishment had been given him, and he was now thin and lazy. Even on the first day I had to make the last part of my march to Regaf on foot, and, owing to my bad shoes, got sore feet. After the first hour's march the road joins that from Makaraka. This then goes off to the right; whereas we crossed the Luri and kept near the Nile. The old station, Gondokoro, where there was still a garrison, was some way to the left on the other side of the river. We met a number of soldiers with their wives returning from Latuka; many were suffering from "Filaria medinensis" (guinea-worm, "frantit"), and I saw twenty-five poor wretches carried along on stretchers. In Regaf a Sudanese officer was laid up with five guinea-worms in different parts of his body. It was said that one individual had had from twenty to thirty at the same time. It is noteworthy that I nowhere detected the filaria in the Negro districts, the cases that occurred had been brought from the north from Kordofan. In the Bahr el-Ghazal territory it is common, and in the last year Gessi had suffered in this way. It is noteworthy that in the Latuka province the filaria is confined to a particular district. Most of the sufferers were from one station. On further inquiry I learned that there stagnant water was used for drinking, whereas in all the other stations there is flowing water. In Bunyoro and Buganda, formerly the most southerly stations, the filaria, it was said, had not occurred. To the east of Latuka the state of the water seemed to be favourable to the development of the filaria, and a centre of its occurrence seems to exist from the Galla lands as far as Latuka.

We were in the rainy season, and although there had been as yet but few heavy downpours in Lado, the rain overtook us on the very first day of our journey. Some Bari huts gave us shelter within sight of Regaf station, where we arrived at sundown. The valley of the river is a beautiful pasture-land, and Bari huts, enclosed by euphorbia hedges and surrounded by cultivated land, are scattered about it. Small herds of goats and cows grazed everywhere. Nearer to Regaf I was surprised to see large durra-fields by the river and on the islands. At a distance I thought it was reeds. This spoke well for the

lazy Baris, who had formerly grown much less corn. It stood the height of a man, and would be partly ready for harvest the next month. The river Luri, which had been quite dried up on my journey from Makaraka, was said to have been impassable a few days before, as was shown by the high water lines. Now there were hardly three feet of water. In Regaf I was lodged in the divan, all the huts, even Emin Bey's, being full of the troops passing through—a number of the men suffering from filaria. I was tired after the day's hard march, but at the same time contented. I was glad to have left Lado, where the terrified people, and the continual picturing of the danger which every one saw at his door, had caused intense excitement. So it was with great satisfaction that I smoked one of my reserve cigars over my paper that evening.

The next Sunday I remained in Regaf, as the boat from Kiri, in which I proposed travelling to Beddên, the next station, had not yet arrived. The conversation turned the whole time on the Mahdi, in whom for the time being the greater part did not believe. The Mohammedan Sudanese Negroes, or at any rate the troops from Kordofan and Dar-Fôr, who have grown gray in service, are not strict in their religion ; they held to the Government, and knew that they had no good to expect from the hated Arabs. Amongst other exaggerations, I heard here again of a force of 27,000 men who were to march against the Hat el-Estiva. Now no Negro country in this province could have sustained such a number, and they would certainly have perished. By command of Emin Bey I received four goats, a Lango ass (which, however, had not been broken in), and two baskets of cowry-shells to serve me as money in Buganda.

On June 9th I went by a good road through open pasture-land to Beddên. But my ass was of hardly any use, and I travelled partly on foot. Beddên is on an island, and the boat was pulled over by means of a wire. To the north the water rushed away over rocks, but I saw the Baris shoot the rapids in their small boats. I passed the night in the clean huts which were reserved at all the stations for Emin Bey, and was well looked after.

Two goats that were with young I left with the superintendent of the station.

Early in the morning I had the baggage ferried over from the island to the other bank of the river a few yards higher up, as the barges were prevented by the current from coming down to the island. The beautiful morning hours were spent in stowing away the luggage in the small hold, and it was nine o'clock when the barge at length started. It was towed along the bank by ten to fifteen men, who changed six or eight times a day. I had sent on the ass and the goats by the land route with the soldiers. The passage had the charm of novelty and was not fatiguing, but great caution and exertion were necessary in many places to steer the barge in safety around the masses of rock. What with the rotten rope and the fatalism of the men (Dongolans), it was not without danger. At sunset the rain came on, and we had to lay-to. I made them gather wood and make a big fire, round which we passed the night, repeatedly visited by the rain. I sat sleepless by the fire, drying first one garment, then another, and was, notwithstanding, drenched to the skin in the morning.

At sunrise we started again. Kiri was hardly an hour away, but we were delayed by the strong currents eddying round the rocks which jutted out into the river. The boat had to be drawn by a lengthened rope through the foaming water, a proceeding as difficult as it was dangerous. In Kiri we were expected by Fula Effendi, an Egyptian officer, who conducted me to Emin Bey's private house, which was planted round with bananas. It consisted of a number of huts, together with a divan, and formed a kind of small private zeriba apart from the station proper, close to the river which rushed past the stony banks. Fula Effendi took good care of us; I had a goat slaughtered for my people and soldiers. The boatmen received four thalers, and the officer, who was to go back, a tip of two thalers. As I heard that on the following day Emin Bey's private secretary, Akhmet Mahmud, who had been for months at the southern stations superintending the transport of corn, would arrive from Muggi, I remained on June 12th at Kiri. He arrived very early.

KIRI STATION ON THE BAHR EL-JEBEL. (*Drawn by L. H. Fischer.*)

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and could not hear enough from me about recent events in Lado. As he was well-provisioned, he gave me a large barrel of ground-nut oil, a lot of tobacco, some cigarette paper, and a quantity of beads. A huge wether and a ram were conspicuous in the midst of a whole herd that he brought with him, and he had a tame antelope also. In the evening we had a glass of brandy from his stores, for he never travelled without this.

The next day Akhmet Mahmud went on to Lado, and I started by land towards the south for Muggi. The road was still good, the land more undulating and stony. In Muggi I was again lodged in Emin Bey's pretty private zeriba above the roaring rapids of the river, which were lively with water-fowl, at five minutes' distance from the chief zeriba, and cut off from the open by a small banana hedge. The sojourn was so pleasant that I again remained another day.

On June 15th I started for Laboreh, the ass given to me by the chief of the station coming on this occasion into service. The road was more undulating, the grass in parts higher, but nowhere an obstruction. It was no thicker here than during the last days in the flat pasture-land of the valley. Dwellings and grazing herds were not so often to be seen, being hidden by the swelling ground. The road, too, was often bordered by acacia bushes. Since we left Lado, the little streams running down to the Nile had been, with the exception of the Luri, for the most part unimportant watercourses, many of which, however, rise many days' march to the west near the Fajelus. In Laboreh I was obliged to take shelter in dirty huts, and I let the people feel the weight of my displeasure on this account, whereupon they tried to appease me with the offering of a calf. The lodging being so bad, I demanded the carriers for the next morning. I was tormented with a fearful cold caught in our recent wetting; and I dried the contents of a box which the carriers seemed to have let fall into the water.

I did not start from Laboreh until midday, as we were to stay the night at the little station Khor Ayu, only two hours' march farther on. I had sent on a messenger to Hawash Effendi announcing me for the following day, and begging that a good

ass might be sent to meet me. On the road as far as Khor Ayu the rocks to the right approached nearer to the river, the course of which we were already closely following. There was but a small strip of land available for cultivation, considerable stretches of which were covered with durra. I could hardly get my ass to move, and the constant urging tired me very much; but I could not walk on account of my foot. The somewhat considerable Khor Ayu joins the river near the station, and on it farther up there is good wood for boats. The Arabs had recently constructed a large and very good boat, in which I crossed the Khor at its broad mouth, whilst my people waded through it higher up. Near the station I again found good lodging at Emin's. I bargained at once to hire an ass for the next day, and prepaid two thalers, but the scamp came later and declared that the wife of the owner of the ass, who was absent, would not give the animal up. The sky clouded over in the evening and threatened heavy rain, but only a few drops fell. In the night thirty carriers ran away, and were not brought back till the next evening, so I was obliged to remain another day, and send word of this to Hawash, repeating my request for a steed.

We started early on the morning of June 18th, while it was still dark, for it is a long way to Dufileh. One of the girls was ill, and had to be carried. My ass had fortunately a good day, and went so well that I followed close upon the carriers. For two hours our march still lay through the river-valley, the road then made a détour inland over the hills to avoid the mountains, which here approach close to the water. We did not reach the Bahr el-Jebel again until we reached Dufileh, after a five hours' march. About half-way I met a mule sent by Hawash Effendi, which brought me to the station at three o'clock. Hawash, the Egyptian officer Ibrahim Effendi Elhem, the Sudanese officer Morjan Aga Danassuri, and others, came out to meet me, and I was lodged for the present by Hawash. The people beset me for the details of the recent events, and I at once asked for intelligence of the situation in the south, and the possibility of a journey to Anfina. Morjan Danassuri, who was in office again, and was to start next morning on a raid to Wadelai by the

steamer *Khedive*,[1] promised to send me Shulis or carriers from Anfina.

I settled myself down for a lengthy stay, had trousers and a waistcoat of Makaraka Damur made and dyed for me by one of the corporals, my saddle and shoes mended, the guns carefully cleaned, etc. Letters came from Emin Bey, one summoning Hawash to a council at Lado. He, however, did not go at that time, having, as he thought, a great deal to attend to at Dufileh.

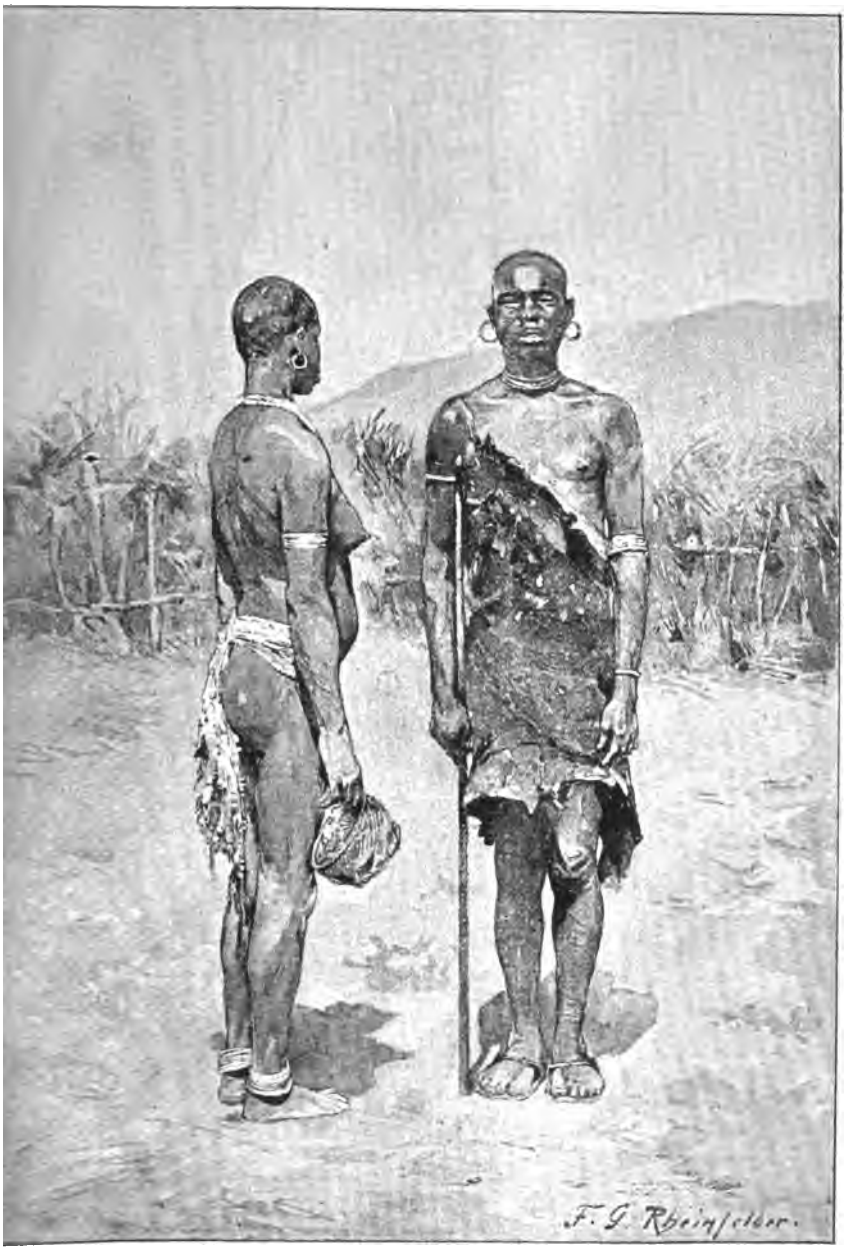
The new moon showed itself on June 24th, and with this began the Ramadân, the holy month of the Mohammedans, with a salute of guns. A fast from sunrise to sunset, an uproarious orgy in the evening and night, was the order of the day. The rain often threatened, although but few drops fell. I was sometimes indisposed, my sore foot being particularly troublesome, and remaining so for months. In spite of this, my ineradicable mania for collecting began to stir again, though it was quite useless. On one occasion I bought ostrich feathers from an Arab, who pressed them on me, for twelve thalers. Then I was tormented with ennui for the first time on the whole journey, for as I had to be prepared to leave at any moment, I only entered the daily events. I looked eagerly every day for news of Emin Bey, for it depended on him whether I should continue my journey to the south. Unfortunately he could only send uncertain rumours of what was going on in the north; these events shall be related all together later. Thus June came to a close.

My lodging was soon made more comfortable. After a few days Hawash Effendi moved into his new quarters, and let me have the huts reserved for Emin Bey, which were, however, already falling into decay. I had plenty of room now, and could indulge in cleanliness and order to my heart's content, and accommodate all my people. This was the more valuable, as Dufileh became very full. Gradually, one after the other, the

[1] The Bahr el-Jebel is navigable again from Dufileh southwards, and the service between Dufileh and Wadelai was maintained at this time by two steamers, the *Khedive* and the *Nyanza*.

clerks arrived from Lado with women, children, servants, and an enormous amount of rubbish. Many brought over a hundred carriers, not only for their few chattels, but also to convey themselves and their Coptic and Arabian wives on angarebs. Such a state of affairs would not have been thought of under Gordon or Gessi. Whereas formerly a white Egyptian soldier was allowed one carrier, the black Sudanese now required three, and this year the Negroes had a particularly hard time of it. The evacuation of the stations east and south, the inhabitants of which were mostly transported to Amadi by the Dufileh-Lado route, the march of the clerks with heavy boxes full of Government books, the constant travelling to and fro of many of the officials on the chief roads, and finally the transport of corn from the southern stations to Lado—all these brought it about that hardly a day passed without carriers being pressed into service.

After the departure of Morjan Danassuri, orders came from Lado that he was to go to Amadi with a number of soldiers from the evacuated stations and arrange for the defence of the station there. He returned immediately from Wadelai, whence he had not yet started on his raid. But even now I heard nothing of Anfina, the road thither not having been in use since the retreat from the station there. On July 5th Morjan Aga, and Hawash left for Lado. I remained behind with my few books, amongst them *Speke's Travels*, which I diligently studied on account of the possible journey to Buganda. We were very badly off as to our kitchen; for days I saw nothing but dill cooked as a vegetable. The best thing was the daily milk. I drank it early in the morning, and prepared a large store of simple cheeses, which soon became liquid, and then with the addition of red pepper or curry afforded a piquant relish for the kisra. My people got ill one after the other, and on many days I had to do all the work myself. Almost all the new arrivals, even the black servants, were frequently ill at first, and crawled about feverishly. Whether this was caused by the Nile water, which at this time flowed over broad shallows and was polluted above Dufileh, where the water was still lower, or



MADI HUSBAND AND WIFE. (*From a photograph by R. Buchta.*)

LILLY

whether Dufileh itself is the home of malaria, situated as it is on a very low bank at a spot where one reaches water less than a yard under the surface, I cannot decide. One thing is certain, that in all my journeys together I had not had so many sick people as at Dufileh. As a precaution, I myself only drank water that had been boiled. On account of the constant illness among my people, who were trouble enough without that, I gave up housekeeping, and accepted the hospitality of the Egyptian officer, Mustapha Effendi, who sent me my morning and evening meal every day. To balance this he received a quantity of meat whenever I had bought a two-thaler sheep, the greater part of which was distributed amongst those who provided for me. One of the kindest of these was the Coptic clerk, Bassili, who lived with his sister-in-law and her daughter, and sent me many a good dish from his kitchen. Of flour I had plenty, for a number of Bari women were constantly grinding it for me, so that, besides a box of sifted flour, I had three baskets full of telebun flour packed for the people.

As we were in the month of Ramadân, the Mohammedans eat nothing all day, and slept away hunger and thirst. I sat alone in my hut, or lounged with *Speke's Travels* under the huge tree which adorned the open square in the station. Towards evening one or another showed himself out of doors, blinked at the setting sun, and hungrily calculated its distance from the horizon. As I possessed the only watch, it fell to me to give the word, upon which the trumpeter, who was standing awaiting it, blew his evening serenade. In an instant the glasses and other vessels of sherbet standing in readiness were emptied, and the cigars or pipes lighted. The people sat together in groups and dined in common, each bringing food from his own house. Often they took several meals one after the other, and then went to sleep in order to awake in time for the meal before sunrise. Sometimes I maliciously allowed them to wait over the time, whilst all eyes were eagerly fixed on my lips.

At length, on July 24th, Ramadân came to an end, and was followed by the Mohammedan feast El-Id. To me it brought

a visible improvement in the small but obstinate wound on my instep, which had held me fast to my angareb so many days. I was now at least able to pay my neighbour, Mustapha

MADI CAP OF WHITE BEADS.

Effendi, the customary complimentary call. This day resembles New Year's Day with us; it meant having one's hand perpetually in one's pocket, and the tips eased me of twenty-five thalers. According to the old custom, the buglers and trumpeters of the

regulars made a procession early in the morning from one house to the other, playing their little piece everywhere, with the inevitable wish "Kullo senne taïb" ("The whole year good," in Sudanese-Arabic jargon), which is as much as to say, "Give baksheesh." Of course the people here rarely saw coin, and were generally appeased with a small present, such as melôt (iron money in spade form), or with a jug of merissa. After them came about ten corporals, likewise claiming their "Kullo senne taïb." Then came some of the caretakers of the so-called "Government kitchen-garden," and carried off as their baksheesh about ten times the value of all the Government dill which I had consumed during the month. So it went on till I had come to an end of the twenty-five thalers on my table. A legion of boys and others I got rid of on their entrance by taking out of their mouths before they could utter it, their "Kullo senne taïb." Late in the evening I experienced a masterpiece of Arab impudence, which is worthy of record. I had long since withdrawn to my hut and taken my simple evening meal, and my boys had also gone to rest, when a large Arabian lantern appeared before my door, followed by several servants with a tremendous "zenia" (a round Arabian waiter that serves as a dinner-table). At the same time a man came on the scene whom I had only seen once before under very questionable circumstances; he was an Arab clerk in the divan, a Dongolan, and therefore disliked, and probably altogether a ne'er-do-well. He wished me his "Kullo senne taïb," set before me, to my astonishment, an undesired repast, and at once vanished with his confederates. According to Arab customs there was nothing peculiar in this, although, as he had no connection with me whatever, this offering from a subordinate was strange enough. Of course there was a reason for it all; it was another instance of "the sausage which was thrown to the ham." The man wanted my intervention in a difficulty he had got into. It was a case of a violent quarrel between him and an officer some weeks previously, in which the most opprobrious epithets had been hurled from side to side, and the clerk had at length abused the Government also, and threatened to shoot down the officer. I

was present at the time, but came away when the quarrel grew too violent. Other spectators remained and signed the reports that had been made of the matter to send to Lado, painting it in the blackest hues. It was no wonder that the man took fright and asked for my aid. Later, when he was in irons, he called to my boys who were passing to beg my intercession. Then he tried to bribe Hawash by sending his wife to him with thirty thalers. Hawash intimated that he had even sent two hundred thalers by an express boat to a clerk at Lado as a bribe, but couriers who were despatched after it by Hawash did not find anything. The sentence from Lado was that he was to be dismissed and sent to prison. After a few months he died there, of starvation it was said.

The last days of July passed wearily, for my only pleasurable moments were due to the frequent letters from Emin Bey. Amongst other things he said he was going to build a new station, Abu Nakhra, on the west bank, between Dufileh and Wadelai. The project was soon carried out, but abandoned again on account of hostilities from the Negroes. The natives there had not been subjugated, and were always very unfriendly, although the steamers had been plying on the Bahr el-Ghazal for years. Hawash Effendi, who returned from Lado at the end of July, brought fresh tidings. Morjan Aga Danassuri had really taken command of Amadi, the garrisons from the stations Bufi, Ayak, and Rumbek being afterwards recalled thither; and in the event of war it was to serve as an outpost for Lado. Farag Aga Jussuf had been appointed to Makaraka, and was to leave for Wandi, whence Selim Effendi, against whom serious accusations were brought, was recalled; he came to Dufileh, and was sent later with Soliman Aga to the new station Abu Nakhra.

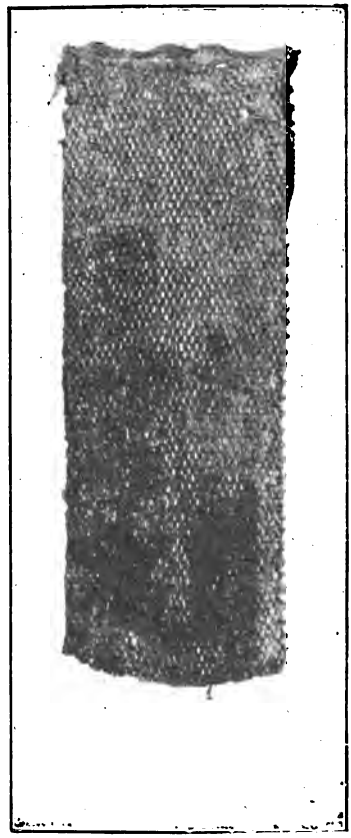
In addition to the reports and exaggerated rumours from the north, the spirit of prophecy kept the people in a constant state of excitement. Every day it was foretold that the steamer would arrive for certain; and although with equal certainty the steamer did not come, the next day every prediction to this effect was believed as implicitly as ever.

At this time there was a positive mania of credulity amongst the people. A clerk of Circassian origin was credited with a special power of seeing into the future; and I, too, often enjoyed the privilege of hearing from him what destiny had in store for me. He was introduced to me by Hawash Effendi. As the augurs of the ancients read their fate in the intestines of animals, so this insignificant Pythian on the Kordofan principle divined by means of sand. This is strewed smoothly on the ground, and he who wishes to question the oracle must, in the first place, throw a coin on the sand, probably in order to propitiate the fate invoked. The seer does not leave it long exposed to the chances of fortune, but conveys it with all speed to his pocket. The rest of the divination consists in his making various marks and finger impressions in the sand, from which he reads his augury. As I had the future invoked not only for myself, but also for my people, I was soon poorer by four thalers. The only thing manifest to me, unfortunately, was the obscurity in which the immediate future was enveloped. In another kind of divination sandals are used. They are placed together, and thrown up in the air with one hand, so that they fall anyhow to the ground. From their relative position the future is augured. I must own, however, that sand and sandals had equally little of importance to tell me. That people here were still thinking of marrying, in spite of the dark times, had more of a cheering influence. The Egyptian officer, Ibrahim Effendi Elhem, having shortly before divorced his black spouse, was now about to lead home the bride of his desires, the youthful daughter of the Egyptian officer, Ali Akhmet, from Lado.

Hawash now held the position of commandant of all the southern stations still standing as far as Laboreh, whilst Ibrahim Effendi came in later for his share, viz. Laboreh, Muggi, and Kiri. He was still quartered at Dufileh, but had now for a long time been absent, pressing on the building of the new station at Abu Nakhra. In course of time, Hawash had sent after him all his belongings, a whole bevy of Negresses from all districts, and his children, as well as his remaining

effects in Kabayendi and Lado; but one of the wives and a child soon afterwards died.

I could have transferred my quarters from Dufileh to Wadelai; but, though not affected by the prophecy, I was kept back by the irrepressible hope of the steamer's arrival at Lado. If it should come, it might bring orders to make only a short stay in Lado, and I should not be able to get back from Wadelai in time. There was no quick service between Dufileh and Wadelai. Whenever a steamer made this journey, it always took several days to provide the necessary wood. Often too both steamers were at the same time in Dufileh or Wadelai, and letters from Lado might be detained here several days. My present hopes of the speedy arrival of the steamer from Khartum were grounded upon a calculation. I started from the conjecture that after the fall of Hicks, the destruction of whose army probably happened in October or November, neither Egypt nor Europe would be content to leave the Sudan to its fate; but that as soon as the disaster was known, the combined forces would be despatched from the north. In this case, even if a temporary railway were first to be made between Sawâkin and Berber, help was to be expected in the course of a year—that is, in October or November. Taking this for granted, and en-



MADI WOMAN'S APRON OF IRON BEADS.

couraged by there having been no invasion from the Bahr el-Ghazal, I at length consoled myself with the thought of a return to Lado, or at least to Kiri. What with the constant illness among my people, and my own troubles in that way, the last of which had been inflammation of the upper arm, I was sick of Dufileh, although the fever from which nearly everybody here suffered spared me.

Then too, at the worst, I could always come back. Towards the end of August I therefore decided to go to Kiri, and after making some stay there, to return to Lado, to which place Emin Bey had sent me a most friendly invitation. As a number of boxes were now packed ready to go south, I sent off twenty-one loads to Lado on August 26th. Then I bought in butter, oil, honey, onions, fowls, sheep, etc., and asked for some of the recently-arrived ethnographical objects from Magungo. I no longer thought of making a regular collection ; I had at length got to the end of my tether in this direction. At the end of August, Hawash Effendi left with Soliman Aga for Wadelai to open the station of Abu Nakhra.

I had arranged with Mustapha Effendi, the Egyptian officer in Dufileh, that we should start together for Khor Ayu, to which place he was ordered. I waited several days for him, but as he could not get through his "important business," I set out on September 4th from Dufileh alone. The journey was beset with difficulties. On the very first stretch to Khor Ayu, Halima's feet swelled, and she had to remain behind in the desert, whence I sent an angareb to fetch her late in the evening. The fact was that the lazy life at the zeriba had demoralized my followers for travelling. For the present I was obliged to leave Halima, and with her my other two girls who did not know how to cook, in Khor Ayu. I rested one day in Laboreh, and bought some baskets of salt, which was scarce at Lado. The road on to Muggi was made somewhat laborious by the high grass, and there I also rested a day. On September 9th I went on to Kiri, taking up my abode once more in Emin Bey's house. I at once sent him word of my arrival. Fula Effendi, who had been stationed there, was now transferred to Amadi. The present commandant was Akhmet Aga Assiuti, a Sudanese officer dating

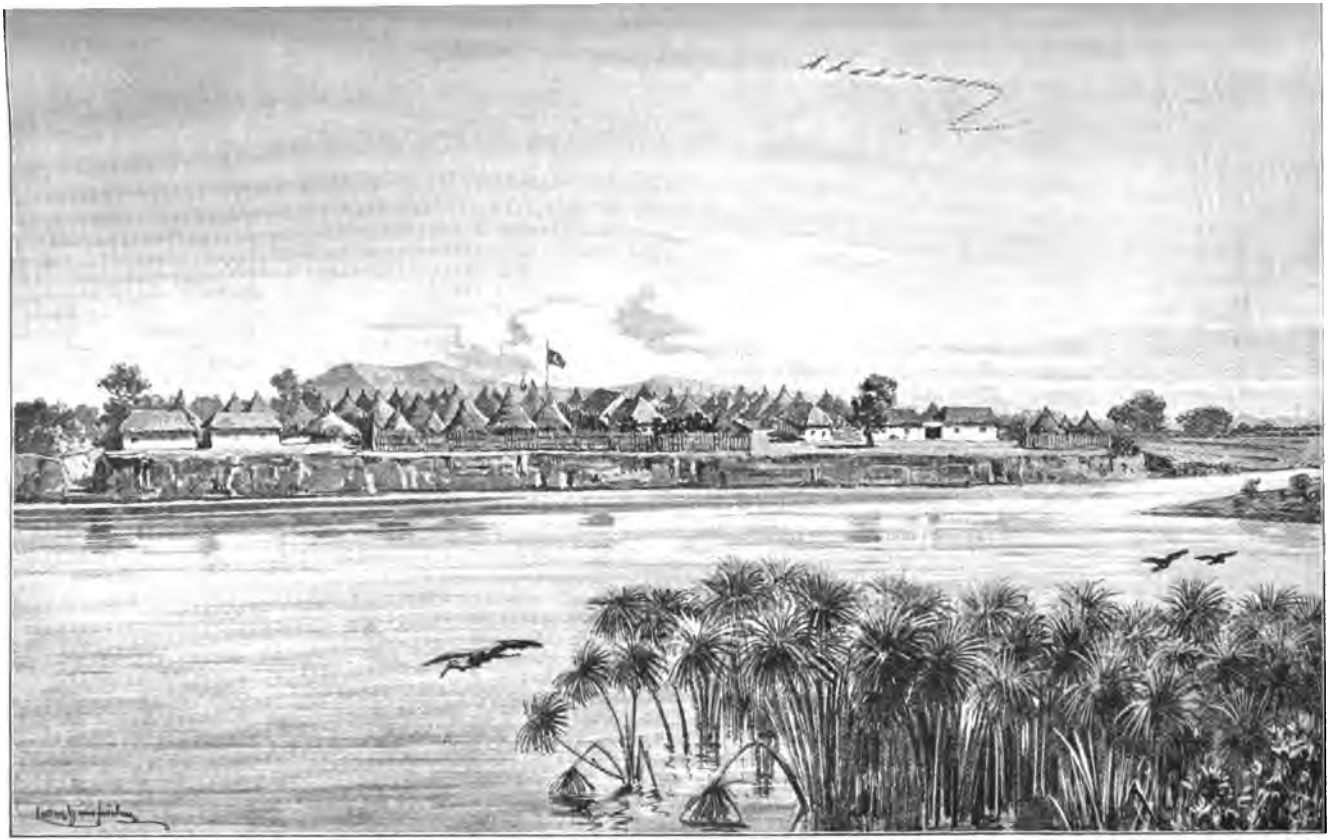
from Baker's time, a more genial fellow than one generally meets among them. He often came to see me, and looked after my comfort with the greatest assiduity.

On September 14th Ibrahim Elhem caught me up. By Emin Bey's kindness the barges at the stations had already been placed at our disposal, and so, on September 15th, I travelled with Ibrahim to Beddên. Akhmet Aga gave me two basketfuls of ground-nuts on my departure, and promised after the harvest to send on to Lado some of the earth-beans (*Voandzeia subterranea*), largely cultivated near Kiri. The earth-beans are round in shape, and lie singly in a hard capsule, which has to be removed before cooking. The bean itself is covered with a tough skin, out of which the mealy contents can be easily pressed with the fingers.

EARTH-BEANS (*Voandzeia subterranea*).

In Beddên we did not meet the commandant, as he had gone to forage for corn, so we had the luggage brought round the Shelâl (rapids) to the north of the island, and thence proceeded, on September 16th, to Regaf. The easy and pleasant journey in a boat going with the stream takes hardly a third of the time, so that by midday we had reached Regaf. Here we unexpectedly met Ali Effendi Akhmet, Ibrahim Elhem's future father-in-law, who being one of the oldest officials, and in Emin Bey's confidence, was at the beginning of the hostilities transferred to Lado as military commander there. Abdul Effendi came to Regaf in his place. He was an Egyptian who had been in Amadi, and was replaced there by Fula Effendi. The next day we all left together for Lado, as I had announced my arrival to Emin Bey. Ibrahim Elhem was even in a greater hurry than myself, for he was to be married in this month of the Arabian calendar, the next being one of those in which there is a prejudice against celebrating weddings.

On the morning of our departure some light rain fell and the sky threatened a deluge. At Gondokoro I lay-to, so that I might at least have a glimpse of the historical spot where the former mission stood, the centre from which Sir Samuel Baker subjugated the southern territories to the Government. Of the



LADO STATION (BAHR EL-JEBEL). (*Drawn by L. H. Fischer.*)

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Niam-Niam dogs that I had left behind in Lado, I had already found one in Beddên, and I took another with me of those that were waiting here. After a short halt for breakfast we pushed on farther, but owing to the strong north winds we could only proceed very slowly, and did not reach Lado until late in the afternoon.

Emin Bey was awaiting me with some acquaintances on the bank, and led me to his house, where we sat chatting till late in the evening. A roomy dwelling, which owing to Osman Erbab's absence was vacant, had been prepared for me, and I placed my things there, but as my servants had not yet arrived, I remained for the present Emin Bey's guest.

But for the better comprehension of ensuing events, I must here be allowed to make a *résumé* of the events of the last months. I shall avoid dwelling on any of the rumours which reached me, and shall confine myself to the letters sent to me at Dufileh by Emin Bey. As these have already been published in full (R. Buchta, *Der Sudan*, etc., pp. 165—195), I may here limit myself to extracts by which the reader will be enabled to find his way. Emir Karam Allah had sent letters, similar to that addressed to Emin Bey, to all the higher officials—Osman Latif Effendi in Rumbek, Defi' Allah Aga in Ayak, and Ibrahim Muhammed in Makaraka. The latter wrote that he had sent to Amadi a mule which Emin Bey had ordered thither to convey him to Karam Allah's, and that he would meet the Governor there. Halil Effendi Meraï, an Egyptian officer, had thereupon assembled his subordinates in Makaraka, and told them they might go wherever they liked, there was no longer a Government. Emin Bey added, "I immediately sent an officer and ten men to Makaraka to arrest the officer." A report then came from Belal Aga, at Kabayendi, that Ibrahim Aga had sent 200 Bombehs to get the women and children together, taken arms and ammunition out of the magazine in Wandi, sunk the boat in the Yei (near Wandi), almost entirely destroyed Kabayendi, carried off Mustapha Dervish in chains, etc., and had finally left with his followers and Halil Merai for Goza on the way to the Bahr el-Ghazal. "So Ibrahim has unmasked himself," added Emin. Osman Erbab,

the clerk of the deputation which had been sent, wrote from Amadi that Karam Allah would leave the Bahr el-Ghazal for Lado on Ramadân 2nd (June 26th); and at the same time Defl' Allah wrote, the Emir had brought 7000 men with him into the Bahr el-Ghazal province. But this, like much that I have left unmentioned, was merely rumour. I will here only relate the story that the Mahdi is said to have told his people. Muhammed Akhmet had shown his followers some covered baskets, and said that Gordon had left Egypt four days before at the head of 60,000 men, well provided with money and everything that he required, to try and overcome him. But in these baskets were the souls of those 60,000 men; 20,000 of them would be swallowed by the earth, another 20,000 would vanish in the air, and the rest would come over to him, the Mahdi.

In the meantime a common Faki in Kudurma had given himself out as Khalif (the vice-regent of the Mahdi), had made propaganda there, and written to the Arabs in Loggo Station to join him. With reference to this Emin Bey informed me that Loggo had already been vacated, the Arabs there disarmed, the ammunition and arms stored in the magazine at Wandi, and that he had recently sent reinforcements to Makaraka. My comment on this is that the whole time no attack had been made on the Arabs, but that a policy of "masterly inactivity" had been strictly adhered to, giving the Arabs time to assemble themselves and inducing many of them to desert to the enemy's camp. In Makaraka the territory, as far as Kabayendi Station inclusive, remained in the hands of the Government; Kudurma and the western stations, on the other hand, had been garrisoned by the insurgent Nubian Arabs of the province, and the connection with the west thus cut off, but the road towards the south-west to Mangbattu, through the territory of the Mundus, was still comparatively open.

The tidings and written reports from the north-western districts of Emin Bey's province were, in some points, more definite. According to them a number of Arabs from Rumbek had started for the Bahr el-Ghazal province shortly after the first news of its fall received from Emir Karam Allah, and had been massacred by the blacks on the way. Rumbek Station was

thus proved to be useless; the soldiers were in danger there; and Emin Bey issued the command that they were to evacuate Rumbek, and to withdraw for the present to Ayak. This was carried out, and Suleiman Aga, at the head of 180 soldiers from Ayak, disarming the Nubian Arabs who had remained in Rumbek, conveyed the soldiers, two guns with ammunition, and some provisions to Ayak on August 17th. I will here note in advance that the Ayak and Bufi Stations were also evacuated, and all the troops withdrawn to Amadi. This, owing to the gross carelessness with which the orders were executed, was only carried out months later.

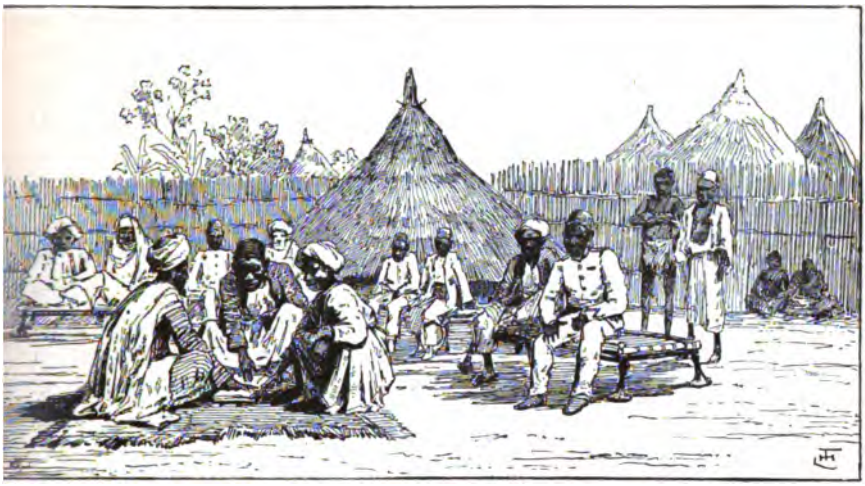
The Arabs in the middle Rôl territory had been hostile to the Government from the first. The elephant-hunter, Ali Karkutli, in the little station Sayadin, had taken arms and ammunition from some of the soldiers and since held them as prisoners; and when Morjan Aga Danassuri from Dufileh was transferred to Amadi, he received command to send against Ali Karkutli the chief Takfara near that station, who at that time still held to the Government.

A great deal came to light about the deputation sent to Emir Karam Allah. It had reached Ayak in the meantime, and, finding the farther roads blocked by Negroes, had remained there. Quarrels and divisions had arisen amongst its members, and it had even come to murder; finally, it was said that a part of the deputation was with the rebels in Sayadin. This was really the case, for, on August 20th, Emin Bey received a letter sent from thence by Osman Erbab, through Morjan Danassuri, in which he said—"I have come from the Bahr el-Ghazal to bring respectful and joyful letters to the Mudir (Emin Bey); send some men to fetch me, I am in great haste." Emin Bey adds that Morjan Aga at once sent some men, and Osman might have been at Amadi some time, and that he, the Governor, was expecting him at Lado. But he did not arrive, and remained, like the other surviving members of the deputation, with the rebels.

At this time, after a lapse of sixteen months, news came at length from Bor Station. It contained the glad tidings of the rescue of the officer Abd el-Wahab Effendi and his

twelve men. Bor and Gondokoro being the only stations on the east bank of the Bahr el-Jebel, the situation there, after the repulse of the Negroes, was comparatively satisfactory. The facts that could be gleaned from all the letters which reached Emin Bey after the beginning of June, and which mostly contained only rumours, were found to be but very few. The situation was as follows: The expected invasion of the Arabs from the Bahr el-Ghazal had not taken place, so that it was probable not so many of them had come from Kordofan, or at least had remained in the Bahr el-Ghazal province, as had been conjectured. The actual force of the enemy was as yet limited to the Arabs of this province only, who had established themselves in the western stations, and in all probability were planning a speedy attack on Amadi. In addition to Ayak, which had also been abandoned, the small stations to the south-west on the Rôl (including Sayadin) were in the hands of the rebels. The stations in Kalika and Loggo had already been withdrawn, Mangbattu still resisted, the eastern stations in Makaraka were garrisoned, the men from Bufi were withdrawn, and Amadi alone, as a strong frontier fort and an outwork for Lado, was surrounded by trenches and strongly garrisoned. These preparations were made against the foe who was probably advancing, and whose forces might now possibly be reinforced with men from the Bahr el-Ghazal, and ought to have been attacked earlier. But before that time—*i.e.* in the course of the next few months—help ought to reach us from Khartum. In confident hopes of this I re-entered Lado, as already said, on September 17th.

EUMENES POMIFORMIS.



IBRAHIM ELHEM'S PRE-NUPTIAL CONTRACT.

CHAPTER XI.

SECOND RESIDENCE AT LADO (SEPTEMBER 18TH, 1884, TO JANUARY 26TH, 1885).

Arranging the new Dwellings—The Feast of Bairam—Camels of the Langos—Events at Mangbattu—The Arabs invest the Village of Takfaras—First Attacks on Amadi—Mismanagement in Makaraka—The Baris—Activity of Emin Bey—Casati's Arrival.

THUS closed another short chapter of my life as a traveller, in the course of which I had become acquainted with another part of this province and with the Upper Bahr el-Jebel and its stations. My present home in Lado, situated opposite my former little zeriba, consisted of the following buildings. Passing through a rekuba one entered the divan, which had two doors, and from this came to the southern part of the square, where a new, roomy hut served as my bedroom; opposite this, divided from it by a small rekuba, was a large, long house with

mud walls, which I used as a store-house. A fourth hut served as the kitchen and to shelter the girls; a fifth was used for the boys. Besides these, a roof was put up for my two asses, which I was not so ready on this occasion to entrust to other hands, and kept under my own eye. My faithful old servant had recovered so much under my care that I could ride him nearly the whole way on my return journey from Dufileh.

On September 26th my three girls arrived, and brought the goats which had been left behind and two loads of earth-beans from Kiri. As formerly, I received rations of meat and vegetables from the garden, which was unfortunately now much neglected and afforded very little. I had an ardeb of durra-corn from the stores every month. Dukhn I brought with me from Dufileh, for the white Makaraka corn was scarce at this time, and the next harvest would not be gathered in till January.

September 28th reminded me of a family party at home. Vita Hassan had asked me to dine with him, Akhmet Mahmud and Ibrahim Elhem being also invited. He was still well provisioned, better than any one else, having bought everything wholesale on his last journey to Khartum with Emin Bey. At his house one still got coffee with sugar, and tunny, and Bologna sausages in tins. He even gave me a glass of vermouth, though it was from his last bottle; the very last, however, was in my possession. Vita had sent it to me at Dufileh, and it remained long unopened, waiting for a great occasion. At Emin Bey's, where I again usually spent my evenings, the scarcity had already made itself felt in many ways. He had to do without coffee, like the rest of us, and had accustomed himself to karkadeh, that is, the seed of the *Hibiscus Sabdariffa*. The Negroes prepare it as a sauce for their porridge. Roasted, the seeds afforded us a decoction that had to do service for the missing coffee.

On October 1st fell the feast of the Great Bairam. Early in the morning there was a state reception in the divan, where the Mudir received the official visits, civil and military, the most important personages being regaled with sherbet, coffee, and cigars; while the others, after a short greeting, had coffee and

sweetmeats in a neighbouring divan. I sat near Emin Bey, and involuntarily my mind went back to the pompous ceremonial of the first day of the Id el-Kebir, which twelve years before I had spent in close companionship with the Bey of Tunis.

Close on this festivity, in the tumult of which many forgot the dreaded future, followed another. Immediately on our arrival Ibrahim Elhem's nuptial ceremonies commenced, and did not come to an end till after the conclusion of the festival of el-Id. In the Sudan the foregoing ceremonies are the most important, the wedding itself being, with some deviations, celebrated according to the Egyptian rite.

On this occasion the bridal procession began shortly before eight o'clock. The bride walked with some of the women under a large mosquito-net carried on four poles, under which a chair was borne that she might rest at the frequent halting-places. In the van, and in the rear of the procession, large lamps and small coloured Chinese lanterns were carried on sticks, the whole being accompanied by music. A troop of Negro women with their eternal tamtaming swarmed round about. The men also joined the procession, and before it started, and at the halting-places, the Arab women performed dances, and I witnessed a very brutal custom of the Sudanese men, in which even some of the clerks took a part. This is a challenge to a duel with the rhinoceros-hide whip, which, being carried out in the presence of the dancing-women, is meant to testify to the courage of the men, who give each other heavy blows on their bare shoulders and backs, which left thick weals. Each has to take the same number of blows from his opponent as he gives. Sometimes one man will challenge three or four, to whom he deals in turn savage blows, which are returned afterwards by them all in succession. The pain must have been excessive, but I did not see the men move a muscle. The custom really is for the bridegroom to receive the bride at his threshold and to carry her into the house, but this form was omitted, as the bride was to be formally given away by her father on the next day.

On the second day I sent the well-preserved carpet of my

large angareb to Ali Effendi as a present. The banquet took place in the evening, Emin Bey being present. According to custom, there were several series of revellers, those who were not eating at the moment taking their place on the angarebs set up in front of the houses. I had sent my boasted bottle of vermouth, and the few people of the first series each got a glass. These evening feasts usually last a long time, but this one was shortened, as so many ceremonies were to follow. Ibrahim Effendi was also obliged to make a procession, and was led first to Vita's house, where he was arrayed in a faultless black suit, lent to him by the master. In front of the house there were more chairs and angarebs, and chocolate and coffee were handed round. Later, the procession, accompanied by music, dancing, and shouting, returned to Ali Effendi's. Here, after more coffee or karkadeb, the bride was given away. In this ceremony the father and bridegroom sit down in sight of the company on a carpet, on which the Faki also takes his place. They then settle the dowry of the girl (in this case 150 thalers), which is often, though not on this occasion, paid over at once and taken in charge by somebody whom the girl appoints. Then the father, the bridegroom, and the Faki take hands under a spread-out cloth, the oath formula and a short prayer are said, and all is over.

Ibrahim Elhem left on the 9th, with Ali Effendi and Vita Hassan, for Regaf, after giving a parting banquet the previous evening. Ali wished to bring his interrupted business matters there to a conclusion, and Vita had to see to his patients in the southern stations, particularly in Dufileh, where the clerks were awaiting him. My health did not improve in Lado. In addition to fits of intermittent fever, there was my sore leg, which Emin Bey cured at length with glycerine. During my absence from Lado, a large deep trench had been made on the northern and western sides, and this work was being continued on the southern side, where the large Government garden lay. The earth from the trench had been thrown up into earthworks on the inner side, two small cannons being placed on mounds at the north-west and south-west corners.

A BRIDAL PROCESSION AT LADO. (*Drawn by L. H. Fischer.*)

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We had heard nothing whatever of the movements of Emir Karam Allah and his troops for a long time, so that every one had become careless. We preferred to account for this by thinking that the Mahdi had recalled him to the north. Nevertheless I intended to try and get into written communication with Abdu'lallahi, and to learn something definite, for there was a rumour to the effect that he still held to the Government. My relations with him on my first journey from the Bahr el-Ghazal to Goza had been friendly. I wrote, as a pretext, that I was anxious for his help in recovering certain loads of my collections from the Bahr el-Ghazal, and I trusted from his answer to gather with which party his sympathies were. I spoke in the Arabic letter of Abd ez-Zamat's kindness to Schweinfurth, who had returned it by his intervention on behalf of Abd ez-Zamat; and said I might in the same way be of service to Abdu'lallahi. Emin Bey sent this letter to Makaraka with orders that it was to be forwarded to Abdu'lallahi. After some weeks, however, the letter was returned from Makaraka, with the remark that a party of dragomans had conveyed it nearly to Goza, but were then attacked, and after two of them had been killed, took to flight. On October 10th Morjan Danassuri forwarded a considerable mail that he had received; amongst other letters were two from Emir Karam Allah for Emin Bey, similar to the last, but with the addition that he was now coming to Lado for certain. At the same time a report came that 1600 men had already arrived at Mangbattu, and this was confirmed by a despatch for Emin Bey from Makaraka.

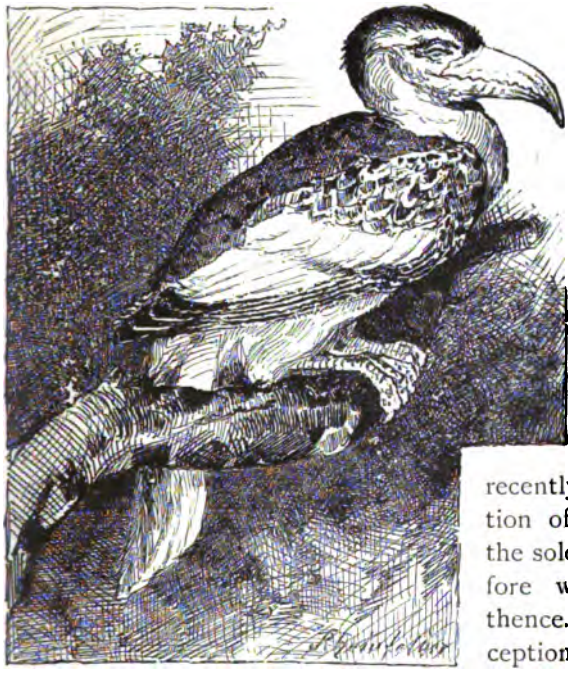
The chief thing now was to put Amadi in a state of defence, having regard at the same time to Lado. The command to withdraw from Ayak and Busi to Amadi had already been given. Amadi had been entrenched like Lado, and Emin Bey now issued various commands for Makaraka, while Vita and Ali Sid Akhmet were recalled to Lado. Our discussion of the sensational tidings was interrupted on the night of October 11th by a more pressing danger. The fire-alarm was suddenly given. Fortunately the rain that had fallen the day before had so soaked everything that on this occasion only a hut was burned. Not

until now did they set the soldiers and Baris about constructing the unfinished part of the trench, though the work was certainly carried on with a will when they began. The portion already made had been but little trouble, as an old trench, which had been there before, only required to be widened and deepened. Now a new trench had to be made running from the south-west corner to the river, skirting the garden, which was left on the outside. This operation was conducted by the Egyptian officer, Mahmud Effendi Ajemi, who had gone through the last Russo-Turkish war, and went to work in a very masterly way. Hundreds of men were at it early and late every day; and thus towards the end of October the trench had been carried down to the river.

Outside the station, hardly two paces to the west, was the large dragoman village and several thorny enclosures for the cattle. In the course of years all the wood far and near had been cut down, and there was nothing left but the short grass, such as grown everywhere in Bari Land. In the event of war, these numerous huts close to the station would afford the enemy the best protection from our bullets, so it was highly important that they should be transported elsewhere. The new arm of the Bahr el-Jebel, already mentioned, flowed from the station in a curve northwards, so that with the canal running to the north of the station it enclosed a triangular space. The ground was certainly marshy for the most part, but there was still space enough to provide for some of the dragomans. Besides, the spot began to dry on the arrival of the rainless season. The recently-constructed huts of the dragomans were protected by a strong thorn hedge, running from the station to the arm of the Bahr el-Jebel, and the ground before the hedge was covered by the cannon at the north-west corner. For the dragomans, for whose huts the space behind the hedge was insufficient, a zeriba was made further to the north, whence in case of need they could, after burning their huts, retreat to their companions behind the hedge, all of them eventually being able to take refuge within the station. These precautions also were only taken after the new alarm, and all were finished in October, and the spaces

round about the station cleared of the high grass. As Emin Bey was suffering at this time from a bad foot, and very rarely left the station, I inspected these works daily, and gave the people the necessary instructions.

Casati sent at this time some live birds, bird-skins, etc., for Emin Bey, who had wire cages constructed for several rare owls and birds of prey. He also classified Casati's natural history specimens, and added them, carefully packed, to the collections. An announcement came from Dufileh that the Negroes had attacked the recently-founded station of Abu Nakhra; the soldiers were therefore withdrawn from thence. With this exception everything followed its usual course in the southern stations. We surmised that heavy rains had fallen in the south, as the Nile, which had been very low at first, began to rise visibly now in October.



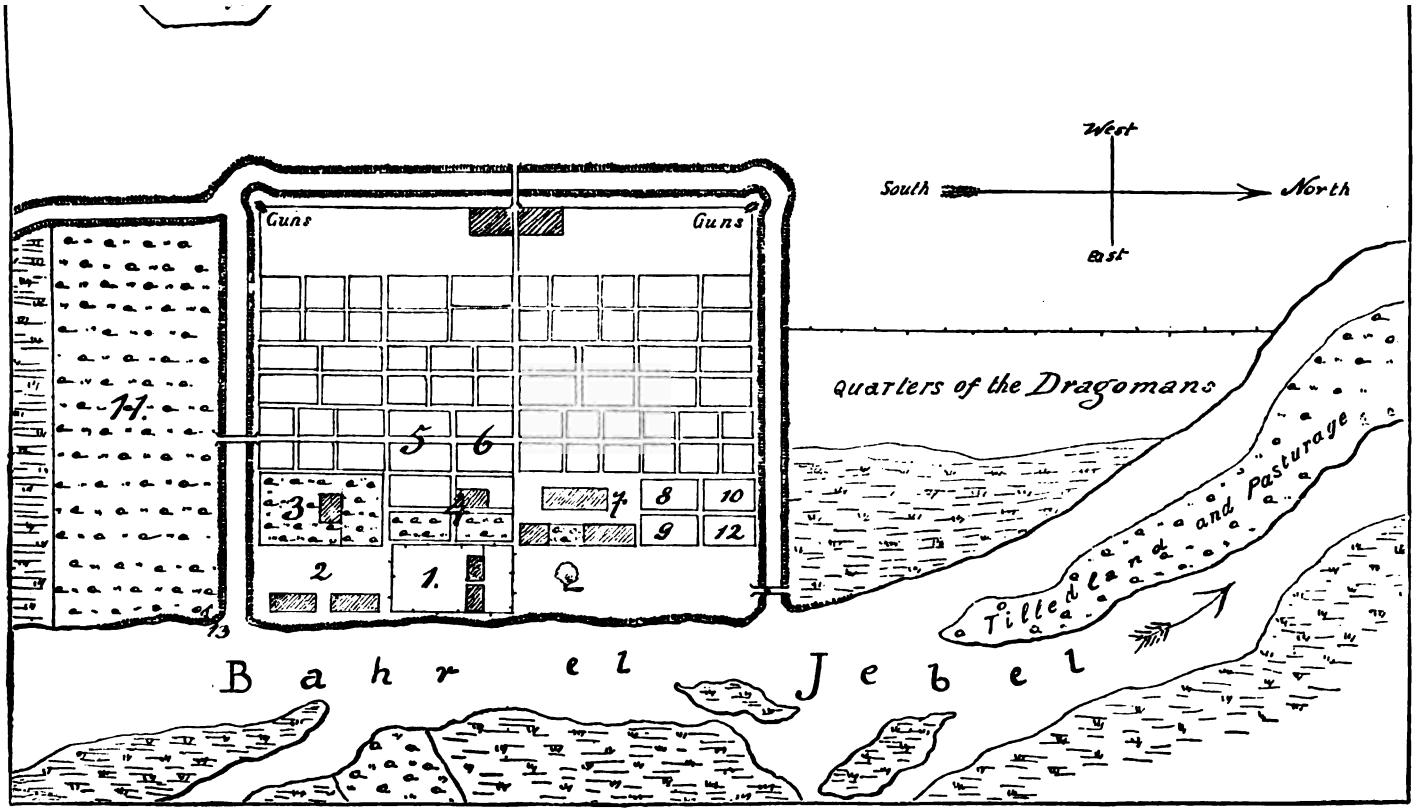
HORN-BILL (*Buceros erythrorhynchus*).

On October 30th Emin Bey tried to get a letter conveyed to Bor by way of Gondokoro, but in twenty days it came back, and it was said that the road was blocked and that the Negroes had risen in the neighbourhood of Bor. On the same day Emin Bey sent me the following notice from the divan: "A letter has just

arrived from Amadi. Persons on whom reliance can be placed have been sent by Morjan Aga to Sayadin, and report that nothing has been seen or heard there of Karam Allah and his men. On the other hand the men in Sayadin, under command of the elephant-hunter, Ali Karkutli, and the Sheikh Hassan Wod et Tarb, are preparing to attack Amadi. The people from Ayak have arrived safely in Amadi with all their luggage, those from Bufi were still on the way. The soldiers are well disposed. Our entire deputation to the Bahr el-Ghazal is now with the rebels." This was so far good news, as of late there had been well-grounded fears for the garrison in Ayak with their cannon and ammunition; we could think ourselves fortunate that we had them all safely in Amadi at last, and that at the same time this station was strengthened by the reinforcements.

October came to an end without any certain tidings, but our position seemed in so far more satisfactory that the forces of the province were no longer divided amongst different stations, but concentrated in Amadi. The great thing now was to do all that we could to disparage the strength of the still unknown foe. By their attitude in Kudurma, after Ibrahim's departure, and the inimical measures of Ali Karkutli, who had disarmed the Government soldiers in Sayadin and treated them as prisoners, as well as by many other marks of hostility, the Arabs had declared themselves as rebels.

The hot days in Lado made me bathe frequently every day, by which means I was able to economize my last few pieces of soap. For the linen the soft soap made in Lado was used already. I had made a convenient arrangement for bathing out of doors. It consisted of basket-work the height of a man and two yards across, such as the Baris use as a granary (Gugu). I had it cut open on one side and placed close against my divan, out of which a door opened into it. My best bathing costume always stood in this large basket open at the top, and there was room for a chair also. I hung a piece of sacking before the door, as a curtain, so that nothing was wanting to the completeness of the arrangement. Here I led an amphibious life, which proved very beneficial to me. My household, on the



PLAN OF LADO (THE BAHR EL-JEBEL IS MUCH WIDER IN COMPARISON TO THE STATION). (1) EMIN BEY'S HUTS. (2) MAGAZINE. (3) HOSPITAL AND GARDEN. (4) OSMAN LATIF'S DWELLING. (5) DR. JUNKER'S DWELLING. (6) TAÏB'S DWELLING. (7) CLERKS' DIVANS. (8) AKHMET MAHMUD'S HOUSE. (9) VITA HASSAN'S HOUSE. (10) AWAT'S HOUSE. (11) GOVERNMENT GARDEN. (12) ISMAÏL HATTAB'S HOUSE. (13) PUMPING-GEAR.

contrary, brought me nothing but annoyance. Although I myself superintended everything, I could not bring it into even tolerable order. I heard that in the house of Ali Sid Akhmet, who had married an Abyssinian woman, there was a Galla girl without a place. I had already heard most praiseworthy accounts of the housekeeping, carefulness and cleanliness of the Abyssinians and Gallas. (The slaves sold in their youth as Abyssinians are for the most part Galla girls.) Throughout the Sudan they frequently conducted the housekeeping of the well-to-do, and were found, in this capacity, in the house of many an European at Khartum; so I asked the girl, who had obtained her certificate of freedom and therefore could not be bought, whether she would enter my service for wages. She agreed to do so, and from November 1st Amina became my housekeeper.

The works at the station now approached completion. The stockades, close to the cannon, were put in order, and the raised path running behind them, to enable the kneeling soldiers to shoot, was levelled. Fire-proof powder magazines were also made in the ramparts under the cannon, and a new and very secure one for ammunition was constructed on the river. These works took up a good part of November. The dragomans had in the meantime transported their villages, so that now a free, wide plain lay before the zeriba. Only the large Government garden with its many trees could now afford protection to the foe, but this could easily be done away with in case of need. The supplies had also been cared for. Emin Bey had all the corn brought in that could be found anywhere, and the barges between Lado and Regaf and Kiri were constantly in motion for this purpose. Many of the officials endeavoured to fill their own granaries, and I bought some ardebs of red durra from the dragomans. Emin Bey and Ali Sid Akhmet also sent me some, so that for the present I was well provided in this respect; but in case of a siege there would have been an immediate scarcity of wood for burning, as this was fetched daily from a distance. We had already taken the precaution to arrange for the storing of a large quantity. I had sixty loads of faggots

stacked up at my place; and had made a plan to have a large hole dug in the earth in which to hide my people in case of a bombardment.

Thus half November also passed in constant suspense, and still there was nothing but rumours, to which little heed was now paid. But with a few light showers at the beginning of the month the rainy season had reached its end, so that there was nothing more to prevent the Arabs from carrying out their schemes. As a matter of fact they very soon gave news of themselves. On November 8th a report came from Amadi that Makaraka, Amadi, and Bufi were to be attacked simultaneously by Abdu'-lallahi, Ali Karkutli, and Tahir Aga from the Bahr el-Ghazal. A further report announced that a number of men from Shambeh had taken flight in two boats up stream in the endeavour, doubtless, to reach Fashoda; but that one boat had been destroyed by the Negroes on the way. On November 14th some men arrived from Anfina, the Wagungo chief on the Somerset Nile, with a message to Emin Bey, reporting that after the evacuation of the station and the departure of the soldiers from Anfina's territory, his eastern neighbour, Kamisoa, Riongo's son, and his neighbour on the south, Kabrega, king of Bunyoro, had resumed hostilities. Anfina now earnestly desired that Emin Bey would re-establish a garrison in his vicinity, and protect him and his little territory against the enemy. This, of course, was not possible at present, but Emin Bey dismissed the men with presents for Anfina and the answer that later, when the state of affairs here was more favourable, and the steamer had arrived from Khartum, the station should certainly be garrisoned again. We did not omit to take this opportunity of sending letters for Europe, as well as for the missionaries who might still be in Buganda; Anfina was to forward the letters thither. Emin Bey also impressed upon the messengers that they were to ask Anfina to send new messengers to him at once. We thus kept open for all contingencies the way which fate had perhaps after all destined me to take.

On November 15th an official letter from Morjan Aga informed us that the Arabs were drawing near, and had taken

possession of the village of Takfara, in the neighbourhood of Amadi. Abdu'lallahi and his followers were also with the insurgents. To make the situation intelligible, I must mention that Amadi Station lay on the east bank of the Yei, which at present was still very high, but later would be shallow and easy to pass. To the west extended the territory of the chief Takfara, who had been loyal to the Government and of great service to Amadi in supplying corn, etc., but who in this instance, probably to rescue a part of his possessions, held with the foe from the first. Three days later a letter arrived from Abdu'lallahi announcing to Emin Bey that he had been put at the head of the forces in Makaraka by Emir Karam Allah, and was ready to take possession of the province. The letter had been written by a clerk from Lado, who had been sent with the deputation to the Bahr el-Ghazal, and was now in Abdu'lallahi's service. Emir Karam Allah was said to be in Jur Ghattas, and Khartum to be in a state of siege, but not yet taken. Private letters to Lado contained the further information that a steamer was coming from the Mahdi to Meshra er-Rêq to fetch away the faithful.

The next day an announcement came from Morjan Aga of an attack on the station. Some rebels, basingers for the most part, were said to be wounded ; and on the following day Morjan Aga reported a second attack, with some slight losses among the Arabs. At the same time he forwarded a summons to him from Karam Allah to deliver up the station. Similar announcements of slight attacks on Amadi often arrived at that time. On the other hand the garrison from Bufi had at last reached shelter in Amadi, though Morjan Aga did not change his defensive attitude on that account. Many prisoners, taken on the retreat from Ayak and Bufi, had accumulated in Amadi. Unfortunately many who were innocent had to suffer, but the greater number would probably have gone over to the enemy in any case. The guarding of hundreds of prisoners was a very serious difficulty, and so, what with the deeply-rooted hatred of the black Sudanese soldiers for the irregular Nubian Arab troops, and the military despotism of the higher officials which was tolerated by the Government without protest, it was not surprising that the

greater number of the prisoners in Amadi were put to death. They were taken, ten at a time, into the desert, and killed there by their guards. Two batches of about twenty men, however, were sent by Morjan Danassuri to Lado, and worked in chains for a short time at the trenches. But soon all the survivors were moved on to Dufileh and Fatiko, as was given out, but they never got even so far as Dufileh, for the poor wretches were overtaken by their fate on the way. Among them was Defl' Allah, the former administrator of Ayak ; his few possessions were later sold by auction in Lado.

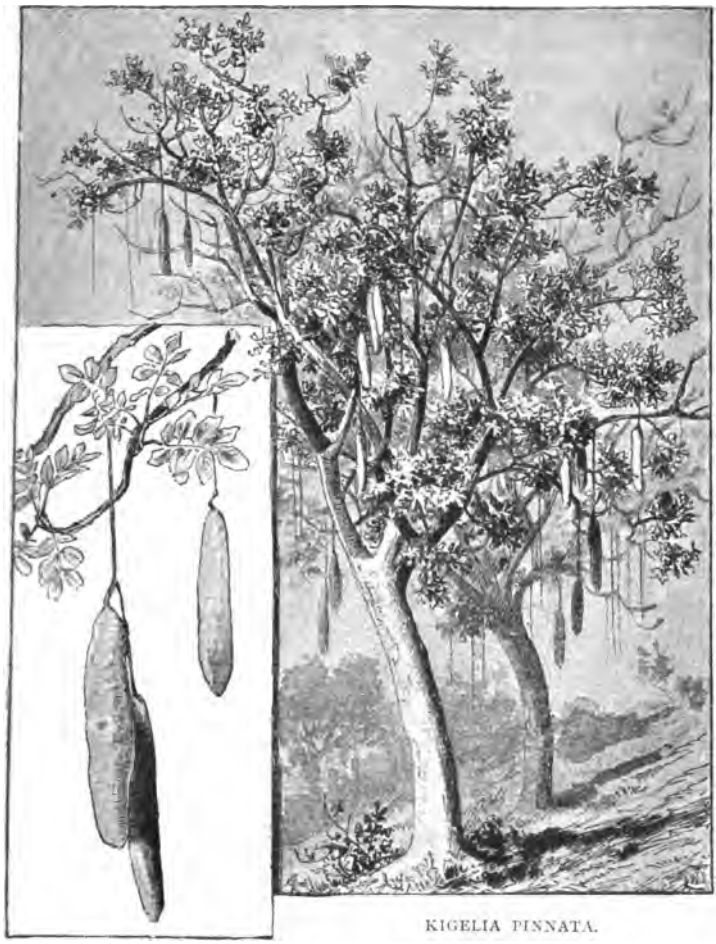
In writing of these matters I have a lively recollection of the difficulty we had in picturing the situation clearly to ourselves from the short Arabic letters. As Morjan Aga did not know how to read or write, the clerks made up their reports just as they chose, announcing what suited them and suppressing information as to the plentiful abuses. In Lado means were found to provide for many of our wants. Emin Bey, who had no proper rowing boat to get from Lado to the fruitful island to the north, sent one of the large Khartum barges daily to cut reeds for palisades for the station, and at the same time to prepare a piece of land for sowing. For myself, I had my eye on two small boats of Gordon's time which were in the store-house. They were made of canvas to fold up, and were certainly not adapted to the water in this part, as they were too light to make way against the strong current. But, in spite of this, I managed to get one of them repaired so as to be ready for use in case of need.

The rest of November and the whole of December passed in almost painful inactivity, although we were now at war. Even reports and rumours were very few. A sally had been made towards the end of November, which had met with no success. In Morjan Aga's report it was said, indeed, that the Arabs had suffered great loss, and that many of the Agars, who had recently joined the rebels, had fallen, but the Government troops had also suffered severely. Three officers, among them the Egyptian Fula Effendi, formerly at Kiri, had been killed ; and thirty were reported wounded. It appeared later that the sally had been repulsed, and that the officers,

being the last to flee, had been struck down by the Arabs. Emin Bey, who had already sent many small reinforcements with ammunition to Amadi, now ordered forces from Makaraka thither, and the Bombeh and Makaraka Negroes were to follow the auxiliaries. But the time for making use of these races had passed. I knew, from my own experience, the service they had rendered formerly on expeditions and in war. There was a want of men of old standing, such as Ringio, Bahit Bey, and Atrush, to lead these wild, brave Negro troops. The old fibre of Makaraka was lost. The officials there were new, no longer those who had grown gray in the service: the Bombehs did not readily follow them. On Emin Bey's command, indeed, Makaraka Negroes set out on the march, but either ran away on the road or speedily returned again, as they had nothing to gain by fighting at Amadi, and there were no rations for them. After the ill-fated sally, Morjan Aga obstinately kept to the defensive. There were reports that he intended to cut the water off from the Arabs, to surround them, etc., but nothing of all this was carried out. The foe, on the other hand, had gained time to entrench themselves, so that there was more risk in making an attack on them, and during the whole month none was attempted. Want of corn now began to be felt in Amadi, as the people could not venture far to fetch it; but as both parties kept on the defensive, there was nothing more to report; and the daily question with us now was—What is going on in Amadi? Why is no attack made, and why is time left to the enemy to entrench themselves? Men from Amadi who brought the despatches announced that the soldiers and young officers were eager for battle and longed for decided action, but that Morjan Aga hesitated, although the enemy were "not strong."

According to Casati's accounts, the administration at Makaraka was in a very bad way. Farag Aga Yussuf, at Wandi, cared for nothing but drink and his own personal advantage. Emin Bey had no trustworthy higher official to replace him, and Rihan Aga had not yet returned with his people from Mangbattu to his former territory, Makaraka, where he

was again to conduct the administration. As in the meantime the year 1884 was drawing to an end, an inspection of the stores at the larger stations was ordered. Akhmet Mahmud was sent



KIGELIA PINNATA.

to Wandi for this purpose, and at the same time to look to matters in Makaraka.

Vita left us also, partly to look after the sick and wounded in Amadi, and partly to inspect the stores there. He was, at

the same time, to try and learn more as to the strength of the enemy. Ibrahim Elhem returned from the south and took his young wife to Laboreh, while Ali Sid Akhmet went with him to inspect the stores at Regaf; so that it was very quiet in Lado, and the usual evening circle dwindled down to a few officials. I occupied myself the whole of December with drawing the large maps. In this work four large boards, which had been made in Mangbattu, were very useful; they enabled me to spread out the maps.

Casati also had in the course of years collected many ethnological objects. I wrote to him to Wandi that I would take his collections with me to Khartum and forward them to Italy. Hereupon he sent me everything, some twenty carriers' loads, and his little wekil, a Dinka boy, to Lado, leaving it to me to dispose of them as I thought best. One evening, towards the end of December, there came the astonishing tidings that a barge had arrived at a place within a few hours' journey of Lado. It was Abd el-Wahab Effendi's boat which had been sent months before with corn to Ghaba Shambeh, and the fortunate escape of which had afterwards been announced from Bor. He now wrote begging above all things corn for his hungry and exhausted people, who were hardly in a condition to bring the barge further. At the same time he announced that half of the garrison at Bor had been killed by the Negroes, and the remainder, being shut up in the station, would not be able to hold out much longer without corn. This was another crushing blow. Emin Bey at once sent to Abd el-Wahab a barge with corn, and a number of Bari Negroes, who were next day to tow both the barges up stream to Lado. On the arrival of this officer we learned how the disaster had come about. The commandant of the station had fallen with almost all his band whilst conducting a raid several days' distance from Bor. All their guns and much ammunition were in the hands of the Negroes. Hardly fifty rifles had been left in the station, so that the men could not venture out far to procure corn, and the supply in the station was already very low. Probably some ringleaders from the west of the Bahr el-Jebel

had incited the Negroes to revolt against the station. It was, Abd el-Wahab continued, above all things urgent that corn should be sent to Bor at once; the little garrison would probably be found still alive. He must have been almost twenty days on the way from Bor to Lado. We also learned more of his previous expedition to Shambeh. He had found the station in ruins, and had then reached Bor again, after a twenty days' passage under the greatest difficulties and hardships, for he travelled in a large barge, without a sail, against the stream. He had brought back all his twelve men, with the exception of one, who had been killed by a Negro at a halting-place on the last passage; but he had been constantly pursued by Negroes along the banks, and had used his rifles very freely. Unquestionably he had, by his courage and endurance, achieved a meritorious feat in bringing back his little band safe and sound. Emin Bey now determined to send a troop of auxiliaries to Bor with corn, and, for this purpose, recalled from Regaf Ali Sid Akhmet, that he might pick out the officers and men to convey two corn-laden barges.

Christmas brought me no joy, and only saddened me. We felt ourselves in a miserable plight. The torn linen was carefully patched, and the remaining bits of stuff anxiously preserved for future occasions. I had given the last fifteen ells of trumba to Amina for new linen, and even the bunting had been cut up for household purposes. I sat in the evenings till nine o'clock with Emin Bey, and we had not even a glass of wine. Nevertheless I celebrated New Year's Day, 1885, by putting on my best clothes. This was a grey suit I had already worn in Europe. Thus arrayed, I greeted Emin Bey in his divan, the gist of my good wishes being of course "Wapur," *i. e.* steamer. We all of us dreamed of nothing but the steamer from Khartum. At the beginning of January the two boats, with forty ardebs of corn and about forty soldiers, an officer and the administrator of the Mudiriyeh, Osman Latif Effendi, set out for Bor to bring succour to the survivors. The orders were that if the people could not hold out longer there, they were to leave their effects and endeavour to make their way

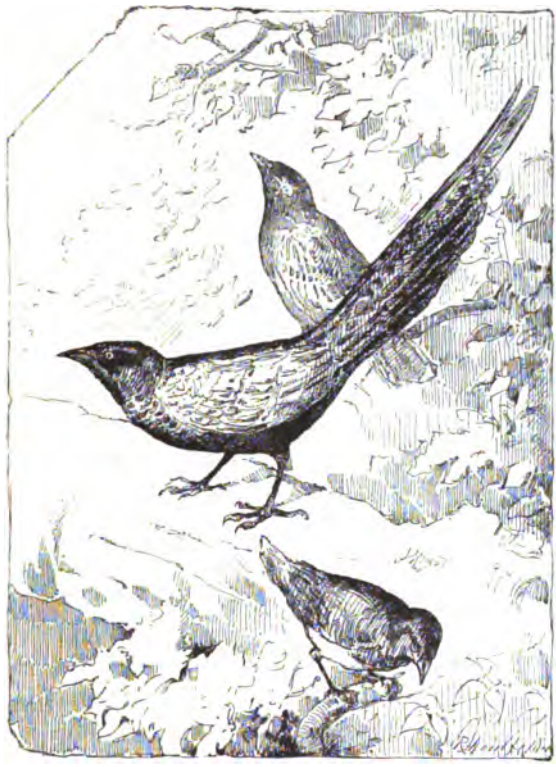
by land to Gondokoro. Heavy Government property and the sick were to be brought by water in the barges.

Then we were left once more to our political conjectures and to the philosophic contemplation of our misery. Even the women-servants had reached this height, for the last Tirga dress of the greater number had long been in rags, so that they were reduced to their primitive condition, and went every morning to gather fresh foliage with which to "dress" themselves. The soldiers were but little better off. Their longing for a new shirt or pair of trousers was unspeakable. Many of them, especially in the southern stations, scraped and pounded the hides in order that they might cut trousers and blouses out of them. The want of clothing was indeed one of our chief troubles. Even of the Damur stuff made by the Arabs on the Rôl and in Makaraka, hardly a piece was now to be had. The last few pieces, about twenty dra (length of forearm) in length and two spans in breadth, cost from twenty to twenty-five thalers.

The improvidence of not planting sufficient cotton in the Bahr el-Jebel was now bitterly avenged. There were plenty of people among the Arabs in the Bahr el-Jebel acquainted with the art of weaving, and in many houses the Negresses were still spinning as far as the raw cotton reached. My Binsa and the boy had prepared about a dozen balls, but that was not enough for a single piece of stuff. To supply the exhausted candles, wax ones were made in moulds in most of the houses. I was glad to avail myself of the wicks I had brought from Europe for this purpose. Instead of "civilized" soap, the virtues of which were but dimly remembered by the greater number, a newly-invented black-brown article, manufactured by boiling potash with fat, was in use. Honey took the place of sugar. It came from Fatiko, and formerly from Amadi. Only native tobacco was smoked; that from Shuli Land was, indeed, in great demand. It is extensively cultivated there, and packed in large loads, neatly bound round with cord. The Wagungos, on the other hand, twist the leaves into long ropes, sometimes as thick as an arm. Formerly the Rôl district and Makaraka had supplied a large quantity of tobacco; it was

rolled by hand into little balls, a hundred and even two hundred being bought at times for a thaler.

The whole of this time, from first to last, Emin Bey never left Lado. Barring the weight of anxiety which had to be endured, there being no longer hope that energetic action could



LAMPROTORNIS.

turn the tide of events, the tenor of his days was as even as before. He continued his meteorological observations, and entered them early every morning into his journal in the neatest of handwritings. He kept a taxidermist in pay for the ornithological collections, an Arab named Gasm Allah, who

was himself no hunter, but often came early in the morning to receive Emin Bey's orders for some hunting expedition, and sometimes passed weeks himself in distant regions with the object of collecting. On account of his short sight, Emin Bey himself had entirely to forego hunting and all occupations which necessitate seeing at a distance; he did not recognize any one at ten yards. Towards midday Gasm Allah returned with the captured birds hanging from a stick; Emin then took exact measurements and made the necessary notes, after which the Arab carried them away and brought them back when properly dressed. The comparing, classifying, labelling, and packing were done by Emin Bey alone.

The divan sittings were held morning and afternoon with the greatest punctuality. Being complete master of Arabic and Turkish, both written and spoken, Emin Bey conscientiously read through every manuscript and stamped each with his seal. These duties did not fill up the divan hours, and there was often time for private work. His enthusiasm for natural history helped Emin over hours of solitude and care. The most unselfish of men, he conferred many benefits on those about him and gave gladly of his own possessions; but he reluctantly accepted the presents and attentions from subordinates, such as are usual in those lands, unless indeed they took the form of objects for the collections. As in the case of Gordon and Gessi Pasha, the ends he had in view were noble, and his most earnest wish was the progress and prosperity of the country; unfortunately, with him also results fell short of expectations. Despite the best intentions, many of his designs remained in abeyance, and then again momentary success was often all too hopefully taken for a permanent result. From this alone it may easily be understood that inaccurate reports about the situation in the province were spread abroad, and improvements only in their first stage were represented as already effected—improvements which were really mere essays, having no solid result. For instance, the cultivation of indigo and coffee, etc., the construction of better and more lasting roads, communication by means of camels, and transport service

by oxen—all these were treated of in the reports, but never got further than the projection or the most modest beginnings.

But I will return to the situation in Amadi.

From the utterly contradictory reports it was not possible even to determine whether the foe numbered 400 or 1000 rifles, but all were agreed that the Government troops, numbering over 500 Remingtons, were now opposed only by Abdu'lallahi's people under his own command, and the Arabs collected from Makaraka and elsewhere under Ali Karkutli, the ex-elephant hunter. It was highly probable that even if the rebels before Amadi had been joined by a few stragglers from the Bahr el-Ghazal, and others had established themselves in Sayadin zeriba, no greater forces under a leader of any importance from the Bahr el-Ghazal territory had as yet joined them.

At length, on the first day of the New Year, news came. A bulky Arab despatch from Amadi brought little that was good. Affairs had taken a turn there which, at the first glance, seemed the final act of this wearisome serio-comedy of an insurgent war. Several letters from Osman Erbab, sent from the rebel camp, announced that he had returned from the Bahr el-Ghazal province with 400 men. He declared of course in long, high-flown phrases, full of burning fanaticism, that he was a follower of the Mahdi, expressed his astonishment that he had found the brethren here at war with one another on his return, protested that he had not come to pursue hostilities, and, finally, summoned Emin Bey to appear himself in their camp at Amadi and make an end of this bloodshed within a term of ten days, as after this time the Amadi zeriba would be seized by his people. He also stated that, expecting no war, he had come with a small troop of 400 men only, but would immediately send commands that 2000 more were to be sent after him from Jur Ghattas. Under the same cover there were several other old and new letters from Emir Karam Allah, all very pompous and fanatical, and, further, the copy of a circular from the Mahdi himself. Abdu'lallahi also sent a letter to show that he was alive. Besides these, there were a large number of letters from the rebels to the officials here, calculated to bring them over to the Mahdi,

but nothing at all from Khartum or Kordofan to confirm the surrender of Khartum. But had Emir Karam Allah or any one else been in possession of written testimony to this effect, it would certainly have been sent here to urge the uselessness of opposition from this province. A letter from Karam Allah said only that Muhammed Akhmet had encamped before Khartum.

On these new tidings Ali Sid Akhmet, who was again at Regaf, and Akhmet Mahmud, who was still at Makaraka, were hastily recalled by special messengers. To Osman Erbab's letter Emin Bey replied: Hostilities had been provoked by the Arabs themselves, and the situation had been very greatly changed by the desertion of Ibrahim Aga and so many Arabs; he, Emin Bey, could not forsake the Mudiriyeh; and he summoned Osman Erbab, as his deputy, to come to him at Lado. The situation in Emin Bey's province was now as follows: A considerable district had been abandoned through the recall of the outermost stations on account of the insufficient forces, which indeed would hardly have been enough even in time of peace to hold it; but we were still waiting for Rihan Aga, who was expected daily in Makaraka; his small troop of 100 regulars was at once to be sent to the aid of Amadi, but he himself would again take the command in Makaraka. If it should prove utterly impossible to hold the key of the province longer against the rebels, every one but the soldiers must leave Lado immediately, as they had already begun to do in the previous year. This seemed the more advisable, as it was certain that the consequence of a retreat from Amadi would be a scarcity of corn in Lado. The consignments of corn had already ceased from Amadi, and could not much longer be expected from Makaraka. It was quite impossible, therefore, to abandon the southern stations—Dufileh, Wadelai, and Fatiko, with their rich corn-yielding country. And then the two steamers in Dufileh! Only in the last extremity could it be justifiable to give these into the hands of the Negroes. This would have rendered the road to the south, to the territory lying between the lakes, very difficult—the road that, if the worst should come to pass, would secure a retreat for hundreds. If it should be absolutely necessary to

vacate all the stations and territory still held, the stations already deserted in Magungo could be re-established. It was highly improbable that the Arabs would be able to follow us there, so that on this account Magungo must not be forgotten. As a matter of fact, it had belonged to the Hat el-Estiva, and at the worst could shelter the refugees. This was Emin Bey's opinion, in which I concurred. As a place of refuge, Magungo offered the additional advantage that Anfina very much wished the return of the soldiers thither. As has been already mentioned, messengers had just arrived from him to repeat his request. They announced at the same time that the letters which Emin Bey and I had given to the first messengers to be forwarded on to Kamisoa, and through him to Mteza and the missionaries there, were still lying at Anfina's, as his people could not venture now to enter the territory of the unfriendly Kamisoa. So this hope of sending letters to Europe, and of learning something of the situation in the Sudan from the missionaries' papers, was also frustrated. On the other hand, Anfina's messengers came just at the right moment for me, as I had made a plan to go once more to the south, at least to Anfina's or Kamisoa's, and to forward our letters to Mteza and on to Zanzibar. If there were still Europeans in Buganda, we must soon hear from thence what measures Egypt had taken after the fall of Hicks, whether England had sent help, whether Khartum was still standing or had fallen. Certainty in these matters, if favourable, would increase the courage of the people; and if unfavourable, would show us in what direction to move next. I could now only bitterly regret that I had not gone on at once from Dufileh to Anfina's, but the hope of seeing a steamer from Khartum had held me back. Now, at the end of many months, it was time for action, if the last possibility of saving the fruits of my journey was not to be missed. Mindful of this I kept back Anfina's messengers some time in Lado, so that I might depart with them. Emin Bey, too, continued the execution of his plans. The next day the move began, Emin Bey despatching many consignments of his goods to Laboreh and Dufileh. A few days later Ali Effendi arrived

once more in Lado, and soon afterwards Vita Hassan came unexpectedly from Amadi. The latter could not tell us much that was new; he painted a deplorable picture of the abuses in Amadi, which brought about a disagreeable correspondence with Morjan Danássuri and a change of his clerks. Emin Bey wrote on this subject to Dr. Schweinfurth, on January 12th, 1885:—"The apothecary, who has just returned from Amadi, says that all that has been related is false. There are, at the most, 300 men before Amadi, and the letters from Osman Effendi, the clerk, are only intended to mislead us. Whether this is the case or not, we shall keep to the retreat to the south. . . ." According to these statements, although there were confessedly over 500 Remingtons in Amadi, the defensive was still maintained till it was too late! After Vita's arrival, Emin Bey summoned the higher officials and communicated his plan to them, but left them the choice whether they would send on their things now or not; if they did not, however, he would not guarantee to find carriers for them later. I repacked my goods and collected stores. Hawash Effendi sent me forty fowls and some tobacco from Dufileh, which I distributed in the station. Ten loads of white durra from Makaraka were very acceptable, and I had the greater part worked at once into abré. But I still delayed my departure, in the first place waiting to hear the next tidings from Amadi, and then to see Casati and Akhmet Mahmud, who were expected daily from Makaraka. As they had not arrived by January 20th, and my little servant-girl got the measles, I despatched my luggage in the meantime to Dufileh. The Wagungos accompanied it, and had instructions that some were to go on in front to Anfina's, and others were to await my arrival in Dufileh.

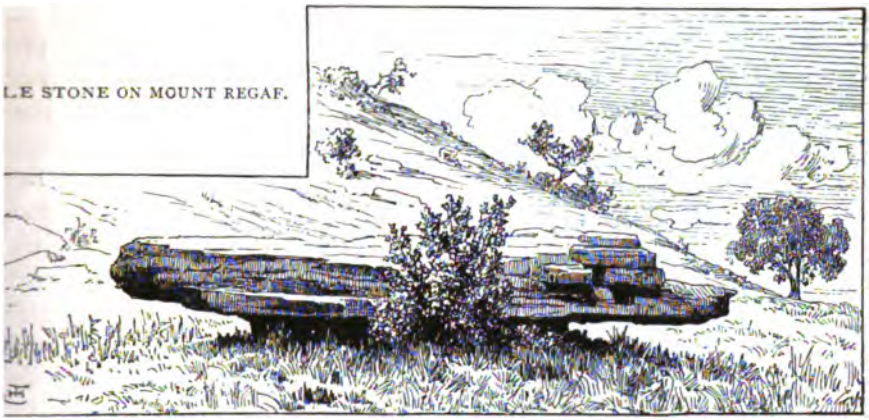
At length Akhmet Mahmud came, and immediately after, Casati arrived with a numerous retinue, amongst them a chimpanzee, whose thieving propensities made him a troublesome guest, but afforded me plenty of opportunity for observations. He had been well trained, and had had a severe sickness in Makaraka, but was now strong and healthy, so that there were hopes of being able to get him to the north. This chimpanzee bore a most wonderful resemblance in his

actions to a human being. He sprang along holding Casati's hand as children hold the hand of grown people. In my kitchen he placed pieces of meat or beans to roast before the fire, and then withdrew them with his forefinger cautiously but cleverly, exactly like the Negroes. He seemed to understand every word and even every gesture, and appeared to lack nothing but speech. It was most ludicrous to see him pointing with his finger to a few hairs on his chin which he was constantly trying to pull out, and how pleased he was when any one did this for him. He even bore patiently my pulling out his beard hair by hair. Casati knew the explanation of this; the chimpanzee had once singed the hair on his chin, and since experiencing this pain, he showed an inclination to destroy every little hair on his face. In general, these animals are highly delighted to be attended to by others; and ours was constantly inviting us to do so by pointing with his finger to some place on his body, but seemed quite satisfied if we just stroked it or pretended to have removed something from the place. If once he got anything in his hands, it was very difficult to get it away from him. He quite understood whom he had to deal with. Those who ran away from him he pursued, but whoever stood firm was more likely to get the better of him. He had a great terror of water. If you threw a glassful at him, he showed the white feather at once; but if you ran away, then it would be to receive the same treatment as one of my women-servants whom he once, on such an occasion, caught and punished severely.

Towards the end of my sojourn in Lado, Rihan Aga announced that he had not left Mangbattu, and had not yet collected the arms from the outlying posts; that the Arabs there were inclined to rebel, would not give up their arms, and were probably even planning an attack. Akhmet Mahmud once more described the situation in Makaraka as deplorable, and this agreed with Casati's account. In a word, the same hopeless misery was heard of on all sides. What was to be done? It was easy enough to know what was the matter, but difficult to remedy it, owing to the corruption among the officials. I think that, according to our standards and demands

on their working powers, out of all the Turko-Arab officials in the Sudan, not one would have been found who could have received a testimonial as fit for European service; the whole body would rather have been declared fit for the prison or the galleys. A hard judgment, perhaps, but one that comes very near the truth. At this very time Morjan Danassuri again annoyed us by begging for ammunition, although no important sallies had been made from the station, in which, according to the store-book, 100,000 cartridges were lying. Evidently, in spite of having gone through the Mexican campaign, he was entirely unfit to conduct affairs in Amadi, for he was given to drinking and unable to read, and so was constantly being taken in by his clerks. Under these circumstances Akhmet Mahmud, although but just returned from Makaraka, undertook to start at once for Amadi, and give Emin Bey more reliable tidings about the situation there. I remained several days with Casati, and left Lado on January 26th. Strange coincidence of dates and events! On January 26th, 1884, but a few days after my arrival in Lado, General Charles Gordon left Cairo, and entered on his new and difficult mission to Khartum. On the march through the Korosko Desert later, he expressed to Bohndorff the most confident expectation of immediately sending steamers to the Equatorial Province to rescue me from thence. On January 26th, 1885, exactly a year later, I left Lado, which was certainly an escape, but exactly in the opposite direction to that which my kind friend had proposed, whilst he himself had the day before found a hero's death in Khartum, for on January 25th, 1885, Khartum fell into the hands of the Mahdists.

STOOL.



LE STONE ON MOUNT REGAF.

CHAPTER XII.

SECOND DEPARTURE FROM LADO. RESIDENCE AT ANFINA'S AND RETURN TO WADELAI (JANUARY 26TH, 1885, TO JANUARY 2ND, 1886).

Last Farewell to Lado—At Ibrahim Elhem's in Laboreh—Passage to Wadelai—The Land of the Shulis—First Sight of the Somerset Nile—Journey to Kamisoa's—Amadi fallen—Letter from the Mahdi concerning the Fall of Khartum—Emin Bey's Sensational Tidings—Return to Wadelai.

UNDER prevailing circumstances, my second journey from Lado to the south could be no happy one. The difficulty was augmented by the increase in my household. The Galla girl, Amina, had to be carried on an angareb, which I provided with a canopy. The grief of abandoning the collections, made with so much trouble, was renewed. Once more the precious skins were cut up for straps, and many large cases of ethnological objects were deserted.

On January 26th, those who were to remain behind accompanied me beyond the gate. A silent shake of the hand, a melancholy leave-taking, and I quickly rode after the carriers

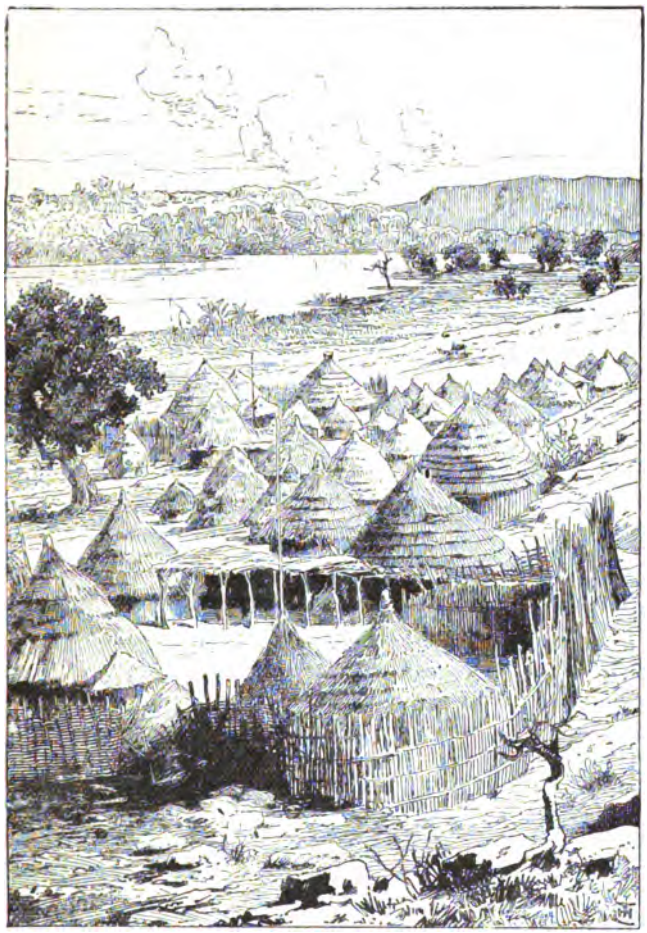
who had preceded me. I had already frequently made the journey to and from Dufileh: it afforded nothing new. I pondered undisturbed over the responsibilities now on my shoulders. Not only the fifteen loads from Emin Bey and ten loads from Ali Sid had to be forwarded to Laboreh, and a quantity of letters, if possible, to be sent on to Zanzibar and Cairo, but Emin Bey had entrusted to me his bulky despatches and his letters to the missionaries in Buganda, to Schweinfurth, and to the ministry at Cairo. I felt like a diplomatic courier, with his pockets stuffed full of the history of the world.

In Regaf I had two loads of salt packed, as this article is in great demand at Anfina's in the south. This time I proceeded by land from Beddên to Kiri, for the boat had sunk since I had last used it, and, although it had been raised again, was still unserviceable. I had intended to rest a day at Kiri, but as Akhmet Aga Assiuti, who had entertained me so well on the last occasion, had gone to Muggi, and I could get nothing but milk, I followed him thither. He had already gone on further to Laboreh, where Ibrahim Elhem was planning a razzia, so I too hurried to Laboreh. There Ibrahim Effendi was expecting me, and led me to his divan, where I passed the night, the maid-servant being lodged as usual with the women.

I rested one day in Laboreh, and reported recent events to Ibrahim Elhem. Akhmet Aga Assiuti, who again had much to tell about Baker Pasha, was present. The raid was fixed for the next day, and was to be made on the Fajellus, who were barely a thirty-six hours' journey to the west, just beyond the nearest hills. The way thither lay through a region inhabited by the Madi-Mittus, who were partly tributary to the stations. They touched to the north on the Baris, and to the south on the Lurs. Emin Bey's and Ali Effendi's things were still stored in Ibrahim Elhem's house; he himself had been commissioned by Hawash Effendi to come with me to Dufileh. We proceeded thus to Khor Aju, where I was very kindly entertained by Mustapha Effendi.

On February 3rd we traversed the stony desert between the Khor Aju and Dufileh. We did not find Hawash Effendi there,

for he was at Wadelai, and there was no steamer, so that I had to remain there until February 9th. During this time I was constantly beset by people who wanted to accompany me as



MADI VILLAGE ON THE BAHR EL-JEBEL.

clerks. To facilitate my mission, Emin Bey had authorized me to take any officials I required to Anfina's. Vita himself

was ready to accompany me, then Abd el-Wahab was proposed; indeed, it was arranged that if affairs took a bad turn, Hawash should travel with me by Zanzibar to the vice-regent at Cairo.

Now Akhmet Effendi Rief clamoured incessantly that I should take him with me in his capacity of Commissioner Extraordinary for special occasions. He was a "useless mouth" as it stands in the book, and moreover his absurd terror was the object of universal ridicule. His dread lest he should fall into the hands of the rebels was absolutely grotesque. I was determined for the present to take no one; the Coptic clerks, Basileh and Tomeh, who brought great complaints of Hawash's rough treatment, and whom out of pity I had at first consented to take with their Coptic wives, I also left behind. But I made use of Emin Bey's permission to get anything I required from the stores at Dufileh, and procured from them some beads and copper. I already had two small axes, an adze, a pick-axe of Baker's time, and a shovel from the Lado stores. I was very anxious about Amina, whose indisposition had turned to pleurisy.

At length the little steamer *Nyanza* arrived from Wadelai, but without Hawash Effendi, so Ibrahim Elhem returned to Laboreh. On board it was very crowded, of course. There was no proper cabin, only a hold for luggage. All the same this little craft was a godsend for the traffic there, and on its deck one felt almost as though one trod civilized ground. I eagerly urged on the departure, but it did not take place until early on February 9th. I had now to be careful with my cash, having only thirty thalers left of the 300 thalers received from Emin Bey the previous year. In Dufileh more letters were entrusted to me for Cairo and Khartum, so that my post-bag was already growing bulky. On the passage from Dufileh to Wadelai, the sky darkened very much at midday, and soon a heavy deluge was pouring down on us. It came unexpectedly, and was the first heavy rainfall this year. We steamed on till far into the night, as here the river bed is safe and well known. We put in at several places on the east bank, where the friendly inhabitants had huts, to take up some wood that was in readiness. Abu

Nakhra Station, on the west bank, half-way to Wadelai, which had been erected the previous year, had in the meantime been abandoned. Some elephants on the banks tempted me to fire a few shots, but, whether hit or not, the creatures trotted slowly off, shaking their large ears. We reached Wadelai on the afternoon of the second day. Hawash was still there, having despatched nearly all the soldiers, about 175 rifles, on a raid against the Madis to procure cattle.

Wadelai is situated on the hilly west bank, and dominates the Lur country to the south along the river. As in Dufileh, the station here had been entrenched with earthworks during the last few months. The Negroes were aware that no steamer had come from Khartum for years, and had seen how one station after another had been abandoned, and that did not fail to produce an effect here also. They naturally drew the conclusion that the day of the "Turk" had passed; here and there they refused service, took themselves further off, or even showed rebellion, for a slight attack had recently been made on the dragomans' zeriba at Dufileh. I was to have awaited the return of the men who were on the razzia; but days went by, and at last it was said that they must have gone on to Lundi, and would be some time away. At last Hawash Effendi also saw that I could not wait longer, and determined to send me on by the steamer *Khedive* to Hat et-tor, whence I could be set across with my carriers to the east bank and travel on to Anfina's. The carriers were Lurs, and, with some soldiers and dragomans who formed my escort, were accommodated partly on the steamer and partly on the iron boat which accompanied it to take soundings of the river. This boat has an interest for me, having served on one occasion to take Gessi round the Albert Nyanza. In the stern I could still see the iron supports of the small roof to afford shelter from the sun and rain, which he had had constructed on that occasion.

From Wadelai onwards there was work for me again, for I marked down both the river and the land route to Anfina's. I proceeded on my journey on February 21st. The *Khedive* afforded more comfort than the *Nyanza*. She was far more

roomy, and had a tiny cabin which could be locked, but everything was in a somewhat dilapidated condition. I began my work at once with watch and compass, and for a time it went very smoothly, but this was not to last long. The river, which at first was fairly regular, dotted with papyrus islands here and there, soon spread out like a lake, although it was still deep enough along the west bank. Further on this ceased, and the river between the papyrus and grass islands was everywhere shallow. The Reïs (pilot) tried to take the ship through three different arms of the river, but every time ran her aground in the mud, and had to back and look for another outlet. At last he declared that during the low water it was impossible to get further. Then the Arab in charge of the iron boat said he would bring that as far as Hat et-tor, and at that point carry us over in it to the east bank. But the captain, who had all kinds of misgivings, did his best to take me back to Wadelai. I, however, made him land me on the nearest spot of the west bank. We were but a few hours distant from Wadelai, but there was so much hunting for the path that the afternoon arrived, and we could only march two hours, as far as the Lur huts.

On February 22nd we pursued our way, at first going south and then south-south-east, and in a few hours reached Hat et-tor. Our course lay through a flat, open, almost treeless country, intersected by slight depressions, which in the rainy season led off the water to the river. Numerous huts were scattered over it, but on our approach the inhabitants all fled. Although the Lurs on the river from Wadelai to Hat et-tor are tributary, they always tried to get out of the way of the soldiers. The Lurs in the hills further to the west were not subjugated, and still further to the south-west is the country of the Lundis, on whom raids were made, as they possess fine herds of cattle. Although we were marching southwards close to the river, it was only visible here and there, and at these spots showed the same confusion of grass and papyrus islands as before. To the east of the river the land is hilly and in parts even mountainous.

We camped under the shade of a tree near the crossing-place (Hat et-tor). The natives there were at home, and were just

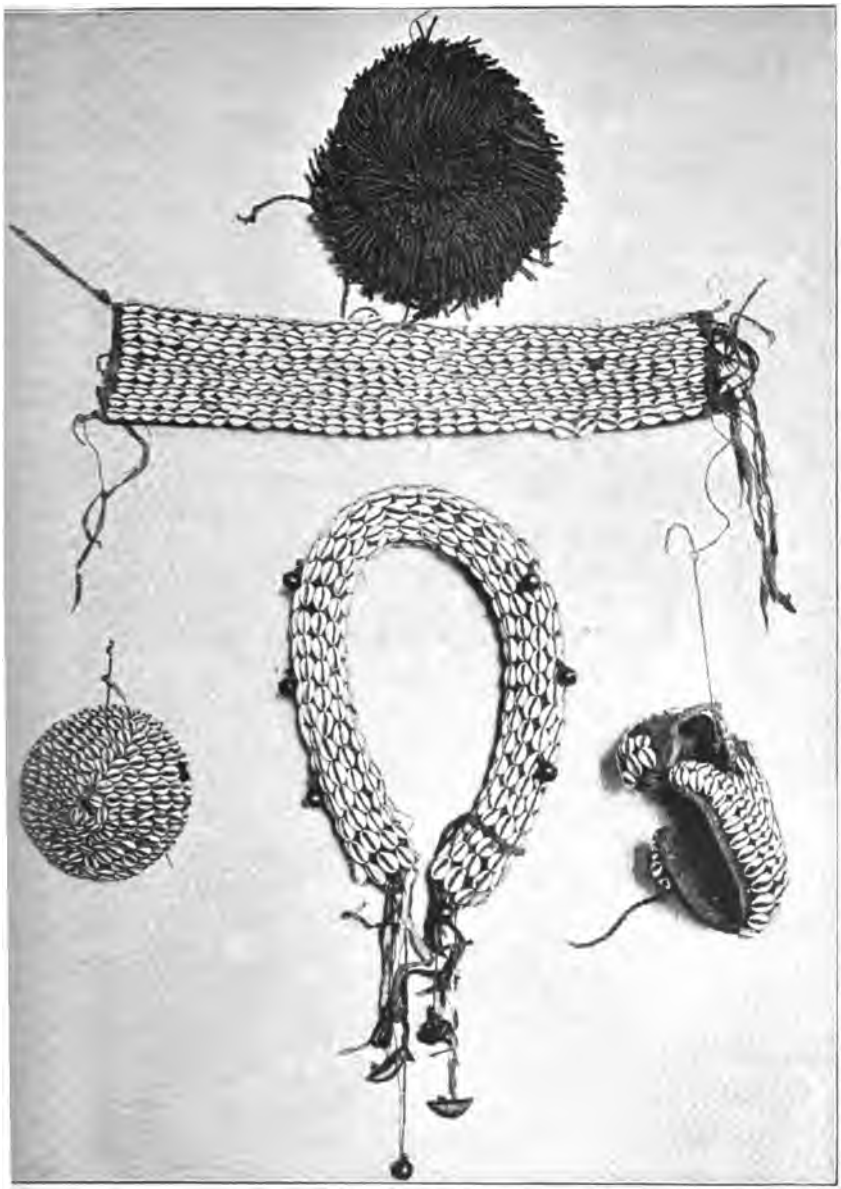
holding a death-feast, as the day before several men had been drowned through the capsizing of a boat The chief brought me

SHULI CHIEFTAIN. (*From a photograph by R. Buchta.*)

a goat, flour, lubia, and dried fish, by which my troops benefited for some days. At sunset there came, if not the looked-for boat,

at any rate the boatmen, with some soldiers by land. He said that yesterday, soon after leaving us with the boat to get it up-stream, he had been attacked by hostile natives. As he had nothing but a Remington, he was afraid to go on, and returned after the others to Wadelai, arriving there in the night. Hawash Effendi had sent him hither with some soldiers, that he might set us over by some of the primitive local Negro boats. I had to submit to the inevitable, and that evening notice was given to some of the Negro chiefs to have their boats in readiness next morning. Next day I had the luggage brought down the steep bank to the water's edge, the first attempt at crossing being made with some loads of no value. Some more boats came later, so that the transport proceeded with more speed.

On the east bank we found ourselves in high reeds, and after a short repast I gave the order to proceed again. Very shortly we twice crossed the Tengri river, about twenty feet broad, with steep banks, but just now very shallow and sandy. For the rest of the journey it lay to the south of us. Further on the land rose gradually, and we passed a number of Shuli huts, on which my carriers could not forbear profiting by the occasion to steal fowls and other articles, until I sharply forbade them to do so, and told the soldiers to keep order. For about an hour we traversed a rich growth of Deleb palms, and then crossed the brook Dzai. The last hour's march took us through hilly country, with deep ravines, past a peculiar depression in the land which we sighted on the right. Slowly ascending all the time, we came, on reaching the heights, to the huts of the Shulis, who were timid at first, but afterwards came up to us. Some of them spoke Arabic; they had formerly been settled near Fatiko. The peculiar patterns on the faces, very gracefully traced in white, by which the dandies of the tribe distinguish themselves, reminded me of the A-Bissanga on the way from Bakangai's to Kanna's. The Shulis are remarkable for their fine proportions, but seem to lavish all their care on their grand head-dresses, the hair being twisted into a felt-like bunch or covered with caps made of cowry shells. From the highlands, where we passed the night, we followed a gentle slope to the south. After ascending a



SHULI GIRDLES AND CAPS ADORNED WITH COWRY SHELLS.

plateau we found ourselves in a hilly country, where at this time of the year there is hardly any water. This undulating, grassy, almost treeless district affords good pasture-land for game, as was shown by the herds of giraffes and antelopes; and the Shulis probably come from a long distance to hunt here. This wide-stretching table-land forms the water-parting between the affluents of the Bahr el-Ghazal and the Somerset Nile. We now came to a number of little hollows, some of them with ponds, which are drained towards the south. From a slight elevation we overlooked the land gently undulating far to the east and sparsely wooded. We camped at three o'clock by a stream which now was only marked by puddles. The sound of rushing water reached us from the south; perhaps it was the Somerset Nile; we still heard it on the first hour's march the following day (February 25th), and then came to the rocky river Galuba, twenty paces across, but very shallow just now. For another whole day our way led through hollows, sometimes with lakes. The country, an uninhabited desert, was slightly undulating, and in general resembled the steppes of the western region. In the hollows we found high, partly parched grass; at our halting-place we set fire to it. Again, in our camp, and on the march next morning (February 26th), we heard the distant sound of rushing water, evidently from the rapids in the Somerset Nile, which we reached at eight o'clock.

It was bordered by a beautiful wood of lofty trees, between which the water could be seen far below. Its bed is studded with rocky islands, which further on cause rapids. We passed by a deep ravine in its neighbourhood with luxuriant vegetation, and then gradually diverged from the stream on our way to the south-east. This again was Shuli territory, though tributary to Anfina; we passed a great many huts, and soon came to the territory proper of the Wagungos, who, in consequence of the hostilities between Anfina, Kamisoa, and Kabrega, had partly migrated from the north bank to the south. Our last hour's march lay mostly through cultivated land, where the Wagungo dwellings can everywhere be seen between groups of trees or banana thickets.

Here Anfina was waiting to receive us amid the salutes of his subjects, and a number of chiefs pressed into the ante-room of an assembly hall, where a short ceremonious greeting took place. The Government station, Foda, had once been close at hand. As, in consequence of long communication with the Arabs, Anfina (like Kamisoa and others in this neighbourhood) spoke their language fairly well, there was no difficulty on this score.

DELEB PALMS (*Borassus flabelliformis*).

Anfina was middle-aged, wore European costume with a tarbush, and looked very presentable. But as he was not particularly intelligent and also stammered, he on the whole fell very far short of my expectations. His power had very much decreased since the departure of the soldiers who had protected him against the despotism of Kabrega and Kamisoa. Fear of his neighbours had caused him to remove even his dwelling to a rocky island in the river, and many of his subjects had, he said

ANFINA'S ISLAND IN THE SOMERSET NILE. (*Drawn by L. H. Fischer.*)

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gone over to Kabrega and Kamisoa, whilst others had settled on this side of the river.

On February 27th, I myself was the first to cross the Somerset Nile, for I was to establish myself on the spot where the last Government station had stood. To the left of the crossing-place, up-stream, there were rocky islands close at hand, the nearest being Anfina's, and I could discern the roofs of the princely residence between the trees. I mounted the steep bank on the other side, walked over the rubbish-strewn side of the burnt station, and found two old huts still standing, which had been slightly repaired and assigned to me as my dwelling. There was enough to do to make them tolerably comfortable. At first I set-to with a good grace until I saw that the men paid no attention to my orders, but neglected the work, and that Anfina did not once show himself, though I was now his protector. He had gone straight to his island, and left me to my own devices. I must mention that he never used the ordinary crossing, as close to the landing-place on the south bank stood a large tree which, according to an ancient superstition, would bring death to the prince who crossed the river at that spot. If this were the case it certainly seemed safer for him to keep, like Robinson Crusoe, to his island, which on account of the rapids was inaccessible, except by the most skilful boatmen. The Wagungos were hampered by many other prejudices. For instance, the more important people in the country never ate fowls, although they abounded, and would not even touch eggs. They avoided fish also, and only the very poorest made use of that food. Anfina and the chiefs would not eat mutton, and thought that only beef and goat's flesh were good for consumption.

My chief task now was to forward the letters as soon as possible to Buganda, and in the first place to put myself in communication with Kamisoa, Rionga's son, to the east of Anfina's. The despatch which had been sent months previously from Lado, was also still at Anfina's, for his people could not say enough about the wickedness of Kamisoa and his subjects, although the races were closely allied. I was quite aware how

much all this amounted to, though I did not as yet appreciate to its full extent the tricky meanness of the Wagungos and their matongolas (chiefs). It seemed to me highly probable that by this time Kamisoa had heard all kinds of lies about me, which I now had to dissipate. On Emin Bey's advice, I had resolved to send to Kamisoa for Kizo, Emin's former dragoman on the journey to Buganda, that he might conduct me thither. I despatched a messenger upon whom I impressed all the necessary information ;—that I was alone here without soldiers, and was a brother of Speke, who had once visited Kamrazi, Kamisoa's father, etc., and that I desired now to visit Kamisoa myself. I said nothing at present about the letters that had already been despatched to Buganda, but I begged him to send on messengers to Kabrega, who presumably was on a friendly footing with Kamisoa, to inform him of the object of my stay here, in order to forestall any false reports.

In the meantime the work progressed in my new quarters, the rubbish and dirt were cleared away, and more huts run up, all as slightly as possible, unfortunately, for the Wagungos proper hardly work at all, but have everything done by their slaves, the Shulis and Choppas. Anfina himself only glanced at the work now and then, and for the rest of the time sat undisturbed at his two national beverages, the mwenga made from bananas, and a thick kind of merissa made from telebun, prepared in this district by boiling it, and adding hot water when it is cool ; to prevent getting the sediment into one's mouth, it is taken through a neatly-woven tube with a strainer at the end.

On March 2nd, in the afternoon, whilst the soldiers and dragomans were helping to put a new slanting roof on the posts which remained of an old Dar et-tor, I once more experienced a heavy hailstorm, the second in the whole of my five years' journey, the stones being as large as hazel-nuts, and this was followed in the evening by a violent thunderstorm. This was an unmistakable warning that the rainy season was close at hand.

On March 6th some interesting guests arrived. They were representatives of the mighty and dreaded Lango nation (the

Wagungo-Wanyoros call them Wakidis) from the far east, come to trade with Anfina and Kamisoa. They brought cattle and butter, and received in exchange spade-iron and slaves. To entertain them I showed them my few curiosities and gave them a concert on the musical-box, and I did not omit to

LANGO NEGRO. (*From a photograph by R. Buchta.*)

augment Anfina's importance in their eyes, by giving him some presents, a folding iron-chair, a large long hunting-knife, with two side-blades, etc.

I now tried to send tidings to Kamisoa by other means, and sent by a new messenger from Anfina's presents to the nearest

of Kamisoa's matongolas, and with them a Mangbattu trumbash for Kamisoa; and I also promised presents to those messengers who helped to carry out my commission. Thereupon one of the former messengers returned at last, and announced that he had been stopped on the way by one of Kamisoa's matongolas with the answer that no "Turk" should enter their land again, that at last their cows should calve, and their hens lay eggs once more, an expression which had reference to the former despotism of the Government officials.

Although for the moment at a loss what to do, I denounced in the strongest manner the false dealing of Anfina and his subjects, declaring that I would not be stopped by their intrigues, and would start alone for Kamisoa's. And then I received back unopened the first letter I had sent Kamisoa on my arrival. I saw nothing of the messenger himself, and Anfina's people said he had probably been afraid to venture far with the letter. For twelve days the rascal had been hiding from me, and Anfina let it pass without a word, and did not even have him brought before me.

On March 12th, a regular northern April day with a perpetual drizzle, I sent back the soldiers from Wadelai with news for Emin Bey, retaining only two dragomans, by whom I intended to send my next post, and a sub-officer, Abd er-Rejal. The relations with Anfina continued unsatisfactory. Although his actual residence lay further inland, he could not be induced to quit his island; the fear of Kamisoa and Kabrega held him there fast. If by any chance he came to see me, it was to beg a rifle, although I had told him that I could not spare one. He would not believe that my few boxes did not hide untold treasures. At last I had some of them opened, among them the gun-case, that he might convince himself with his own eyes; but I gave him on this occasion my last bronze chain, the last of the necklets, a liqueur glass, and some coloured thread. I got more satisfaction from some novelties that were introduced into the kitchen. The girls went daily to gather tomatoes, and they also found colocasias growing half wild, the bulbs of which afford an excellent vegetable. Anfina

once sent twelve loads of Magungo beans and other things, and I was struck with the manner in which they were packed. They were rolled up with straw in bundles, two yards long, and the thickness of an arm, bound round with banana leaves on the outside, and provided with a long stick through the centre, by which they could be carried. These bundles were made of all sizes, and all kinds of things were thus packed.

On March 15th the last messenger returned from Kamisoa. He first handed me back the trumbash, saying that Kamisoa had expected a better present from me, and left this at my disposal. The road to him was open, and I might go to him, but he forbade his people to enter Anfina's territory. Kizo, whom I had asked to have sent, could not in any case have come, as he was ill. I was by no means pleased with this message, but I had urgent need of Kamisoa's services to forward the letters to Buganda, and I knew from experience that there were means of dealing with these petty princes when one stood face to face with them. Fear and distrust are leading characteristics among all the Negroes who have experience of Arab despotism and want of good faith.

So I resolved to set out very soon for Kamisoa's. I was first surprised with three letters from Emin Bey on March 21st; his final words were very reassuring;—but all these communications shall be given together later.

On March 25th the men from Wadelai and the two remaining dragomans set out on the way back; they carried letters for Emin Bey, and were accompanied by some of Anfina's carriers, with tobacco and beans for Vita Hassan. I determined to make a start also, and requested ten carriers as far as Kamisoa's nearest matongola. Anfina made a long face, but had to comply. I left the sub-officer, Abd er-Rejal, behind to look after my house and the women, particularly impressing on him to guard carefully against fire, for I left my most valuable possession, all my writings, in his hut. I especially commended to his care the box containing the journals. It was my constant anxiety during my journey. Binsa alone accompanied me, and I limited my luggage to what was absolutely necessary. It is

difficult to reconcile with European ideas the quantity of luggage indispensable to an African traveller, if only to preserve his health. I could not manage with less than ten carriers.

I started on the morning of March 27th, although to my annoyance two carriers were still wanting. In answer to my reproaches, the worthy matongola said I had better wait for Anfina. I had no idea of doing this, and mounting my ass, left the carriers to follow me. After all, that is the traveller's best plan for cutting short delay; two loads remained behind, but were brought on in the evening.

The road led eastward for about an hour in the immediate vicinity of the river along the high precipitous bank. It was fringed by lofty trees, through which we frequently sighted the stream and its many islands, some mere blocks of rock, some covered with the most beautiful foliage. The trees displayed the most varied shades of green, and were often overgrown with creepers. The scene bore resemblance to the beautiful view from my station at Anfina's. There, looking from the lofty bank, one saw innumerable rocks rising out of the broad stream, every spot with but a handful of earth showing a tree, shrub, reeds, or some other water-plant, and dispersed among them a dozen wooded islands of all sizes. The river, divided into countless channels, rushed and danced between them, swirling and foaming where it met any obstacle, a charming picture of mercurial restlessness glittering in the sunlight wherever its course was hemmed by the luxuriant verdure.

We came to the limit of Anfina's jurisdiction at the end of the first reach, and entered on a short stretch of uninhabited country watered by the brook Funduk, so called because close to it there is a deep hollow in the rock resembling a funduk (kneading-trough). The foliage of the woods was interspersed with a species of acacia, and here and there with euphorbias, and in one place I found a group of low palms with feathery leaves (Rafia). Large termite hills were frequent. They had quite lately yielded a rich booty to my men, when the large-winged termites flew out. The insects are caught

here, and almost everywhere to the south of the equator, as well as in Momfu; the termite hills are enclosed in a cone-shaped cover made of leaves, which causes the insects on flying out to fall down again. Near Ajeddeh, one of Kamisoa's matongolas, where Anfina's carriers and dragomans turned back, I found meadows and cultivated land and numerous huts. The people came from all sides to look at me, but without offering me the least annoyance. The carrier difficulty cropped up again, however; I got carriers indeed, but at the next matongola, only twenty minutes distant, they set down their loads, and I had to wait for new men, a trial of patience which was renewed on this day and the next every twenty or twenty-five minutes right up to Kamisoa's. In the course of all my many journeys that had not happened before.

Thus, on the first day, with six changes of carriers, one after only five minutes' march, I got no further than Yamkinza's, a distance that with good carriers could easily be covered in an hour. The whole way the land was cultivated and well populated, the dwellings being near together. Yamkinza was one of Rionga's widows. She sent messengers to meet me, who announced that they had come from Kamisoa, and had been waiting for me here four days; so that I was now sure of a good reception. In this district (Wandi) the Government station, Fauvera on the Somerset Nile, had formerly stood hardly ten minutes to the north of Yamkinza's dwelling. Tomatoes planted at that time were still growing near, and I received some sugar-cane from the old plantation. Yamkinza was a portly matron, and was arrayed in a new white cowhide, at the edge of which the black hairs had been left as a trimming. She seated herself without hesitation on my angareb, and I made her all manner of flattering speeches about Rionga, who had always entertained strangers well. This compliment probably procured for me the sheep which I soon after received with some eggs and milk. But not a word was said as to shelter for the night, until I at length introduced the subject, and was led to the huts of a certain Kizo. This Kizo—who was not identical with Emin Bey's former dragoman—spoke Arabic

very fluently, having been a dragoman at the station; he later proved himself a great rascal. His hut was so miserable and dirty that I preferred to camp in the open, although the rain three times forced me to take refuge in his sty. A legion of gnats, which devoured my hands and face, put the climax to the misery of the night. In the morning I prepared for my journey, but on looking round for the carriers, was told that Yamkinza had sent to Kamisoa, and that I was not to start until the messenger returned. After a time an individual appeared who gave himself out as this messenger, and they interpreted to me that Kamisoa had commanded that I should remain another night and day here, and come to him on the morrow. It was said, too, that Kizo, Emin Bey's dragoman, whom I had before asked for, was on the way, and would soon arrive. This behaviour and a command of that kind from Kamisoa were the more unintelligible, as the messengers yesterday had said they had been waiting several days for me already; and being provoked by Kizo's inhospitable treatment, I stormed at the people, and declared they must provide carriers immediately for my further journey, otherwise I should leave my things behind and turn back at once. So saying I had my mule saddled, and rode off. That took effect, and my luggage was brought on without further ado. To my knowledge of the Negro character and superstition, a new and interesting feature was added. Yamkinza came to see me again towards evening, just as I was taking my frugal supper. She at once retired to the hut, and on my calling her back to sit down with me, I learned that a Magungo woman must not look at any man eating, or some misfortune will happen to her.

My road to Kamisoa's lay southwards, whereas the old road from Fauvera to Mruli, another of the former stations, runs along the Somerset Nile; both unite later at the dwelling of the matongola Kôch. The whole road is well populated, which again occasioned a perpetual change of carriers. On the way I met the much-talked-of dragoman, Kizo, who was very drunk, and stumbled on in front to "lead" me; I was thankful when he remained lying like a log at the next hut. The last

bit of the way lay through park-like country, near to the river, which we saw once between the trees from a small rocky eminence. Then followed open meadows with brushwood in parts, where the stony substratum does not absorb the rain. Just before reaching Kamisoa's, a messenger came from him to meet me, and I rode on in front accompanied only by the boy and a guide. On arriving I was led to a small zeriba, where the new hut of a matongola was to afford me shelter. Luckily in the front room there was no straw on the floor, this breeding-place for fleas; only the sleeping-places were plentifully supplied with it. The back part of the hut had been cleared for me, and the many pots, eatables, utensils, and sleeping-places, and especially the numerous roof supports, rendered it impossible almost to set up an angareb. It was raining, and Kamisoa sent word that he would come when it ceased. He appeared dressed in dark clothing, followed by a dozen or more of his matongolas, and a small powerful little man, at whose costume I almost burst out laughing. He wore the upper part of a soldier's old dark blue coat with a faded shabby red collar. The lower half of this costly garment, from the waist downwards, had succumbed to the inroads of time, and the poor fellow had sewn on gray linen to replace it—perhaps the lining of the vanished coat tails. After the customary greetings conversation began, and Kamisoa proved much more communicative than Anfina. My first care was to prove to him my identity; that I was neither a "Turk" nor a Government emissary, that I did not come from Khartum, but from the far west, and, being unable on account of the blocked Nile to make my way homewards, was now desirous of becoming acquainted with the people of these regions. He pretended to have heard that I intended to pursue my journey to Kabrega's; I denied this for the moment, but he assured me that he would make no difficulty about having me escorted thither.

Then he put many questions to me, thus giving me the opportunity to speak out my mind as to the lying propensities of the matongolas. He asserted that he had never seen my letter, but admitted with many equivocations the arrival of the

trumbash, and that he would not allow his men to go to Anfina's; but now that he knew me, matters wore a very different face, and he was glad that I had come to him. Although Kamisoa inquired repeatedly as to the object of my coming to him, and conjectured that I had some secret mission, and that the "Turk" would follow me, I as yet purposely said nothing of the letters I meant to forward to Buganda. I wished to gain his confidence, and endeavoured meanwhile to obtain intelligence as to the situation in the south. I was perfectly satisfied with the first meeting with him at any rate. He sent me a sheep, eggs, six hens, kayatas, bananas, telebun, and two jars of mwenga differently prepared. He soon came back, and in the course of an animated conversation I told him as much as I thought advisable about the situation in the Equatorial and Bahr el-Ghazal provinces, and about the war, of which he had already heard.

Early next morning he appeared again, accompanied by the funny little man, who now wore a brown Arab gelabieh from Zanzibar. I learned that he was a matongola named Mziggeh, an emissary of Kabrega's, who was staying here on the business of his chief; but it appeared to me that Kabrega had only sent him to get intelligence about me, at least he told me later that they had been aware at Kabrega's a long time of my arrival at Anfina's. Mziggeh had formerly been at Khartum, and had probably become acquainted with many countries on his way to Zanzibar, and I therefore established closer intercourse with him later. At present I learned from him that Mteza, king of Buganda, had been dead since October, and that his son Mwanga was now sole ruler there. I asked no more just then, for I knew that the matongolas are afraid to answer even the most trivial question in the presence of the Mzuga, their lord and king, and leave it to the sovereign to reply to such. I now communicated to Kamisoa that, having arrived here, I had a favour to ask of him, upon which he, at my request, dismissed all his suite except Mziggeh, a few matongolas, and the dragoman Kizo, who came slinking up quite sober, but looking very woebegone from the effects of his potations. I once more detailed my

many years' journey, saying that I had no news of my brethren the whites, and that I had lost forty loads in the Bahr el-Ghazal through the Arabs, etc., and then I produced an American revolver with fifty cartridges which I had been hoarding up a long time as a present for some special occasion, and handed it to the highly-delighted Kamisoa. And now came the point: there were white brethren of mine in Buganda, and it was my wish to procure from them news of my distant brethren, and also to send them tidings from here. He, Kamisoa, was powerful, and could certainly have a letter conveyed for me to the white brethren at Buganda. I would decline for the present a visit to Kabrega's; but if he would not forward my letter, I would accept his offer of yesterday to give me an escort thither. If, however, I should receive an answer from Buganda by his aid, my gratitude should be manifested by further gifts, and Emin Bey at Lado had commissioned me to promise him, Kamisoa, three rifles for a despatch from Buganda. He need not give me his decision at once, and might turn over the matter till next morning.

Thus the matter in hand was disposed of for the moment. But the prince very soon sent to ask me for clothes; of course I could not give him any. He sent again to beg for the trumbash which he had before returned to me; again I had to offer my excuses. I had left it at Anfina's, but would send it hither immediately on my return. In spite of this he was not put out, but communicated to me next day that he would send my despatch by messenger direct, and not through Kabrega's. On this I sent to ask him to let me see the messenger, so that I might charge him with my greetings and messages to my brethren in Buganda by word of mouth. At the same time I sent all the presents I could to Kamisoa, two large strings of blue and white beads, my last necklace of bronze beads, coloured and white thread, and copper for armlets. In return I begged him for two pieces of bark cloth, such as is made by the Wanyoros, Wagungos, and Wagandas, in these parts of superior size and quality, some tobacco, and a tub of the butter which the Langos bring here for sale. The balance of

gain was still quite on his side; for the tenth part of the beads given to him I received later from my host two more pieces of bark stuff. I kept Kabrega in mind all this time, and sent him by Mziggeh, who was to return in a few days, a small table service consisting of a knife and fork, spoon, and small table-cloth, and a telescope drinking-cup. The cup called forth great admiration and merriment, when I filled it with water and, drinking it off, quickly closed up the cup in the palm of my hand. Kamisoa sent for it later, that he might exhibit the wonder to his household. To Mwanga I sent a musical-box by the other messenger. I thus sought to establish friendly relations on all sides to make the road to the south easier in case of my being obliged to take it. Mziggeh came afterwards alone to see me, and was then much more communicative. He told me that three Europeans were now staying at Mwanga's, and that the king had succeeded his father as sole ruler in the land without disturbance. On Mteza's death, Kabrega had sent to Mwanga to establish friendly communication and commerce with him. One could travel now from one land to the other unmolested. Of importance to me was the news that the Zanzibar merchant Mazudi had recently arrived at Kabrega's with a quantity of wares, and established himself there. The fact that Mziggeh was making new clothes for himself, and gave Binsa some remnants for his trousers, bore this out. He told me besides about Mirambo, a dreaded usurper who had for years made the lands to the south of Lake Victoria Nyanza unsafe; he had entered into a treaty with the Government at Zanzibar, and now allowed merchants to pass unmolested. As Mziggeh told me that Mazudi could read Arabic, I handed over to him my letter of recommendation from Emin Bey to Kabrega, sending a large Mangbattu knife as a present for Mazudi himself.

Everything went on very comfortably at Kamisoa's. He used to sit in the hall of his large reception hut on a high clumsy angareb that had been made by a soldier, covered with a carpet, in a circle of his matongolas, and I brought my chair. The matongolas sat on both sides, before each stood a measure

of the favourite national beverage, and the tube through which the hot liquid was imbibed passed from hand to hand. Before

SHULI. (*From a photograph by R. Buchta.*)

me was set, in a pretty little gourd, some mwenga, banana wine. The little vessel, no larger than a swan's-egg, held hardly two

mouthfuls, but the attendant spirit hovered about until I had drained it, and immediately filled it again. I had coffee too, no karkadeb, but genuine coffee! No wonder I took to begging in my turn, and asked Kamisoa for coffee, much coffee, for I should like to have surprised Emin with some. But the prince said he had very little left; however, if I gave him some beads, he would send to Kabrega's to buy coffee-beans. From Mziggeh, too, I tried to get some, but he said he had certainly brought a good deal, but already used it all. My host gave me a little afterwards, and Kamisoa sent me a tin of ground coffee, with the remains of some Gedaref tobacco, which he said had belonged to the commandant of the abandoned station. These people do not use coffee as a beverage, the unroasted beans serve them as a dainty and a stimulant, as does the kola-nut among the western tribes. But coffee does not flourish beyond Bunyoro. My accounts of other lands, to which Anfina had listened with apathy, aroused in Kamisoa vivid interest; he recounted my narratives to his people, often laughed heartily, and was himself very fond of talking, passing quickly from one subject to another. He had not the calm reflective temperament of the A-Zandeh princes—of Zemio, for instance, who never wearied of asking questions, listening with attention to the answers, and then evidently meditating over what he had heard. The conversation turned principally upon the question whether the "Mundu" (Nubian Arabs) would come back, an event devoutly wished by Anfina, whereas one could see that Kamisoa harboured a deep grudge against the garrison troops. At this time Kamisoa stood in a position of enforced dependency on Kabrega. His father, Rionga, had been able to withdraw to his "Rionga island," like Anfina; but since that time that island, it was said, had been submerged by the high water, and was inaccessible. Kabrega, who had always been inimical to the Nubian Arabs, put pressure upon Kamisoa after the departure of the soldiers not to let them re-enter his territory. Kabrega's enmity was quite intelligible. Since the withdrawal of the troops from his domains, where there had previously been stations, he had become sensible to the advantages of commerce

with the Zanzibar traders. Besides stuffs and other articles, he received yearly in return for ivory and slaves, the arms, powder, and shot in which he put his faith as the only reliable source of power, and he was much too wide awake to look for the augmentation of his sovereign authority, or even the maintenance of it, from the Egyptians.

Meanwhile Kamisoa sent me the articles requested, adding a piece of bark cloth and one of the woven stands for pots, ornamented with patterns, such as are used in these parts. The coffee in return for my beads I was not to have yet. I now requested carriers for my departure, and some men to accompany me to Anfina's, whence I would at once send some salt, a pair of old shoes, and the trumbash, begging that the same carriers should accompany me through to Yamkinza's, and thence on to Anfina's, and this was carried out. My stay had been very pleasant. I had been well catered for, even to getting milk morning and evening, and very little troubled by the people. Only Kagéa, a daughter of Ringio's, came daily almost to beg for beads. My host was with me every day, and secretly sold me a piece of bark cloth, for Kamisoa apparently reserved to himself the right of making advantageous bargains. My last string of amber-coloured beads I gave to a woman slave of Mziggeh's, thereby greatly gratifying her master, for he said he should show the beads to everybody in Bunyoro. Having by chance four thalers with me, it occurred to me to send them by Mziggeh to Mazudi, with the request that he would send me some stuffs, soap, cigarette papers, etc., for this money and twenty-five thalers more which I had at Anfina's, and would give his messenger. And to ensure Kabrega's furnishing messengers to take on the things for Mazudi, I promised the king that I would send him an iron chair that I had brought for him to Anfina's. Mziggeh was to have a brush for his trouble.

Early on April 2nd Kamisoa brought me a parting gift of a sheep, and urged me again to make my homeward journey by way of Zanzibar, in which case he would provide me with an escort as far as the former station, Mruli, either by land or water, as I might choose. And he promised to send on

the answer to the letters to Buganda without delay to me at Anfina's, for which I again promised him a tin box. So I took my departure, going direct to Ajeddeh this time, only stopping at Yamkinza's, to whom I gave the remainder of my salt, to pick up the sheep she had given me, some sugar-canes, and tomatoes. At Ajeddeh a lively traffic in eggs sprang up. At first I was told there were none to be had, but on my promising two small red beads for each egg, they streamed from all sides so fast that it was all Binsa could do to hold them up to the sun to test them, while I counted out beads as fast as I could. A last I had a basketful of eggs, and declined to take the last offered. This incident was interesting to me, being the first opportunity in all my years of travel for actual trade by barter.

On the following day I entered my station, but the carriers had made halt at some huts on the way, and arrived much later, bringing part of my luggage wet through. I found Amina busy boiling soap. Unfortunately a mishap occurred, for while lifting the pot, Halima overturned it on her feet, scalding them so badly that she had to lie up several days.

Next day I dismissed Kamisoa's men with the promised rewards. Anfina then came over from his island, but did not meet with a very gracious reception. I had unwelcome complaints to bring against his lying matongolas, for I was very much pleased with Kamisoa, and the object of my visit to him was fully accomplished. On my reproaching Anfina with having concealed Mteza's death from me, his factotum, Kizo—this name is common among the Wagungos—declared that the Wagungos had been afraid to spread such tidings as the death of Mteza on mere hearsay. This punctiliousness did not stop them from daily sowing broadcast all kinds of false reports, such as the one that was going about on my return, that Kabrega was preparing for war against Anfina. Later I showed more friendliness again, and said that though I had given the revolver that he had seen to Kamisoa, there was a better one left which he was to fetch for himself. One could not but be sorry at bottom for Anfina, who had every

VEGETATION ON THE SOMERSET NILE. (*From a photograph by R. Buchta.*)

claim on the protection of the Government; he had been many years a faithful vassal, and was now left defenceless at the mercy of the terrible Kabrega.

Of course Anfina soon came back to get his present; it was the last of six large revolvers which I had brought as presents from Europe. Anfina's delight was unbounded, and, indeed, he had never received such a present from the Government, for the officers and higher officials themselves were in want of revolvers.

My first care now was to send Emin Bey a report of my expedition to Kamisoa. Then I examined the beds in the garden. The beans in the Dar et-tor already stood several feet high, and I had them tied to a trellis up which they could creep. But I had no luck with the cows sent me from Wadelai; they were out of condition, and yielded but little milk, and I had them slaughtered one after the other. I was greatly delighted to get a parcel from Wadelai, a basket of lemons and a letter, from which I learned that at Laboreh, Hawash had received orders to return to Dufileh, and to proceed immediately from thence with a reinforcement of 250 men to Amadi. There was no letter from Emin Bey.

In this way the half of April had gone by. My health began to fail somewhat. I felt quite well in the mornings, but was often feverish and chilly at midday, and had to lie down. Then I lost appetite, owing to the want of acids in the food. Tamarinds and cool liquid curds were what I liked most at such times.

On April 19th I at length received tidings, though sad ones, from Emin Bey. That which we had so long dreaded had come to pass. Amadi had fallen, and was in the hands of the rebels; some of the soldiers had fought their way through to Makaraka. But here I must give, shortly, the course of events in the province since my departure from Lado in January.

After the return of Abd el-Wahab Effendi from Bor, and after the losses there, Osman Latif, commander of the Mudiriych, it may be remembered, was despatched thither with soldiers and corn, and had returned at the end of January with

tidings that the garrison had determined to hold the place until the arrival of reinforcements (they asked for 300 men), rather than withdraw to Gondokoro by land. Emin Bey remarks to this: "The house of Juma Aga (an officer) at Bor, who in the list gives his age as seventy, contains thirty-two persons, of whom six are his concubines. The notary has twenty-eight, a sergeant twelve, another man sixteen, and so on. Of course, if Bor were abandoned, three-fourths of these slaves would get away; and this it is which holds these gentlemen here." Thereupon all the "irregulars" of the province, Nubian Arabs who adhered to the Government under Wod el-Mak (well known in Sir S. Baker's time), and Tarb (my former neighbour at Lado), were collected to make an expedition to Bor, and convey the garrison by land to Gondokoro.

The reader is acquainted with what passed in Amadi up to the end of January. Up to that time Morjan Aga had almost without exception steadily adhered to the defensive. Soon after, Emin Bey wrote:—"On February 2nd an attack, led by Suleiman Aga himself, was made on the zeriba of the Danagla (entrenched camp of the Nubian Arabs before Amadi). During the heated action, which lasted from an early hour to two p.m., a bomb fell into the Danagla zeriba, setting fire to it and causing the whole of the ammunition to explode, by which many basingers were killed. The zeriba was finally carried and razed. No loss on our side, heavy loss among the Danagla." But in spite of this, the rebels kept their stand, as was announced by Akhmet Effendi Mahmud, at that time in command at Amadi; and Emin Bey writes that "Morjan Aga has shown himself incapable of anything except filling his own pockets, in which he does not spare the effects of the dead officers even . . . . Morjan Aga," he goes on to say, "has sent me a very submissive letter, and to avoid scandal will remain there for the present; but later we shall see. . . . In the action on February 2nd Abdullahi, Abd ez-Zammat, and his brother Mahmud were severely wounded and soon after died. . . . "

These first tidings were certainly favourable, and gave hope

of a good issue to the situation at Amadi. The succeeding letters were all the more disappointing. On February 21st Emin Bey writes:—"To-day I had letters from Morjan Aga enclosing six others; two copies of a proclamation of the Mahdi . . . . to the same purport as the former . . . . and an invitation to join Karam Allah, that we may go on together to him; two letters from Karam Allah, who has now come himself to Amadi, to Morjan Aga, demanding immediate surrender. He had brought, he writes, over 2000 men with him. There was no need to lose time in writing to me (Emin Bey); Morjan Aga was to submit at once. A letter to the same purpose from Osman Erbab to Morjan Aga. Finally a letter, signed by Lupton's former secretary, by Osman Bedawi, Biriji Zibehr . . . ." (many other signatures follow), "also summoning Morjan Aga to surrender. Morjan Aga writes to me that he requires 100 men to help him effect a retreat to Lado, and above all things, corn."

Then Akhmet Mahmud returned to Lado from Amadi, and said "that the men from the Bahr el-Ghazal did not exceed 300, and that of them but fifty were Arabs, and the rest Negroes. Osman Bedawi is said to be there also. . . . So to-day," continues Emin, "I have sent Abd el-Wahab Effendi to Makaraka, to direct the sending of the corn; and Faraj Aga is to start with soldiers and dragomans for Amadi. . . . I may mention that all the officers with Morjan Aga fully concur in my plan of a retreat on Anfina's in case of need. . . ."

In a letter of February 27th, he says: "Karam Allah's men have shut in Amadi on all four sides, and cut off the water. The soldiers have dug within the station for water to drink. . . ." Meanwhile Faraj Aga had arrived from Makaraka at Ali Tutu (ten hours' distance from Amadi, in the direction of Lado), with seventy men and dragomans armed with rifles, fifty Bombehs, and 550 loads of corn, but he was unable to effect a union with Morjan Aga. The combined forces (120 men, officers, 1000 bundles of Remington cartridges, cannon-balls, shells, rockets, etc.) followed from Lado to strengthen Faraj Aga's force. But the situation in Amadi became more and more hopeless, and

soon it was said, "they were eating cow-hides there for hunger." At that time Rihan Aga had at length arrived with his troops from Mangbattu on his way to Makaraka. Gambari was said to have collected round him a number of Nubian Arab deserters with their arms in Mangbattu. From Dufileh fifty men and an officer with ammunition, and fifty cows, were on their way to Faraj Aga. Hawash Effendi had just arrived at Lado from Dufileh, but as it was said to be unquiet there, was sent back to Dufileh, instead of joining the troops near Amadi.

With regard to the last terrible events at Amadi, Emin Bey writes, amongst other details: "On March 19th Faraj Aga advised me that all the men (the combined troops) had arrived, and that he was about to march with 210 men to the relief of Amadi. . . . On March 23rd a letter from Faraj Aga at the Komi's village. He had marched on Amadi, attacking the Danagla zeribas on the way; but the fire was so hot that he had been compelled to retire. On our side eleven killed, among them the officer, Tia Aga, from Lado, and sixteen wounded, among them Faraj Aga (shot in the leg). Three Danagla zeribas had been fired, in spite of which the enemy remained master of the field. The man who brought the letter related that the troops in Amadi had made a sortie at the same moment, but had been unable to join Faraj Aga's men, as the latter had retreated too hastily. . . . On March 27th a letter from Abdallah Aga at Ali Tutu's village. The renewed advance was equally unsuccessful. Faraj Aga, without awaiting the end, left with his men for Makaraka; Abdallah Aga and two other officers are collecting the scattered men, and will then likewise return to Makaraka. . . ."

"March 28th. . . . A soldier with a post for Faraj Allah had encountered, at Ali Tutu's village, Ali Karkutli (the rebel leader) . . . . and his men, who took from him the post and his arms. . . ."

"On March 29th three soldiers from Amadi reached us. They relate that the starving men had repeatedly urged their officers, particularly Morgan Aja, to make a sortie. . . . Finally the soldiers, led by an officer, had left the zeriba.

broken through the Danagla, and made their way to Makaraka. They had left behind in Amadi two Sudanese officers and about fifteen men, all sick and unarmed. The soldiers had carried with them the powder and shot, but the cannons and the ammunition for them had been abandoned!"

"On March 31st a post from Makaraka. Faraj Aga and his men arrived, also the officers Morjan Aga, Ali Aga, and Abdullah Aga . . . . with 213 men and ammunition. Also Suleiman Aga with twenty-three men from Amadi. Rihan Aga . . . . has reached Kabayendi, and I have made him commander in Makaraka." According to a later letter from Emin Bey, Morjan Aga Danassuri had been killed in the sortie from Amadi, and his head carried back into the station.

The conclusion of these tidings, in a letter dated April 1st, touched me closely. It ran in part: ". . . . There can be no longer any question of my going to the south, for on my leaving Lado, the whole card-house would fall together, and I should in all probability be held fast by my men. There have been voices here heard to say that we intend to lead the soldiers to the south, and sell them to the great chiefs there to save ourselves! Consequently, I have called a meeting, and it has been decided in the first place to inform you of the situation and invite you to return and put in your lot with us. Fatiko will now be abandoned, and as soon as you are here, Wadelai, Dufileh, Laboreh, and Muggi; we shall confine ourselves to Kiri, Beddên, Regaf, Gondokoro, Lado, Makaraka, and Bor. Above all, Gondokoro is to be fortified, that if necessary we may fall back upon it. If we can manage then to get safely through the rainy season, it would remain to us to make an attempt to get by way of Bor to the Sobat, and thence to the north. This is the opinion of my men, whereas . . . . the road to the south is rejected on all hands, although they formerly held a contrary view. There is not one of them that I can depend on now. . . . Wadelai Station will not be abandoned until I have you here or a definite answer from you. . . . I should like to clear myself in your eyes from any charge of hesitation or fickleness. When

I urged you to take the road to the south, I had every intention of following myself. . . ."

Thus ran the letters received from Emin Bey at Anfina's, which so unexpectedly placed before me this alternative. In order not to cut the thread of the fast-crowding events in the Hat el-Estiva, I will at once add here the essential details in the following letters from the Governor:—

"Lado, April 11th, 1885. On April 3rd letters from Karam Allah and Osman Erbab at Amadi. The first letter relates what has passed in Amadi, and that Morjan Aga refused to surrender, after being five times summoned to do so. . . . Over 200 deserters, dragomans, basingers, etc., were in Amadi, both soldiers and officers being of their number. The letter concludes with a summons to me to present myself within ten days before Karam Allah at Amadi, together with the commander of the Mudiriyeh, Vita, Ahmed Effendi, and the officers; otherwise, he will advance against Lado—and whatever follows will be on my head." In a second letter to Emin Bey, Karam Allah says he has only come to help Emin, no harm shall befall him, etc. A third letter came from the men who were left in Amadi, and said that the officers were "in a constant state of intoxication, and the soldiers had been reduced to eating their sandals," and urged Emin Bey to give himself up. A letter from Osman Erbab was to the same effect. Emin Bey writes that Suleiman Aga, the officer who had escaped from Amadi, put the blame of the fall of Amadi on the younger officers, who had incited the men to revolt. He himself had been the last to leave the zeriba. But the others attached the blame to Morjan Aga Danassuri, and Suleiman Aga, who had repeatedly suggested that the men should lay down their arms! Emin Bey relates further: "Hawash Effendi will neither abandon Fatiko nor join us, but urges me to come to the south, a course which the attitude of our soldiers renders impossible. The officers have sent a unanimous petition to me to hold Lado, and they will all combine to strengthen the place until we find a road out. At Gondokoro 100 huts have been run up."

Emin Bey's next letter brought news of the events chronologically recorded, as was his practice, up to April 25th. After leaving Amadi, the troops had collected at Wandi. They were pursued by some of the Mahdists, and had again received a summons from Karam Allah to surrender. "The march was pressed on," writes Emin Bey, "so that on the 6th Abd el-Wahab arrived at Rimo (south of Wandi) with the advance column—the sick, etc.—and on April 7th Rihan Aga with the rear. They found the sick, ammunition, money, etc., that had been sent on before to Lado, still lying there for want of carriers. Belal Aga from Kabayendi, and Faraj Aga Ajok, with the Mangbattus, had already joined them." The Mahdists were following them up, and "in Rimo," writes Emin Bey, "Rihan Aga had been attacked, but had repulsed the enemy, killed many men, taken a number of arms, a standard, and ammunition. The Danagla had fled, and were pursued four hours. . . . Faraj Aga Yussuf severely wounded." Later accounts announce that he has succumbed to his wound, but that four of the rebel leaders were killed, and Brinji (from Meshra er-Rêq) had died in Wandi.

After this success all the troops withdrew in different bodies to Beddên on the Nile. Emin Bey writes: "554 soldiers (including sick and wounded) are all that have been saved. . . . We are pressing on the transport of our goods and families to Gondokoro. . . . The 123 men for the defence of Lado arrived on April 23rd, and with them Rihan Aga, Suleiman Aga, and other officers whom I had summoned to consider the situation and decide definitely whether we are to hold out here in spite of hunger, or what other course is to be taken." I remark, by the way, that Emin Bey had two days before, *i.e.* April 21st, received my letter of April 5th after my return from Kamisoa's. He writes anent this: "Sincere thanks for all the good tidings and accounts. That will help my people decide to take the road to the south. . . ." To Karam Allah's last summons to Emin to appear at Amadi with his subordinates, he had replied that Osman Erbab must first be sent to Lado to keep order among the people. This had not been done. A few days

before my letter about Kamisoa arrived, Emin Bey received the following post from Karam Allah: (1) Addressed to all the officers and men, with a summons to yield. (2) To Osman Effendi Latif, the chief secretary Akhmet Effendi Mahmud, Vita, and to myself (Junker) to the same purpose. (3) To Emin Bey with the announcement that he had meant to send to Lado the people (Osman Erbab, etc.) formerly sent to him, but preferred now to come in person with all his troops, and expected Emin Bey either to come himself or to send a deputation to receive him. Khartum had fallen, as might be seen from the enclosed letter. (4) Copy of this letter, written by the Mahdi to Karam Allah. The copy was translated by Dr. Emin Bey into German, and runs :—

"Copy of a gracious Proclamation of our Lord the Mahdi (Peace be upon him!) to his representative, Karam Allah Sheikh Muhammed, Emir of the Bahr el-Ghazal and Hat el-Estiva, dated 12 Rebi Ahir 1302 (January 28th, 1885).

"In the name of God, the most compassionate and All-merciful! Praise be to God, our gracious Lord, and prayers and submission to our Lord Muhammed and to his people!

"From the devout servant of God, Muhammed, the Mahdi, son of Abdallah, to his beloved Emir Karam Allah, the son of the Sheikh Muhammed, may God in his goodness give him light and be pleased to protect him. Amen.

"Receive from me many greetings, and the mercy of God and his blessing be upon thee. Know, my beloved, that according to the promise of God and his unchangeable goodness, the town Khartum was captured, with the help of the Living, the Eternal, on Monday the 9 Rebi Ahir of the present year, early in the morning, by the aid of the troops of the Faith, who devoted themselves to the work and stormed the ramparts, trusting in God, the Ruler of the world; and in a quarter of an hour or less, there came upon the enemies of God that which befell them. They were annihilated to the last of them, and their stronghold; although they had strongly fortified themselves, they fled at the first attack, scattered over the country by the hands of the army of God, of the troops of the Faith

and sought safety by pressing into the courts and making fast the doors. Our Master followed them and killed them with swords, and destroyed them with lances, so that then was the sound of lamentations and weeping multiplied and all were defeated. Then they overpowered the remainder who had closed the doors in fear at the approach of sorrow, and took them prisoners and killed them, and there remain of them but a few women and children. But the enemy of God, Gordon, though we have repeatedly warned him and exhorted him to desist and submit himself to God, would not hearken, and that because he hath ever been a rebel and a revolter. Therefore he came to his fate, and reaped with bitterness that which he had sown in wrong-doing, and God hath given him his dwelling in the house of his wrath (hell), and so the multitude of the wicked have been destroyed, and praise be to God, the Lord of the world, for this; to him that deserves it may the fire for punishment or paradise for a dwelling by God's decree be apportioned, and God preserve thee from the faithless. Amen! With the permission of the Highest and Greatest, the Giver of good. And of our followers, ten died the death of Faith in this conquest, and of the others, none were wounded or injured. And this is a grace of God, and from him is the victory, and we have fallen down to give thanks to him for the victory of the Faith. And do thou likewise, and receive my greeting.

"This copy conforms to the original, word for word.

"The Envoy of the Mahdi in the Bahr el-Ghazal and Hat el-Estiva, Karam Allah.

12 Rebi Ahir 1302 (January 28th, 1885)."

Some good news came at this time from Bor. The barge despatched thither on March 15th returned with the tidings that a new attack had been made on the station by the Negroes, but the little garrison had defended itself gallantly, and given the assailants a thorough beating.

On April 24th, the day after the entry of Rihan Aga and the troops into Lado, further measures were deliberated. Emin Bey writes: ". . . . After a thorough survey of the whole situation, I left the decision to the gentlemen, and withdrew for half an hour. Rihan Aga took the chair, being supported by twelve officers (six Egyptians, six Sudanese), Casati, Akhmet Mahmud, and Awat Effendi. With the exception of Casati, Awat, and Mahmud Effendi, all voted for the march to the south, and that we should concentrate ourselves in Dufileh, Wadelai, etc. I am going to Gondokoro to arrange for the march. Do not be angry with me for all the indecision and vacillation, nor on account of my late peremptory summons to come hither or remain behind. I was very reluctant to alarm you thus. But you know how I am situated, and how changeable my people are; if it had not been for your last letter and the support of a few officers, I doubt whether I should ever have got them to come to a decision. As it is, Casati has withdrawn in anger, because he is of opinion that Lado ought to be held at all costs, whereas the officers see starvation before them, and have decided in favour of the move . . . ." For Emin Bey's letters at length, see R. Buchta's *The Sudan*, pp. 195 to 211 and 220. But Lado was not given up, for Karam Allah and his men did not march against Lado; the Mahdists shortly all left the country and withdrew to the Bahr el-Ghazal, evidently on their way to Kordofan and the Mahdi. We were at a loss to account for this, especially after the advantages they had gained. Emin Bey's next letter, in May, was dated from Muggi. I will give this and other news received further on.

In addition to well-founded accounts of events, the most contradictory and absurd rumours were flying about: on many sides doubts were expressed whether that mob of Arabs and their Emir Karam Allah were still acting in the Mahdi's name or keeping up communication with him and Kordofan. It was said that Kordofan and Dar-Fôr were in the hands of the Government, and that soldiers had arrived in the Bahr el-Ghazal: that the Negroes there were constantly at warfare with the Arabs, who had tried to capture arms and ammunition in the southern

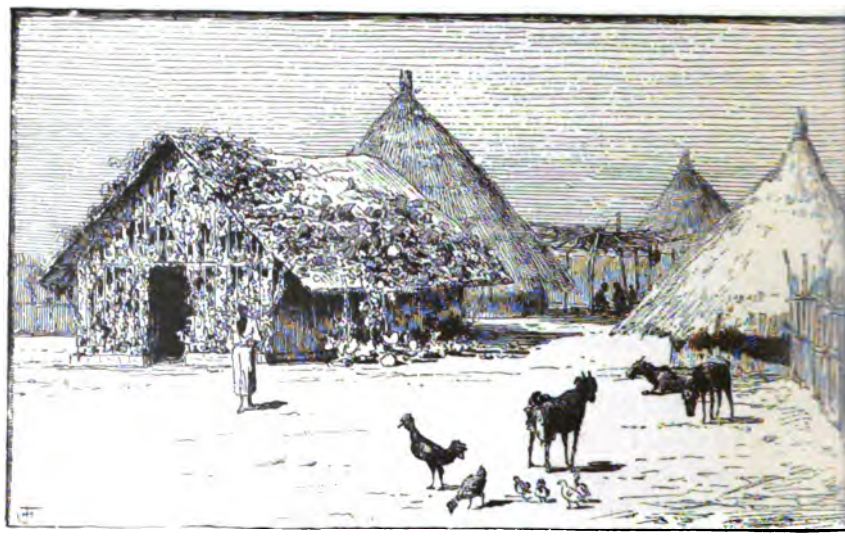
province; that 1000 soldiers were stationed at Fashoda, and were constantly at work at a river barrier, etc. Together with Emin Bey's letter, in which he had proposed that I should return on account of the suggested evacuation of all the southern stations, Hawash Effendi at Dufileh had received an order to send a convoy to escort me back. None had come with the letter, and it would have been useless, for my resolution not to return to the north under existing circumstances was unshaken.

My anxiety for the next letters from Emin Bey was all the keener, for in the interest of the people I hoped that they would not adhere to that plan. The night after receiving this post we also were attacked, but only by ants. Their line of battle extended over the mosquito-nets and the angarebs, so that we had to go out into the Dar et-tor, and await the day there. At sunrise these lively insects began their home march, many of them laden with booty. They had arranged themselves in several divisions, all of which united farther on. An incursion of this kind has its advantages; it drives away the rats in the thatch, unluckily for a short time only, and numbers of wood-lice are destroyed. I was able later to observe that even live chickens and pigeons fall a prey to these ant hordes, if they do not get out of the way quick enough. Larger creatures also made us nocturnal visits; hippopotami often found their way up the hill and grazed through the night in the high grass behind the station. Binsa sometimes lay in wait for them in the evening, but always in vain.

The whole time I was little pleased with Anfina. He showed how indifferent he was to improvement. I gave him a basket of durra corn for seed, and he had it sown certainly, but nobody troubled further about it, and it was choked by the grass. My maize, on the contrary, stood three feet high, the indigenous cucumbers (Tibish of the Arabs) came on nicely, the large beans interspersed with *Helmia bulbifera*, planted round the Dar et-tor, grew so luxuriantly that soon there was a wall of greenery in front of my writing-table, and the doors were encircled with green. Amina moulded another lot of wax

candles, so that I had a good supply of them. But there was no soap, for since the last unfortunate attempt I would have no more boiled. I preferred to have the washing done almost without soap, and, indeed, the boys had to rinse and rub the old linen very gently in water under my eyes, and not wring it out, to prevent its falling into rags.

Early on April 30th the basingers awakened me with the intelligence that some men, among them Soliman Aga, a clerk from Wadelai, had been stopped on the way hither at the river



STATION AT ANFINA'S.

Galuba, as at high water it was difficult to cross. The basingers did not bring the letters with them, but had evidently come to fetch me to Dufileh. In the midst of my excitement, there came another household catastrophe; a dog worried my favourite parrot to death, and just afterwards I found a green serpent almost two yards long in my hut, which I killed.

On May 2nd I received further intelligence from the clerk Soliman, which surprised me. He had turned back at the

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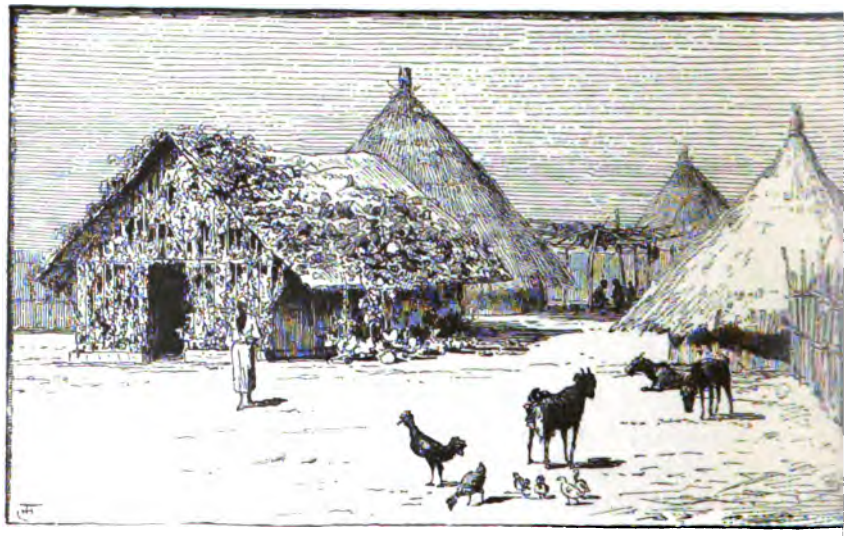

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greater as I now heard of the determination not to abandon the southern stations. That was the only wise course, and it bore out my view that the men would ultimately decide in favour of the south. The only alloy to my happiness was that the anxiously-expected tidings from Kamisoa — *i.e.* Buganda—did not arrive. And yet Emin Bey wrote that he had already given orders that the three rifles I had promised Kamisoa were to be sent to me from Wadelai. I wished to send Binsa to Kamisoa's to make inquiries, but Anfina objected to this, and as I wanted to avoid any quarrel with him just now, there was nothing for it but patience. However, Anfina, who was now on the mainland, having been driven from his island by the floods, again sent a large quantity of telebun, sesame, and beans, to induce me to remain with him definitely, and expressed the hope that I should be many months with him. Perhaps he would prove right. I was now the plaything of fortune. At any rate, with the wit of a hungry man, I made use of his telebun to prepare the genuine Arab dish "Melakh-Sabaruk." This is a lugma, a stiff porridge with a vegetable sauce concocted of young bamia leaves, boiled and strained, dried pounded meat, and cayenne pepper.

On May 26th I received another letter from Emin Bey, written from Muggi, on his way to the southern stations. On May 27th I thought of Lupton; a year before we had received his last letter announcing the surrender of the Mudiriyeh. A long year of care and misgivings and disappointed hopes had passed, and we hardly knew more of the situation in the north than before. No news from Kamisoa's. I decided to send Binsa, accompanied only by my other boy, Farag, to him secretly, for I did not trust to Anfina and his people to show them the way. He was to take Kamisoa one of the rifles, and say that I had the other two ready for him as soon as he gave me news of my post. Binsa took some beads and salt with him partly for Yamkinza, and partly to satisfy small demands on the way. A few days later Binsa returned, accompanied by four of Kamisoa's people, with most astounding intelligence Kamisoa sent me word that thirty-four days previously, ter

MAGUNGO NEGRO AND WOMAN. (*From photographs by R. Buchta.*)

men, among them a dragoman named Mwanda, had arrived there from Kabrega's, and had related that a man like myself with a large beard was staying with their sovereign. They had awaited my answer a long time at Kamisoa's, and had at last left again, a few days previously, for Kabrega's. With regard to the forwarding of the letters to Anfina's, Kamisoa stated that his messenger, named Peninga, had handed them over to his brother, Muga, one of Anfina's matongolas, that they had then gone on to Kizo, another of Anfina's matongolas, and finally had all proceeded together to Anfina, and delivered up the post to him. But by Kizo's advice the prince had concealed the despatch from me. All this was testified to by Peninga himself, who had come back with Binsa.

Anfina himself admitted to me that he had received the packet, but kept it back for fear I should leave. He was afraid of Kamisoa and Kabrega, as well as of Emin Bey, who perhaps would blame him if I were to leave, and anything were then to happen to me. He begged me not to be wrath with him, I was his father (a favourite expression, denoting submission), and such-like nonsense. The speech concluded with the announcement that he had a few days ago sent on the post with my last letter to Emin Bey at Wadelai. If only this were not another lie! I sent word to Anfina that he would have to take the consequences of his folly, and that not only I, but Emin Bey also would resent the interception of the post.

The next day Kamisoa's men were to return. Kamisoa had, so I believed, kept his word. The packet evidently contained letters from Buganda; that was borne out by the connection subsisting between them and the man with the beard who had arrived at Kabrega's. I could no longer keep back the rifles promised to Kamisoa, and delivered them to Peninga, together with the promised Berlin tin box and a mug he had asked for.

On the departure of the messengers, I set to work at my report for Emin Bey. I told him also that I was thinking of going on further; and that to prevent the communication with the south being broken, it would be absolutely necessary to put some one here in my place, to keep up the intercourse with

Kamisoa; whilst I would make it my care to have news sent from Kabrega and Buganda. I also begged Emin Bey to give Anfina timely notice that he was not to oppose the continuation of my journey. Just as I was thus engaged, Anfina sent me a fine large sheep and a lamb to "conciliate" me, and implored me not to be angry, he "would never do it again." I answered his one-eyed messenger very ungraciously, and gave him to understand that his chief had now himself invoked fresh enmity with Kamisoa and Kabrega, and would have to suffer the consequences. The sheep he had sent I would accept for my men only, "for it was my custom to take presents for myself from friends only, and not from an enemy, such as he had proved himself to be. . ."

May came to an end with a drought of many days. On June 4th heavy rain fell again, during which Anfina's boat capsized in the rapids, and nine people were drowned. The grass round the station had grown to a man's height, and formed quite a forest, shutting off my little domain from the rest of the world.

At last, on June 23rd, I received the eagerly-expected letter from Emin Bey, enclosing the letter sent through Anfina from the south. Another disappointment only. My secret misgivings that the packet would prove to contain letters from Kabrega or Mazudi only, were now realized. I found two letters in Arabic from Kabrega, presumably written by Mazudi, with a translation into German by Emin Bey. Emin also sent for Kabrega a letter, five rabbits, and eleven pigeons, which were taken on by Abd er-Rejal and the dragomans who had brought the packet to me. I sent Binsa with them to inquire about the stuffs intended for me which were mentioned in Kabrega's letter.

Emin Bey wrote that he would station the clerk Soliman Aga and some dragomans here. I therefore immediately sent on the sub-officer to Anfina, requesting that some huts might be built; whereupon he promised to have ten put up near my station. Quite unexpectedly another letter came, on June 27th, from Emin Bey at Khor Ayu, dated June 7th. It contained all kinds of sensational news; of soldiers who were said to have

arrived in the Bahr el-Ghazal; of a battle which was taking place between the English (*sic*) and the Nubian Arabs; of the retreat of the Danagla to Mangbattu; so that the enemy had actually left the province. The tidings were calculated to puzzle me greatly as to my further plans.

On June 29th and 30th heavy rain fell for the first time since the 15th. The messengers returned from Kamisoa confirming the fact that Kabrega's messenger, Mwanda, had brought with him a package for me (probably the stuffs), but that receiving no answer from me he had taken them back to Kabrega. So I had Anfina to thank again for the loss of a gift from Kabrega, at this present time invaluable to me. I should certainly have set out myself now for Kabrega's if I could only have insured that the visit would be a matter of a few days or weeks only, but I knew by experience how days grow into months before the traveller can get away again, when once he is a guest in the land of a powerful prince.

To Emin Bey's letters I replied that I would comply with his wish and await at Anfina's his arrival at Wadelai. Casati, who was still at Muggi, said he too would join Emin Bey at Wadelai. That he should always, with so little regard to circumstances, have advocated a retreat to Bor and the abandoning of all the southern stations was quite incomprehensible. The retreat to the south he held to be a mistake from beginning to end, and persistently hoped for the speedy arrival of a steamer.

On July 11th more letters came from Emin Bey, Casati, and Vita; and from Hawash Effendi a small travelling angareb, soap, and travelling boots and shoes manufactured in the country. Emin Bey gave me further highly exciting tidings, and although they turned out to be false, they may serve to show how such tales were made. Ibrahim Effendi had reported to him: "I have to inform you that this evening, the 7th Ramadân 1303, Bahit, Sergeant Mohammed's servant returning from Lado, tells me that a letter has arrived there from Bor by a Negro, announcing that two steamers from Khartum have arrived, and are cutting away the obstruction in the river, and that but little remains of it. It is also

reported that a number of soldiers are on the way hither from the Bahr el-Ghazal. The letter arrived at Lado is said to have been sent from the steamer." "Is this another idle tale?" asks Emin. "I am impatiently awaiting a post from Lado." In the same letter, he says, next day: "Post from Lado, which says nothing whatever of the steamer reported to have arrived; so this is another lie! I really see no other way of escape from this network of lies and knavery but the one you propose to me—a journey to Kabrega, who has sent you so kind an invitation." (My object in taking this journey, approved of by Emin, would have been to find out whether our letters were lying at Kabrega's after all, instead of having been forwarded to Buganda.) But at the same time Emin asks me again to put off my departure until his arrival in Wadelai, stating that he would soon leave Khor Ayu for Dufileh, where he would probably make some stay.

According to this I could hardly hope to get away from Anfina's for some months; and as the rains were beginning again—one can calculate in this district on having two rainy seasons, divided by an interval with but little rainfall—I made provision for vegetables by a fresh sowing. On July 13th I had to lament the loss of my faithful old Lango ass. For some time he had been nothing but skin and bone, and all my care failed to bring him round again. A great part of my extensive travels had been made by his help; probably no other mount in this part of the world had been known to cover so much ground—4400 miles approximately. The twenty-five thalers I had paid for him in Dem Ziber had not been thrown away.

But July 26th also brought a very disagreeable surprise; all hopes of news from the south were shattered, and even the friendly relations established with Kabrega broken off. I was expecting good tidings in reply to my last despatch of rabbits and pigeons, and there came, on the contrary, some of Kamisoa's men, bringing back the pigeons, and only the skins of the rabbits, which had probably come to grief through carelessness. The message was confused and incomprehensible.

GARDEN AT ANFINA'S. (*Drawn by L. H. Fischer.*)

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Kabrega had refused to accept them, and said if he wanted such things he could send his own people to Fatiko (*sic*), and so on. It was quite clear to me that it was another case of infamous lying, and that Kabrega had never set eyes on the things. I regretted all the more that I had not gone on at once from Kamisoa's to Kabrega's. I had of course promised Emin Bey to see first of all whether a friendly understanding could be established with Kabrega and Buganda by means of presents.

Now at length, on July 10th, Emin Bey arrived at Wadelai, the place where he was later to take up his residence. The first intimation of this was accompanied by a letter with news up to July 25th, and a consignment of books, beads, goats, and a piece of flowered stuff for Amina. This letter contained all kinds of reports which shall be given later, together with the actual facts. I will here only mention a successful raid on the Fajelus beyond Mount Lado ; sufficient corn had been procured to provide the soldiers in Lado for some time. Emin Bey quite approved of my resolution to stay on at Anfina's. But he sent another letter in my name and his own for Kabrega, which I forwarded with a present to Kamisoa's. July thus came to an end.

The work went on well in the garden in cloudy weather, although there were only boys to attend to it; they had to uproot thorn bushes, high reeds and tangled grass, as well as many old stumps remaining from the soldiers' huts. After some weeks' work a garden arose with gravel paths carefully made and kept in order, long beds and borders in European style. The kitchen was the first consideration certainly, for the garden contained maize and Arab vegetables, which, however, were as carefully tended as the most beautiful flowers. The vegetables stood in symmetrical patches divided by narrow paths; a broad gravel path ran through the middle of the garden, enclosing a circular bed in the centre. At the end was a sun-roof; three of the walls were soon covered with ox-eye beans; and I passed the later hours of the afternoon there for months. At the corners of the four beds skirting

the path were pyramids, likewise overgrown with the ox-eye bean, which, running along a narrow trellis-work, united the points of each pair of pyramids, thus forming two triumphal arches. Many things I planted for the delight of the eye, well knowing that I should never enjoy the fruits. Soon some papaw shot up their beautiful straight stems, the cotton-plant flourished, the bamia adorned itself with yellow-white rosette-shaped blossoms, and in the midst of the round bed glowed the little bright-red pods of the cayenne pepper bush. The maize was sown in regular rows, and broke through the soil in five or six days, the gaps where the seed failed being quickly refilled. On rainless days the plants were carefully hoed, so that the next rain might penetrate the further into the ground. During this second seed-time and harvest at Anfina's, we were entirely dependent on the rain, and did not water artificially. It must be admitted a land which yields two harvests yearly, without artificial irrigation, or special selection of the ground, belongs to the most favoured spots of the globe.

The maize-seed, however, had one inveterate enemy. This was a small burrowing animal as large again as a rat (Azumba of the Mangbattus), with a wonderfully keen scent for tracking out the three or four grains of maize under the soil. As soon as a half-yard length of maize was set, it often scratched up whole rows at a time. In some spots the seeds had to be set over and over again. The little heaps of maize placed to ensnare the animal it never touched.

The termites were even more troublesome. One night they fell upon my poor pigeons in their cot, in which they had begun to breed, so well did it please them. On hearing their fluttering, I guessed at once what had happened. We hurried out, and found the poor birds in terrible straits. One already lay on the floor half-dead and covered with termites, which were devouring it alive. Another was far gone, hundreds of termites having fastened on the skin between the feathers; in vain I had the pigeon held up to its head in water, and the termites taken off one at a time; it succumbed the next day. The others got off with their life, but had become so spiritless

that they allowed themselves to be taken from their perches without stirring. At one time signs of subterraneous burrowing were to be seen on the floor of my hut, which I found covered every morning with little heaps of earth newly thrown up. Evidently these invisible gnomes bored up in a straight line from their colony. Something had to be done, unless I meant to see my hut filled up with termite hills. I therefore had deep holes dug in different spots, until we lighted on their wide-branching subterranean structure. There, imbedded in the earth, lay round and oval gray sponge-like masses, out of the cells of which my chickens pecked with avidity the colourless larvæ of the colony. A large fire was kept up in one of the holes, to heat the surrounding earth and expel the colony. A lamb was roasted through by the glowing embers. But the termites did not allow this to trouble them in the least, and continued their nightly labours without interruption. By the advice of the people, holes were dug anew, and filled with merissa dregs, ashes, and other rubbish—all in vain; the earth-works were not discontinued. But we would not give in either, and made new holes in another place; for I hoped finally to come upon the head-quarters of the community. This time we really succeeded in unearthing the queen of this state, and carried away the plump, well-conditioned female in triumph. The abdomen, exceeding a finger in length and thicker than a thumb, was a light gray, doughy, half-transparent mass, out of which protruded the head and thorax of the termite proper, almost imperceptible against the thick, distended body. With that the trouble ended, and the colony was broken up, dispersing into small bands of nomads, such as are everywhere met when this happens.

September came to an end without my hearing anything further from Kamisoa or Kabrega. Emin Bey had, as he informed me on September 17th, found means to send letters to Kabrega from Wadelai. I therefore wrote more letters for Europe, and sent them to Wadelai, on the chance of a connection being established with the south by the way of the Albert Nyanza.

Once I was threatened by a large poisonous serpent, which is

held in great dread by the natives. It was late at night, and I was sitting in my closed hut, reading by the little oil lamp. Suddenly I heard a rustling behind me. Rats, I thought; but looked nevertheless with my light at the back part of the hut, and saw behind my bed the tail of a serpent wriggling along the round mud-wall of my hut. I sprang to the door to get out, but the snake was before me. I could see all of it now in the dim light, it was over two yards long. As my retreat was cut off, I stepped back, and saw it crawl up to the top of the doorway, where there was a gap, and squeeze itself through into the open. The whole was the affair of a few seconds, so that I, with the lamp in my hand, had not time to think of seizing the trumbash, which I kept near me for such emergencies. I now flung open the door, and saw the snake making for the girls' hut. I shouted to them to come out at once, on which the boys came running up with spears; but when the snake had got half-way it turned towards the garden fence, and tried to get over. Whilst thus engaged, it received several vigorous spear-thrusts, which soon made an end of it.

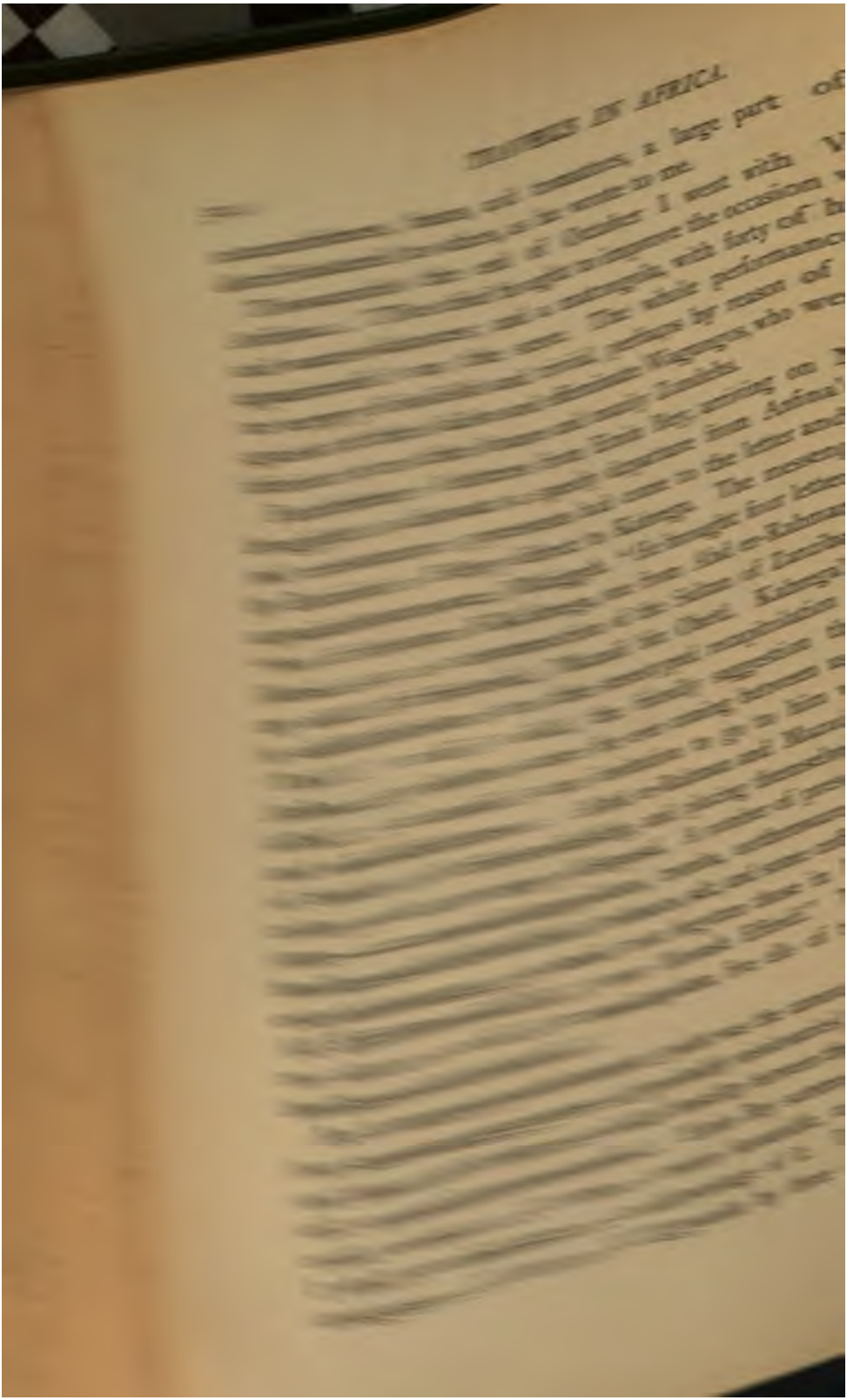
A less noxious animal, though armed with powerful and dangerous jaws, is the widespread varan lizard (*Varanus niloticus*), over a yard long. It is probably rarely fatal to the traveller. I had often noticed a varan in the garden, but did not succeed in catching it. One day I heard one of the boys shouting for help; he had discovered the varan sleeping in the garden, and nailed it to the ground with his spear, the shaft of which he still held in his hand, but the creature struggled so violently that he was at a loss what to do. It was killed, and skinned, the skeleton being dressed. The varan here represented belongs to a beautifully-marked species, the *Varanus arenarius*.

The Mohammedan New Year fell this time on October 10th. We still vainly awaited the clerk and the Sudanese officer with their dependants, the huts for whom had been ready weeks before. I looked with impatience for news from Emin, who had not written for a long time, and was the more surprised to learn, on October 17th, that Vita Hassan was on the opposite bank of the river. Greatly delighted, I hurried to the ferry and conducted

Vita to my garden, where he soon supplied me with news. He brought me some cakes of genuine white soap, shoes, lemons, a jar of "Mish" from Emin Bey, who knew my weakness for this Arab concoction of liquid curds, and of course a bundle of newspapers. I regaled my guest with asaliya, an Abyssinian beverage made from honey, that was just ready, and Amina bestirred herself in the kitchen.

VARAN (*Varanus arenarius*).

Days and weeks of pleasant intercourse now followed on my long solitude. Vita was practical and methodical, above all things, and at Lado his quarters were more homelike than any others. He was astonished at the quantity of produce in my garden; indeed, I could afford to give away with both hands; whereas, at the station, the sloth and ignorance of the men had brought but little to perfection, and everything was on a low scale. I sent Emin Bey many a basket of home-grown



requested Kabrega to send an Arab to me. Then your turn will come doubtless." Emin Bey was referring to my journey from Wadelai to Kabrega's.

Although I held many of the protestations of Kabrega and the Arabs there for empty promises, this budget was certainly ground gained. I formed the resolution of returning to Wadelai; and perhaps going to Kabrega's with the next messengers he sent. But as these could not be expected in Wadelai before the end of December, I remained for the present with Vita at Anfina's, in order not to lose my outstanding harvest.

Full eight months I had reluctantly spent at Anfina's, occupying myself with agriculture instead of exploration. On December 7th I took the old road, accompanied by Vita; and on December 9th reached the Bahr el-Jebel. Emin Bey, to whom I had announced our departure, came to meet us on a steamer, and to our mutual joy we greeted one another on December 11th. As the water was now sufficiently high in the Bahr el-Jebel, we reached Wadelai without delay, and were welcomed there by Casati.

But let us here cast a glance over the events in the province during my absence, as recounted by Emin Bey.

After the decision of the council at Lado to retreat to the south—in the first instance to Dufileh—Emin Bey left for Gondokoro. On May 14th, when the withdrawal of the Mahdists was known, he writes from Muggi: "... The necessary arrangements were at once made. Three companies remain at Lado under Rihan Aga .... in Regaf two are stationed, in Beddên two, in Kiri one and a half, in Laboreh two. ... I remained at Gondokoro till May 6th." At Beddên a sub-officer, who had escaped from the Mahdists, gave all kinds of information. According to him dozens of slaves were daily brought in and deported; Ali Karkutli was in command at Amadi, and on the news of the fall of Khartum, a salute of twenty-five guns had been fired. A later letter from Muggi continues: "... Karam Allah is said to have garrisoned all the stations in Makaraka, and to have returned himself to Amadi;" ... another report followed: "... that the greater number of the Danagla have

already left for the Ghazal, and the rest with Karam Allah are hastily preparing for departure. . . . What may be the reason of this sudden decampment? At any rate we shall have our hands free for the kharif (rainy season); and if only a few men were to be left at Amadi and Makaraka, it would be possible for us to take the offensive." In short, it was very soon certain that all the Nubian Arabs had withdrawn to the Bahr el-Ghazal, and thanks to this circumstance alone, Emin Bey's province was saved from a terrible fate, probably from utter annihilation.

At the beginning of June, Emin Bey, with Hawash Effendi, collected all the available forces at Khor Ayu. The first battalion (eight companies of 103 men and their officers), under the command of Major Rihan Aga, was distributed among the stations from Lado to Kiri, inclusive. "Hawash Effendi, now Major, takes the command from Kiri up-stream. . . . I hope very shortly (namely, after repairs) to have over 2500 serviceable rifles available. All of the stations will be garrisoned; even Fadibek will be reoccupied." From Dufileh Emin Bey reports, on July 4th, a successful razzia made by Rihan Aga on Fajelu, beyond Jebel Lado. Enough corn was collected to provision the soldiers for some time.

On July 10th Emin Bey commenced his residence at Wadelai, whence, on July 25th, he sent another Job's post: "The men from Bor had taken the road for Gondokoro, . . . were assailed on the way and cut down, only thirteen men escaping (out of fifty-four). The responsibility attaches to Rihan Aga, who, in defiance of repeated orders, neglected to send soldiers thither in time; though he has now despatched 200 men (under Fadl Allah)." On October 16th, Emin Bey announces a revolt of the entire Bari population, which attacked Lado while Rihan Aga was absent at Gondokoro, and was joined by the dragomans, and probably by natives from the Shir, Mandari, and Eliab tribes to the north, and the Niambaras to the west. Captain Mahmud Effendi Ajemi, however, opened fire on them from a cannon, and compelled them to take to flight. Emin Bey continues: "Lado is now in a state of siege, and cut off from Regaf. They have about 1500 ardeb of corn in Lado and

Regaf; for the natives were stupid enough first to furnish corn to the Government and then to revolt. . . . Ali Effendi requests 100 men reinforcements, and ammunition for Regaf. All the dragomans in Regaf have got away with their rifles. If Lado is untenable, the troops will all be concentrated at Regaf."

This, however, was not carried out; for the last letter, dated November 21st, announced that 5000 Negroes had attacked Regaf, but had been repulsed with a loss of 300 men and many wounded. I will here anticipate the statement that the revolt

MADI FESTIVE HEAD-DRESS.

of the Baris was finally quelled, and that heavy fines were levied on them.

On December 13th, two days after my return to Wadelai, Hawash arrived from Dufileh, returning thither on December 17th after a consultation with Emin Bey. I went with him for a few days, as it had been arranged that he should let me have 700 thalers for the journey, to be repaid to his family at Cairo.

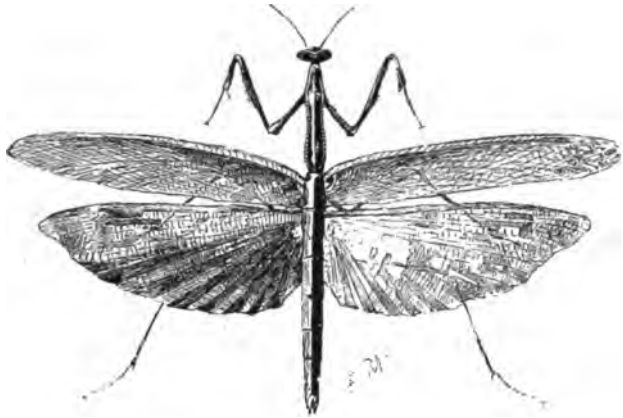
The situation in the province was in many respects very unsatisfactory. The joy at the departure of the Mahdists

soon wore off; and the anomalous and uncertain position of the people, their complete isolation from the world, and the tyranny of individuals, produced much discontent. Owing to the great distances, it was often impossible to avoid arbitrary measures. As Emin Bey complained, many of his orders to the northern stations were never carried out; yet, nevertheless, it is untrue that at that time the battalion had already seceded. The discipline among the men certainly left much to be desired; but, after all, neither the military nor the civil service ought to be judged by European standards. The irregularities and in subordination appear nothing like as serious to those who are really acquainted with the character and motives of the men; the frequency of these occurrences tends to diminish their significance.

At this period, notwithstanding the bad times, some of the higher functionaries, such as Osman Latif Effendi and Achmet Effendi Mahmud, Emin Bey's confidential private secretary, were dismissed, which naturally tended to increase the number of malcontents. It was a satisfaction, however, to watch the energy with which farming, including the formerly neglected cultivation of cotton, was now pursued. In this Hawash Effendi was to the fore, and realized the greatest profits. I bought of him thirty-five thalers' worth of Damur stuff. After receiving the 700 thalers, I bought some things of which I stood in need, and left on December 21st for Wadelai, arriving there on the 22nd. Kodi Aga came the same evening with Mziggeh and Kabrega's embassy from Boki (at the spot where the Bahr el-Jebel emerges from the Albert Nyanza). The letters and marks of friendliness sent by the sovereign of Bunyoro were the same as before; he counted on my accompanying Mziggeh to his country. I was quite ready; and Vita Hassan, as an official of the province and Emin Bey's representative, was to go with me.

During the preparations for the journey, we spent much time with Emin Bey and Casati, and also many hours in the circle of the officials. On the evening of December 31st nearly all of us were assembled in Vita's house. We gave the gentlemen

a "brilliant" farewell banquet. Large dishes of Arab sweetmeats, laid on fresh foliage and adorned with cut paper, found their way from my house to Vita's, whilst he for his part had set all the best cooks in Wadelai at work. With this merry feast the year 1885 came to an end.



MANTIS.

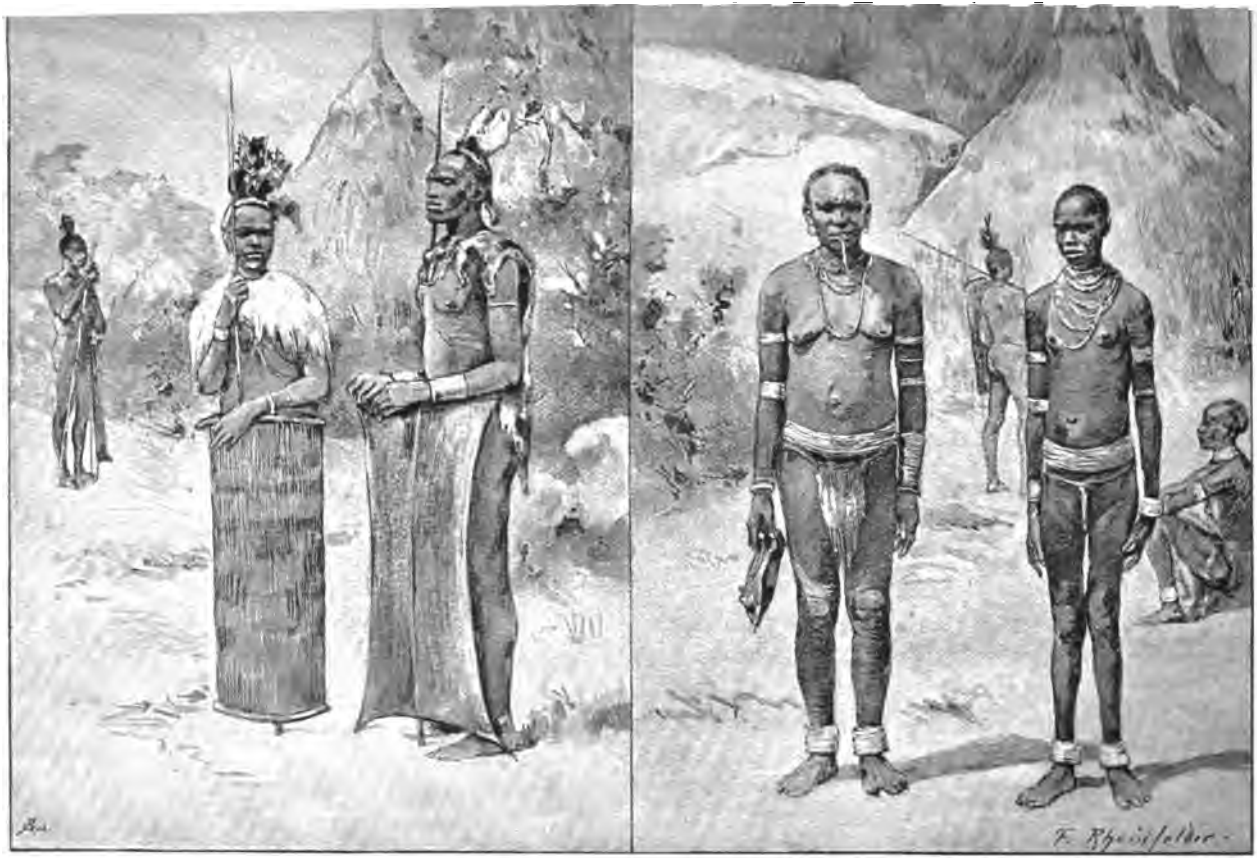
DEPARTURE FROM WADELAI.

CHAPTER XIII.

JOURNEY FROM WADELAI THROUGH BUNYORO AND BUGANDA TO ZANZIBAR.

Departure from Wadelai—Upper Course of the Bahr el-Jebel—Across Lake Albert Nyanza—Visit to Kabrega—Abd er-Rahman—Meeting with the Zanzibar Traders—Mwanga declares War against Kabrega—Enforced Departure—Anxious Days on the Frontier—Journey to Mwanga—First Meeting with Europeans—The Buganda Missionaries—Persecution of the Converts—Mackay's Work—Interview with Mwanga—Last Days in Buganda—The *Eleanor* on Victoria Nyanza—Arrival at Bukumbi—The Ujui Mission—Tabora—Herr Giesecke—Tippo Tip—Ugogo—Usagara—Usegua—Bagamoyo—Zanzibar—Suez.

THE last day of the year 1886 was also my last in Wadelai. Including the effects of my companion, Vita Hassan, there were still some fifty loads, all of which I had carefully stowed away on board the *Khedive*. Next morning, after a final leave-taking with Emin, Casati, and the numerous officials who had gathered round the landing-stage, we steamed away in the direction of Lake Albert Nyanza. Beyond Hat et-tor, where



SHULI NEGROES. (*From photographs by R. Buchta.*)

I had crossed over to the east bank on my trip to Anfina's, the river assumed a new and changing aspect. As we approached the lake it maintained a uniform navigable depth, while the current widened and contracted continually, and at last broadened out considerably towards the point where it escapes from the Albert Nyanza. As far as the Somerset Nile its banks are inhabited by the Shuli people, whose groups of huts were seen stretching away to the south. The district occupied by the Lur branch of this nation presented some charming vistas, where the open ground, mostly under tillage, showed between clumps of trees. The sun had already set before the *Khedive* cast anchor at Boki's, near the entrance to the lake, to take in a fresh supply of fuel. The natives of this station had formerly maintained trading relations with the subjects of Kabrega (Kaba-Rega), and a few months before this potentate had through them reopened the road to Wadelai and sent Mziggeh on his mission to Emin. In favourable weather Boki's people take four or five days to reach Kibiro in their frail dug-outs, successively crossing the broad outlet of the Bahr el-Jebel and the mouth of the Somerset Nile. Early next day we had a visit from Boki, a Wagungo by birth, but at that time ruler of the Lurs about the north end of the lake.

Since 1879, when Emin visited the stations of Mahagi on the west and Kibiro on the east side, the Mwutan Nzige, or "Locust Lake," as the Wanyoro call Baker's Albert Nyanza, had been practically abandoned until it was again navigated a few months before our arrival by the *Nyanza*, bearer of Kabrega's envoys. But since my passage through Bunyoro the communications were reopened, and Emin again established a few stations on the west side. Both before and during the Stanley Relief Expedition (1888 and 1889) both steamers (*Khedive* and *Nyanza*) plied on the lake, reaching as far as its southern extremity.

After leaving Boki's we kept close to the steep west bank, so that the flat space between the head of the Bahr el-Jebel and the mouth of the Somerset Nile soon disappeared. But in about an hour our course was altered, the west coast receded in the distance, and we headed east by south for Kibiro. Here the

lake is scarcely eighteen miles wide, and we never lost sight of the mountain range on the west side, which has a mean relative height of little over 5000 feet, although estimated by Sir Samuel Baker at 10,000 feet. On the east side the flat shores between Magungo and Kibiro gradually rise south-westwards to the elevated table-land of Bunyoro and Buganda. But the escarpments are far lower than those of the west coast, and at Kibiro have a relative height of about 1480 feet. South of a chain of low and partly sandy islands between the Somerset Nile and Kibiro, the lake is reached by a river, which here takes the form of a cascade tumbling over the Bunyoro plateau, and in the distance sparkling like a bright silver thread. We reached Kibiro before sunset, having covered the thirty miles or so from Boki's in about five hours. Mziggeh, with Kabrega's people, landed at once, while I passed the night on board. After casting anchor we felt a distinct shock of an earthquake, followed by the loud shouting of the people ashore. Earthquakes appear to be frequent enough in the district, but this was my only experience of the phenomenon in Africa, except on one occasion at Lado, where Mount Regaf was regarded by the natives as the culprit.

We landed on January 4th, and next morning continued our journey. Kibiro has become a chief centre of population on Lake Albert, thanks to the neighbouring salt-mines, which are worked exclusively by women. Under the cliff well up boiling springs, which are utilized in extracting the mineral from the highly saline soil. The excavations have taken the form of a broad dry watercourse with steep banks from fifteen to thirty feet high, beginning near the coast and gradually rising from terrace to terrace along the winding course of the thermal waters. These waters, which both taste and smell of sulphur, grow cooler lower down, and are regarded by the natives as efficacious against skin diseases. The salt is carefully packed in banana leaves, and forwarded in loads about a yard long and the thickness of a leg to all parts of the country. It forms an important article of export from Bunyoro, the industry being largely in the hands of Kabrega himself. It has often led to

KIBIRO ON LAKE ALBERT NYANZA. (*Drawn by L. H. Fischer.*)

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sanguinary wars, and soon after my arrival it formed one of the grounds of dispute between Buganda and Bunyoro. The district itself is otherwise unfertile and little suited for tillage. A remarkable member of its scanty flora is the *Calotropis procera*, a shrub with light-green foliage and a poisonous milky sap.

Early on January 5th the *Khedive* returned to Wadelai, while we started for the interior, traversing some rough ground to reach the elevated hilly plateau. During the following days the route lay across a rolling broken country, with mountains visible in various directions, and a steady though slight rise in the direction of the south. As we advanced it became more and more evident that Bunyoro and Buganda form an extensive plateau between the two great lakes, in many places very undulating diversified with rising-grounds, hilly formations, and even a large number of considerable ranges.

The route across the plateau, which stood at a mean elevation of 1500 or 1600 feet above Lake Albert, ran mainly south with a point to east in the direction of Kabrega's residence. We successively traversed the districts of Igondu (administered for Kabrega's mother, Kitana), Bugaya, and Kriangobe, whence the king's sister, Kabasuga, derives her income. Here we camped for the night on the edge of the plateau, which is overgrown with dense acacia thickets, interspersed with euphorbias and borassus palms. Some of the small swamp streams flowing westwards to Lake Albert were fringed with a rich tropical vegetation.

Next day a short march brought us to the Farajoki district, where we camped for the night. Here a broad plain enclosed by two ranges is watered by the head-streams of the Hoima, which also receives some of the other running waters. On January 7th, our third and last march led through the district of Mujumburu to that of Umparu, where is situated the royal residence. Here is also the hilly water-parting between the affluents of the Albert Nyanza and the Kafu, chief river of Bunyoro. While still in the wilderness we came upon six wretched hovels, evidently just run up, and were told that these had been set apart for our accommodation. The porters simply

deposited their loads and decamped, their leader, Mziggeh, stating that he had to wait on his Majesty for further orders. He returned in the evening with a few Manyoro (royal officials) and a certain Nikametero, bringing two goats, some flour, poultry, mwenga (banana wine), zandeh (telebun beer), and fuel as presents from the king. But we demanded above all better lodgings, and expressed a hope to be presented next day to the king. But no one appeared till the evening, when a high functionary named Babedungo brought us nine loads of sweet potatoes and salt. Thereupon I gave frank expression to our disappointment, remarking that Mziggeh and his people had far better quarters in Wadelai than these; I also pointed to the heaped-up loads, declaring that not a hand should move to produce the presents destined for Kabrega. This had at least the effect that Babedungo returned later with the assurance that the king was furious that the huts had been built so badly, and so far from the capital, and that we should ourselves choose a site for a new zeriba next day.

Next morning, after waiting in vain for Mziggeh, we pushed on in search of him and of a site for our station, little suspecting that in doing so we were committing a grave offence against the laws of the country. Beyond the first hill there was a large group of houses disposed round an extensive central enclosure. Presently the people became greatly excited, rushing to and fro and urging us to turn back. But we went a little further, and taking our seats in the shade, asked for Mziggeh. The report soon spread of our unparalleled audacity in approaching the royal residence without orders, and at the new moon too. Mziggeh himself and some other officials ran up, reproaching us for our folly, at which Kabrega was highly incensed. During the discussion the crowd gathered, and amongst them were some of the Bunyoro police armed with long staves, with which they began to lay about them most unmercifully, dispersing the throng in all directions; one was left for dead under our very eyes. But meanwhile a place had been chosen for our zeriba, commanding a view of the royal residence.

But, despite all our efforts, the whole of January passed before

the station was finished. Owing to the unsettled relations between Bunyoro and Buganda, I expected to be detained some time at this place, and accordingly made it as comfortable as possible, even laying out a garden.

Meantime the audience with Kabrega was delayed by the new moon, which required him to remain closeted for three days with wizards and magicians, and perform all sorts of mystic rites prescribed by ancestral usage. Then came the death of Kamrasi's mother, Nyebasita, again putting off the reception till January 13th. We were, however, honoured with a visit from Katagoro, who had been Prime Minister under Kamrasi when this country was first visited by Europeans (Speke and Grant).

Kabrega's herds were almost as inaccessible as he was himself; they were jealously guarded from the "evil eye" of his subjects, and it was only by special favour that we could get a bowl of milk from the royal cows, the precious liquid being almost exclusively used for fattening the royal wives.

WANYORO WOODEN BOWL.

The duty of providing for our daily wants was entrusted to Mziggeh and Mwanda, the envoy formerly sent by Kabrega to Kamisoa. But the duty was but indifferently performed, and we were often kept for days without supplies. At last, on January 13th, the aged minister, Katagoro, conducted us to the royal audience in a large open space near the Kasaradindu, a small stream flowing through the Kirbanyo to the Kafu. Beyond this stream was the site of our new zeriba, some fifteen minutes from Kabrega's court, which was about the same distance from the settlement of the Zanzibar traders. With these we were very anxious to open relations, but our desire was always obstinately opposed by the king. On the open space stood the

great reception-hall, constructed on the model of the Wanyoro huts, which resemble those of the Waganda. Kabrega was

WANYORO GIRL. (*From a photograph by R. Buchta.*)

seated on a raised bench, clothed in the national costume, a neatly-worked cowhide, with the ends gathered on his left

shoulder. He was in the full vigour of manhood, of stately presence, unadorned with any ornament, and with his hair cropped short, as worn by all these peoples. His bright penetrating glance betrayed nothing of the tyrant that he really was. Some twenty of his courtiers were seated on either side, on the ground strewn with fine dry grass, leaving the central approach from the main entrance free. We passed up this passage, and after exchanging greetings with the king, withdrew to the right. To a speech, in which he blew his own trumpet rather loudly, I replied that we also had great states and powerful Sultans, giving him a string of them all in a breath. At this first reception we merely laid before him Emin's presents, including a couple of live turkeys, which were received with a general outburst of hilarity, joined in by the king. Meanwhile some more courtiers entered the hall, besides a few of the Zanzibar traders, one of whom wore a long beard, which is rare amongst the Sudanese Arabs. This then was "the man with the long beard," of whom Kamisoa's people had spoken, and who had hitherto been such a puzzle to me. Amongst the Zanzibari was Mazudi, arrayed in spotless white.

A second audience was put off several days by the death of the king's son from small-pox. Nor could we get permission to visit the Zanzibar traders, owing apparently to the sinister action of Abd er-Rahman, one of their own countrymen, who had been long settled in the country, and who had wormed himself into the confidence of Kabrega. None of them were present at the second reception, on January 17th, at which I introduced the subject of the letters to Buganda. After much fencing he at last promised to forward them, and also to let me have those he had previously received for me. In the evening he sent me at least some of these, amongst others Emin's communication to the Egyptian Government, which I had sent on through Kamisoa.

Meanwhile the strained relations between Bunyoro and Buganda had resulted in open hostilities on the northern frontier, near the former Egyptian station of Mruli. This again delayed our third interview with the king till January 31st, when I at

last obtained permission to receive the Zanzibar traders in our new zeriba, where we were now installed. Soon after the reception two servants of the Zanzibar people came over to Vita on the evening of February 4th, when one of them let a folded paper drop under the table, containing a note in Arabic, and a letter composed in excellent French, addressed: "A Monsieur le Voyageur dans cette ville," and signed by a certain "Mohammed Biri, ancien interprète de l'Association Internationale pour l'exploration de l'Afrique." The writer stated that he had recently arrived from Buganda with much important information for us; that Dr. Fischer had come with an expedition to Usukuma (south of Lake Victoria), but failing permission from Mwanga to enter Buganda, had gone to Manyuema; lastly, that the writer would find an opportunity of soon seeing me, till when I was to be wary and possess my soul in patience.

On February 7th we paid a return visit to the traders, when the writer of the letter found occasion to exchange a few words in French, arranging for a secret visit to me the following night. At this visit he informed me of the deplorable state of affairs in Buganda, where a French as well as an English mission had been established, and where the despot Mwanga had caused Bishop Hannington to be murdered in Usoga on his journey from the coast to Buganda. Mohammed Biri, who returned to Buganda on February 12th, was the bearer of letters from me to Mr. Mackay, of the English, and to Père Lourdel, of the French Mission, the main purpose of which was to obtain Mwanga's consent to my passage through his territory to the coast.

In reply to my previous letters forwarded through Babedungo, I received a despatch on February 15th from Mackay, reporting the occurrences in Sudan down to November 2nd, 1885, the fall of Khartum, the shameful death of the heroic Gordon, and, what at the time to me seemed scarcely credible, the abandonment of the Sudan by the English. Amongst the papers was an official copy of Nubar Pasha's letter to Emin informing him of this event, giving him a free hand, and, in case of a retreat on Zanzibar, instructing him to draw on the English Consul-General, Sir John Kirk. The other letters were from Lourdel, Ashe and

Mackay himself, reporting the advance of a military expedition on Bunyoro, notwithstanding which he had obtained Mwanga's consent to my journey, adding that two messengers, Buza and Balia, would bring me a letter that I was to proceed with them to the frontier, and then go straight to Mwanga's residence.

On February 17th the sudden cry that the Waganda were approaching the frontier was followed by much tam-taming on the native war-drums, while Kabrega took measures for the safety of his household, an undertaking of no little difficulty, involving as it did the transport of his numerous obese wives. He also announced that I was to take a different road to the frontier from that towards which the Waganda were advancing. This, however, was contrary to Mackay's instructions, and if acted on would probably give offence to Mwanga. But the question was settled independently of me, and when it became known, on March 1st, that the enemy were preparing to cross the Kafu, Kabrega gave me the alternative of either falling back with Vita on Kibiro, or of proceeding under escort by the south-western route to the Buganda frontier. I naturally chose the second course, and next day was already *en route*, while the Waganda were encamping on the Kafu. Vita left about the same time for the new station of Msua on Lake Albert, and our next meeting was in 1890, he having later reached Europe with Emin, Casati, and the others brought away by the Stanley Relief Expedition.

WOODEN DRUM.

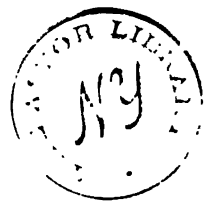
A short march through the wooded district of Gogoma led across several small papyrus-grown affluents of the Kafu to the district of Kidigunya, ruled by chief Kogere. On March 4th the Kafu itself was reached, and crossed at a point where it was several hundred paces wide, but like all these sluggish streams of Bunyoro and Buganda, mostly overgrown with papyrus. This reed even formed the material of the primitive rafts by which man and beast were transported to the other side. The river trends north-

east to its junction with the Somerset Nile near Mruli, and evidently rises far to the south-west, perhaps in Stanley's Mount Mackinnon. In this district of Buemba, now almost deserted owing to the war, I had a bad fall from my ass, which caused me acute suffering for weeks afterwards. I could neither walk nor ride, and Kauka, the official in whose charge I was, had me conveyed through Bikamba's district to a Wanyoro settlement near the broad papyrus swamp, Kanyongoro, on the frontier. Here the escort left us entirely to ourselves, Kauka explaining that his charge now ceased, but promising later to send people to look after us.

Our position was almost desperate, I myself being helplessly laid up, and two of our party, Surûr and the young Abd Allah, seriously ill. The pain, however, which was located in the muscles of the right hip, began to abate, and in a few days we were joined by some Wanyoro, who were evidently on friendly terms with the Waganda, for they offered for a consideration to conduct Binsa across the Kanyongoro swamp into Buganda. I took this opportunity to forward a few hasty lines to Père Lourdel, but with little result. Binsa found that the Waganda were well informed of our movements, but they could do nothing in the absence of orders from their Kabaka (king, ruler), and even sent back the letter, fearing it might get lost. Meanwhile our supplies were running out, and we had a hard struggle to procure sufficient food for nine hungry mouths. The prevailing sickness was also a constant source of anxiety; scarcely had Surûr and Abd Allah recovered, when Amina, Hashia, Binsa, and the others all fell ill in their turn. Fortunately toward the middle of March I had so far recovered that I was able to move about without help, though later subject to a severe attack of eczema from the lack of nourishing food.

On April 1st I was able again to send Binsa with a message to the Waganda. He returned in the evening with one of them, reporting that this time my letter had been accepted, and on April 19th a message came from Idi, administrator of the adjacent frontier district of Buganda, inviting me to come over Some of the Waganda also began to beat down the papyrus so

CROSSING THE KAFU. (*Drawn by L. H. Fischer.*)



as to make a causeway strong enough for us and our animals to cross the Kanyongoro swamp. But on April 27th, when everything was ready for the start, my hopes were again dashed, the Wanyoro having changed their minds, and broken up the causeway pending direct orders from Mwanga. The same day Kitueh arrived from Kabrega, requesting a written assurance that I had not been murdered by him, as Anfina had reported

CROSSING THE KANYONGORO PAPYRUS SWAMP.

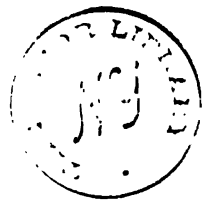
to Emin Bey. This I readily gave, and next day Kauka appeared with a quantity of corn and poultry.

On April 29th Waganda messengers at last arrived with an Arabic letter from Idi, together with a few Swahili people, with instructions to conduct me to the residence. The passage of the swamp was successfully accomplished on May 1st; but our progress in the well-peopled territory of Buganda was so slow,

that Muharura's district, only a short day's march from the frontier, was not reached till May 11th. Further on a steep incline led down to the picturesque valley of the Nakasasa, east of which the Kitumbi river forms the boundary between Idi's vassal territory, and that of Kitangera, which extends far to the south and south-east. Then Mount Simbiziomé was crossed, the land being everywhere well peopled, for of all the Negro regions visited by me, Bunyoro and Buganda were by far the most densely inhabited. Near Mount Zingiza Kongojo, source of the Kanulira affluent of the Kitumbi, the main highway followed by the Waganda invading hosts comes to a head. The mountain belongs to a range running south and north, and forming the divide between the streams flowing to the Kanyongoro swamp and the Maranja tributary of the Kafu.

After crossing the Maranja and several other swampy streams, we entered the district of Buzirro (Uzirro), which stretches away to the south beyond Rubaga. Here also the small streams and swamps, notwithstanding the vicinity of Lake Victoria, all drain northwards, apparently to the Maranja. Beyond our last encampment at Nkowe (May 31st) the route ran through a highly-cultivated and populous district south-east to the royal residence of Rubaga, which is neither a village nor a town in the ordinary sense, but an isolated hilly tract many miles in circumference, dotted over with numerous well-kept enclosures and groups of dwellings of chiefs and nobles. These become more compact in the vicinity of the despot's court, towards which converge several very wide thoroughfares. Here are the seats of Katikoro, Koluchi, and other high dignitaries, while Mwanga's residence forms a separate enclosure crowning a hill a few hours' distant from Lake Victoria; round about are the market-place, the Arab quarters, the English and French missions, a mile or two apart from each other. The approach to the cruel tyrant's capital, reached on June 1st, was plainly enough indicated by the mangled remains of fresh sacrifices to the wrath of the king, scattered along our route. We had not proceeded far on this route when orders came to stop and take up our quarters in some of the huts, perhaps recently "vacated" by these very

WANYORO CHIEFS. (*From photographs by R. Buchta.*)



victims of the royal caprice. The bearer of this message was followed by a man with a box of cigarette papers, Turkish tobacco, matches, tea, sugar, sardines, and a letter from Mackay, informing me that the king had consented to my putting up at the English mission. Towards the evening a letter came also from Lourdel, inviting me to stay at the French mission. Next morning Lourdel came himself with some European clothing, assuring me that the king left the choice of residence to myself. I put off my decision till I had seen the English mission, and

HOUSE OF THE ENGLISH MISSION IN BUGANDA.

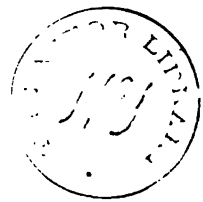
meantime proceeded with Lourdel to the French station, about four miles farther on. We passed the royal quarters, which were being rebuilt after a recent fire, while Mwanga was away hippo-hunting on Lake Victoria.

I was well received at the French mission, where Monseigneur Livinhac and Père Giraud had just arrived from the Ukumbi station on the south side of the lake. The building was not yet quite finished, though already occupied by five Europeans. Here I learnt that Dr. Fischer had passed round the east side of the lake with 2000 followers, in order to reach Emin from

that direction; I was deeply affected on hearing that the expedition had been undertaken with the aid of my brother. After dinner Lourdel conducted me to the English mission, distant about half an hour's walk. Here I had a hearty welcome from Mackay and Ashe, and as it was an older establishment than its French rival, I found it provided with every comfort. Altogether the place was so inviting that I decided to accept Mackay's offer, which in any case had first reached me. On the way we had passed the settlement of the Zanzibar traders, where I again met Mohammed Biri, and through him sent a message to Emin reporting my arrival at Rubaga. Meantime I had to return to my first quarters, whence I removed next day to the English station, where I soon felt myself quite at home in the pleasant apartment assigned to me. I will not attempt to describe the overwhelming feelings of thanks and admiration with which I entered this abode of true culture and refinement. In the whole of the Equatorial Province, where the Government employed hundreds of officials, there was nothing that could for a moment compare with what had here been accomplished almost single-handed by the energetic and many-sided "Mackay of Uganda."

On June 8th a message came from the king, who was still at the lake, summoning me to his presence the next day. Selecting the most suitable and still available presents for Mwanga and his courtiers, I set out early in the morning, accompanied by Mackay; but after a long trudge of about two hours we were ordered back by a messenger from the king, who explained that the first order had been revoked, as Mwanga intended returning next day to his residence, where he would soon grant me an audience. On reaching the mission in the afternoon I was visited by some of the French pères, two of whom intended shortly returning to Ukumbi. Unfortunately little cordiality prevailed between the French Roman Catholic and the English Protestant Missions, their mutual visits serving merely to keep up an outward semblance of courtesy. No joint action was possible, even on the vital question of Mwanga's atrocious persecution, in which both parties were involved. In

WANYORO AND WAGANDA HUTS. (*Drawn by L. H. Fischer.*)



the interests of morality and civilization it seems to me that some international church code ought to be devised forbidding the presence of two rival missions in the same district.

On the night of June 12th a sharp fusillade announced the return of the king to his residence, where, however, a reception was still deferred for some time. At the mission I had an opportunity of observing Mackay's wonderful energy and versatility. Besides ingenious machines for spinning and weaving the bast or banana fibre, he had made a serviceable bullock-cart, and laid out a rope-walk, which supplied the cordage for the *Eleanor* on Lake Victoria. Much of his time was taken up with never-ending jobs for the king, especially since the fire, which had damaged many things. His literary work was also considerable. He was now engaged with Ashe in translating portions of the New Testament into Kiganda, and thousands of primers, small tracts, etc., had been issued by the mission press. Mackay had also distinguished himself in science, as shown by his meteorological observations, extending over eight years, and his valuable charts of the Victoria Nyanza.

My instructions from Emin were to obtain Mwanga's consent to the troops passing peacefully through Buganda in case of a retreat on Zanzibar. I presumed that to prevent a hasty abandonment of the Equatorial Province, Europe would speedily send support to Emin, and I was aware that Dr. Fischer was already on the way to him. Hence I concluded that the retreat southwards should be postponed until a definite decision had been arrived at. I wrote to Emin to this effect, and he had himself meantime adopted the same view. My chief efforts were therefore directed to obtaining authority from Mwanga to send off a large consignment of supplies to enable him to tide over his most pressing needs.

Now and then I had visits from the Zanzibar traders, one from Bunyoro bringing me despatches from Emin, Casati and Vita. From these I gathered that Emin had received all my letters, and that on the cessation of hostilities Casati had settled at Kabrega's in order to keep up the postal communication. Emin wrote, on June 5th, from Kibiro, whither he had made an

excursion from Wadelai, that "Vita and Abd el-Wahab are to lead the advance to Uganda-Zanzibar." About this time came the answer to Emin's proposal to abandon the northern stations, concentrate the troops in Dufileh and Wadelai, and then consider the question of retreating to Egypt. "The document," wrote Emin, "is signed by all the officers of the first battalion, and, as I expected, rejects the proposition. They say *they are ready to obey the orders of the Government*, but state that most of the soldiers, being natives of these lands, would desert if we marched north instead of south, and that the Bari would attack the retreating troops. . . . Now there is an end to all doubt and indecision. In two days I return to Wadelai, and shall despatch all the Egyptians in succession to Uganda and Zanzibar. Once rid of them, my task with the Sudanese will be comparatively light, and I do not despair of a satisfactory issue. But *do not commit us to even the shadow of a contract with Mwanga.* Circumstances might possibly arise to prevent my carrying out your engagement, and I should be sorry that you had to suffer on our account. I would, however, beg of you to induce Mwanga to keep open our post route by way of Kabrega's, to send me messengers if possible, and ultimately to forward the troops that I shall despatch to Zanzibar. . . . To allow you to delay your journey homewards, even for an hour, would be nothing less than a crime."

WAZOGA APRON, MADE OF A FLEECY GOAT-SKIN.

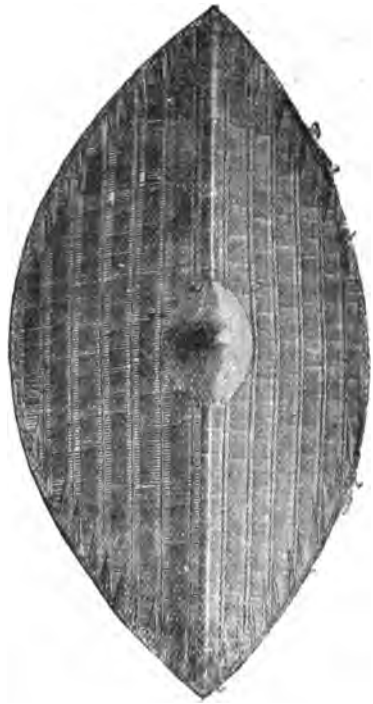
At last, on June 23rd, came the summons to appear before the king next day. A march of an hour brought us to the residence, which was enclosed by a high fence, the interior being divided by palisades into squares occupied by large dwellings and halls, many still in process of construction. From the outer court we passed into a second rectangle, which, though guarded by a sentinel, was crowded with people swarming everywhere. Here the minister of state, Katikoro, was squatted on some mats and cushions in a temporary hut, engaged in official business. In the central court we had to push our way through a seething mass of natives, passing a royal princess, who sat patiently awaiting judgment. I was warned not to touch her bark costume, which would be regarded as a grave misdemeanour. Presently we were summoned by a page, and with some difficulty forced through the compact throng to a carefully-guarded door, beyond which we found ourselves in a small open space facing the audience-hall. At the other end of this hall sat the king, enthroned on a wooden arm-chair with variegated trappings, and at his feet a carpet, on which lay a leopard-skin. Katikoro, Kolutchi, and other courtiers now took their places on the king's right hand in front of the Zanzibar traders, while the French missionaries were seated on the left. The space between the supporting pillars was kept clear, and the rest of the hall was by no means crowded, not more than about 150 persons being present altogether.

Mwanga was simply dressed in bark-cloth clasped on the shoulder toga-fashion, and without any ornaments. He was a young man about one or two and twenty, of large and powerful frame, with large prominent eyes, and animated intelligent expression, but with a childish habit of constantly laughing aloud with wide-open mouth. Just outside the door through which Mackay and I entered were stationed the executioners, important state functionaries, skilled in all kinds of cruelties, and ever on the alert to obey the king's least sign. Round their necks and arms were coiled a number of cords with which their wretched victims were bound, and they wore a kind of wig, like that seen among the Madi.

Advancing up the centre of the hall, I exchanged the usual Arab salute with the king, and then followed Mackay to the left, where we took our places on the chairs we had brought with us, near the king and the French missionaries. Mwanga pointed to me and made some undignified jocular remark to Katikoro, which I cut short by thanking him for his permission to enter the country. I then delivered Emin's letter, which, on being interpreted by Mazudi, gave rise to a short discussion. I also begged leave to purchase the supplies needed by Emin, and explained that my presents, at which Mwanga had merely glanced, were all that I could offer, having been many years on my travels without receiving any goods. My request to start for Zanzibar at the next moon was readily granted on his learning from Mackay that I in-

WAGANDA MEN.

tended crossing the lake to Uzukuma by the vessel belonging to the English mission. All sorts of other questions were discussed, and much time was occupied by the judgments given by the king in suits brought before him, the successful litigants exclaiming in each case, "Nianzi, nianzi, nianzi!" The king displayed no interest whatever in me personally, beyond repeatedly staring and making remarks about me to Katikoro. But he never asked me a single question, and constantly interrupted me, so that on a hint from Mackay I refrained from urging Emin's business, reserving it for a private audience.



WAGANDA SHIELD.

Next day, to secure the goodwill of the powerful favourites, Katikoro and Kolutchi, I sent them various presents, and in the evening was graciously received by the Prime Minister in his "family circle." I delivered Emin's letter, addressed to him, and at Mackay's urgent request he also promised to send messengers to Emin. We then waited on Kolutchi, who was equally liberal with promises.

I now began to prepare for the journey, Mackay with his usual kindness placing at my disposal six of his Zanzibari, as well as the *Eleanor*, to cross the lake. But meantime Mwanga was planning mischief; my beautiful bright thalers forming part of my offerings had evidently found much favour with him, for I now suddenly received a request for another hundred. Although furious, I gave them without grumbling, for fear of further delays.

On June 30th I waited with Mackay on the king for the

purpose of obtaining his consent to the despatch of the supplies to Emin, which Mohammed Biri had undertaken to forward. Here was a pretext for fresh extortions, Mwanga demanding an elephant-gun, besides the Express-gun he had already wrung from me. On my assurance that Emin would give him one and also send some ivory, he gave his consent to the despatch of the goods, which, however, were first to be "inspected" by Kolutchi. It appeared that all wares going to Bunyoro had to be examined to prevent Kabrega from being supplied with firearms and ammunition. Kabrega naturally desired to open a direct land

PORCUPINE (*Hystrix*).

route for trade with Zanzibar; but he lacked the enterprise needed for such an undertaking, although his territory extended far to the south-west, where the powerful Wahuma people were partly subject to him. This pastoral tribe, of Galla descent, had wandered hither from the north-east, and were unquestionably the finest race I had anywhere seen in Central Africa. Like the Abyssinian and Galla girls, the Wahuma maidens, thanks to their fair complexion and regular features, are in great request as slaves amongst the Zanzibar Arabs. I frequently met them at Kabrega's, and also in Buganda.

Meantime rumours were afloat regarding a return of the

Mahdists, and Emin wrote me from Wadelai on March 5th that they were already in Ayak, so that "*there can be no question of delaying any longer.* If Mwanga receives us I shall be thankful; if not, I shall find another route for my people." These rumours, however, were soon dispelled, and Emin's later letters were more reassuring. Early in July I bought about 2000 dollars' worth of cloth for Mohammed Biri to take to Wadelai. For this and other outlays for the Equatorial Province I was fully indemnified by the Government on reaching Cairo. Mackay and Ashe also

THE "ELEANOR" ON LAKE VICTORIA.

most generously sent Emin a number of things, such as preserves, books, and papers, besides some articles for Casati in Bunyoro.

On July 11th I had my last audience with Mwanga, who renewed his promise to let me depart, but still withheld his consent to the despatch of the goods for Emin. On this occasion the forecourts of the royal residence were again crowded with dense throngs, eager for news from Bunyoro, whence the king's envoys had returned. Before the public assembly they reported insulting language from Kabrega, as well as outrages of all kinds

committed by the Wanyoro on the frontiers, though possibly all this had been previously arranged between the envoys and Mwanga. Anyhow this report produced the wildest excitement amongst the audience, to the evident satisfaction of the king, who had been dissatisfied with the indecisive results of the late campaign, and who was now planning more ambitious projects.

WAGANDA BOAT.

He now publicly announced a renewal of the war, which was received with acclamation by the people.

A few days after this tumultuous gathering I was able to set out, and soon after starting had the satisfaction of hearing that Mohammed Biri also had at last departed for Bunyoro. After a hearty leave-taking with Mackay and Ashe, I left the hospitable English mission on July 14th, 1886, and in a few hours reached the lake at Uzavara, where the *Eleanor* lay at her moorings. Next morning, everything being carefully stowed away, we set

sail, and despite the fierce south and south-east gales prevalent in the month of July, in due course reached Ntebbe, the usual landing-stage of the Arab traders. Close to the shore were some of the Waganda war-ships, noted for their size, careful build, and high ornamental prows. In these boats, which are propelled at great speed by forty to fifty paddles, the Waganda make long excursions, but only along the coasts, especially on the west side of the lake. At Ntebbe the *Eleanor*, which had sprung a leak, was freshly caulked, which gave us time to purchase some provisions, such as bananas, eggs, and milk. On July 18th we started again, but were soon becalmed, and had to fall back on our six oars in order to reach our next station, the island of Buvi, which is inhabited, well-wooded, and full of animal life, bright butterflies, birds of gorgeous plumage, swallows, and on the beach aquatic fowl. At the landing-stage were several boats of the Wakayoza, a coast people who, like most others on the west side of the lake, are tributary to Buganda. Here we were weather-bound till noon the next day, when we sailed westwards to the north-west point of the large island of Sesse. Here we landed in the evening and pitched our tent, which I had procured at Rubaga. On July 21st our course was directed to Luvamba Island, which lies nearer the mainland than appears on the maps. The next trip brought us to the much-frequented landing-stage at Cape Dumo, after doubling which we were driven back by the prevailing south-east gales, and detained for several days under the shelter of the headland.

The inhabitants of these western shores of Lake Victoria are a mixed people, whose origin and affinities I was unable to determine. But amongst them I again frequently noticed some Wahumas, and was always favourably impressed by the regularity of their comely features. Here I saw for the first time the beautiful soft skin of an otter (*Lutra*), which the Waganda cut into strips and use as thongs for their hard red and black-coloured sandals. New to me was also a long black water-snake, which appears to abound along the shores of the lake.

On July 28th we again weighed anchor, and made the sheltered haven of Sango just in time to escape another strong head-wind.

Here was another division of the Waganda flotilla, which was reported to consist of several hundred boats returning from a war against a chief on the south side of the lake. We were told that the Waganda had suffered heavy losses, including hundreds of firearms.

Early on July 30th we continued our voyage, but the sky was so overcast that the mouth of the large river Kagera was passed without being sighted. During the night the man at the helm, hugging the shore too closely, ran us into a large inlet enclosed on three sides by lofty mountains, and fringed round the beach

OTTER (*Lutra*).

with extensive banana groves. The station of Bukoba, founded this very year by Emin Pasha, is probably situated in this bay; but it had been so little frequented that its site was unknown to our crew. Further on we cast anchor in a second inlet, very deep and several miles broad; we landed and pitched our tent at the head of a small creek on the south side. The district was inhabited by the Wakayoza, whose settlements lay further inland, and who were so timid or unfriendly that we could procure no supplies from them.

Further south we landed in another bay with sandy beach

ENCAMPMENT ON THE VICTORIA NYANZA. (*Drawn by L. H. Fischer.*)

where their chief, Koyoza, had promised to let us have some bananas and goats. But the place was already occupied by the crews of several Waganda boats, who had taken the lion's share of the provisions, leaving only nine bunches of bananas to us. Continuing our voyage southwards, we passed more Waganda boats, which appeared to be returning after conveying the French missionaries, Livinhac and Giraud, to Ukumbi (Bukumbi), whither we were also bound. On August 8th we made good headway under favourable winds, and early next morning sailed up Smith Sound to Ukumbi, having occupied twenty-five days (July 15th to August 8th) on the voyage from Uzavara along the west coast to Smith Sound. But owing to the prevailing head-winds most of the time was spent ashore, and in more favourable weather Mackay had on one occasion made the trip across the lake from north to south, a distance in a straight line of about 190 miles, in four days.

At Ukumbi I was detained several days engaging carriers for the land journey to Zanzibar. In these regions the French Roman Catholic stations differ greatly from those of the English missions. Outwardly they affect the form of the *tembe*, a native settlement, and constitute a sort of caravanserai, all comprised within a separate enclosure. Here signs of activity were everywhere visible—a little church in progress, a carefully-built boat almost finished, plantations, fields, and gardens laid out. The Catholic missionaries are far better adapted to this practical work than the theological students turned out by Oxford and Cambridge. But, on the other hand, the generosity and philanthropic spirit of England supports the Protestant missions so much more liberally that the balance is redressed to their advantage. Nearly everything is performed at the English stations by hired and paid labour, and especially by Swahili from the Zanzibar coast, whereas their rivals, compelled by poverty, do a great deal of the work themselves, and thus become real teachers of the native youth in the mechanical arts. Their head-quarters at Bagamoyo on the east coast is a model institution, where these natives are trained to all kinds of technical work. Here at Ukumbi I found Pères Girault and Blanc, both, so to say, in

their shirt-sleeves, working away trowel in hand, and zealously assisted by a number of native hands.

Meanwhile as many as forty Wazukuma carriers were secured at the rate per head of two pieces of satini (a thin white cotton material), and two of lesso (bright-coloured cloth), worth about eight dollars at Zanzibar. But to this must be added the daily rations, which the traveller has to supply, and which consist chiefly of cereals (durra, or sorghum; dukhn, or *penicillaria;* telebun, or *eleusine*), besides manioc, batatas, pulse, and occasionally a little meat. For myself I procured some excellent bread made of wheat grown at the station, also a bottle of capital brandy distilled from bananas, and a stout ass, which on reaching the coast I left at the Bagamoyo establishment.

On the night of August 14th, after a friendly leave-taking with Msgr. Livinhac, we again embarked on the *Eleanor*, which in a short time brought us to Mulehsi, at the head of Smith Sound, where the overland route began. On the march through the district of chief Makolo I had my first experience of the attitude of these greedy little despots towards travellers, and it is to be hoped that, since the occupation of the country by European powers, a check has been put upon the organized system of blackmailing prevalent in the whole region between the lakes and the coast. On this occasion I left Makolo's shameless demands to be settled by the caravan leaders, who have naturally acquired considerable tact in negotiating such matters. Our next march brought us to the English station of Msalala, where the Rev. Mr. Gordon and Mr. Wise were at that time resident. Here six days were spent in final preparation for the long journey to the coast, and in forwarding despatches to Europe, Msalala having a monthly postal service with the coast. The mission, which seemed richly supplied with all good things, generously presented me with a quantity of tea, sugar, jams, and even five large packets of stearine candles; and Mr. Wise even treated me to two half-bottles of Mumm and English biscuits.

On August 23rd we resumed our journey for Kannowaniansa, beyond which a four days' march south-eastwards, through Salawi's and Nindo's, brought us to chief Mtini's. Near Salawi's

settlement we passed a conspicuous landmark formed by a huge pear-shaped bluff, terminating upwards in a long slender stalk. Here the level steppe, overgrown with tall grass, abounded in large game, and whole herds of zebras and antelopes often went careering over the plains at our approach. Beyond Mtini's the route took a southerly direction, which it followed for five days to chief Nyawa's, passing through Masali's territory, which had been wasted by the redoubtable conqueror Mirambo, but was now being gradually re-peopled. South of Masali's, the districts of Nsimba and Mtinginja were much more closely settled, while beyond Njawa's, reached on September 3rd, the route trended south-westwards through the somewhat densely inhabited territories of Ilungu, Ntumbi, and Ndala, successively passed on September 4th, 5th, and 6th. The former residence of the recently-deceased Mirambo lay to the north-west of Ndala's, whose district adjoined that of Mtemi, in which is situated the English station of Ujui.

We had now entered the domain of the Wanyamwezi, who certainly differ in appearance from the Wazukuma, although to me the type of all these southern populations seemed to present far less uniformity than that of most Negro peoples north of the equator. Here a great intermingling of races has been long going on, with the result that many distinctive tribal marks have been effaced. I even missed some characteristic Negro features; many of the Wanyamwezi women were of lighter complexion, and the whole population has been elevated by trade and intercourse with higher races.

At Ujui, where Mr. Hooper was the only resident in the English mission, I was detained no less than two weeks (Sept. 7th—21st) by troubles with the carriers. At last I abruptly broke off the interminable discussions and palavers by mounting my ass and setting out for Tabora, accompanied only by Muza and another Swahili named Hamis. At Tabora was just then encamped the caravan of the famous Arab half-breed, Hamed ben Muhammed, popularly known as Tippo Tip, who had arrived with a convoy of ivory from his possessions in the far west. In Tabora was at that time also residing Herr Giesecke,

agent of the Hamburg merchant, A. Meyer, with a quantity of ivory, which he wanted to bring down to Zanzibar under the protection of Tippo Tip. I had communicated with him from Ujui, and now hoped soon to obtain fresh carriers in Tabora through Tippo's influence, and ultimately reach the coast with him.

HAMED BEN MUHAMMED (TIPPO TIP).

On September 22nd I reached Tabora, which is the chief settlement of the Zanzibar Arab traders in East Africa. It was dark before I looked up Giesecke, representative of the first European house which had attempted to trade directly in ivory in the interior of Africa, thus entering into competition with the

Arabs of Zanzibar. Hence Giesecke had many enemies, and shortly before my arrival a shot had been fired at him as he sat one evening under his verandah. Next morning I called on Tippo, whom I soon learned to esteem as a frank, resolute person, and despite his profession of slave-dealer, animated by a certain sense of justice and tolerance for alien creeds. He gave me a cordial reception, and I found to my surprise that he was already informed not only of my journey from the Equatorial Province, but also of Emin Pasha's position and the relations in that region. His information was derived from Dr. Oscar Lenz, who had been commissioned by the Vienna Geographical Society to ascend the Congo, and if possible make his way thence to the relief of Emin. In Manyanga, on the Lower Congo, Lenz had met and engaged my former assistant, Bohndorff, who after his return to Europe had entered the service of the Congo Free State. Lenz then applied to Tippo Tip in Nyangwe for the necessary carriers, without, however, getting them, as Tippo was himself at the time preparing for his march to Tabora and the east coast. Thereupon Lenz and Bohndorff made their way by Lakes Tanganyika and Nyassa to the Zambesi and the south-east coast, whence Lenz ultimately reached Europe a few months after my return home. It was at their meeting in Nyangwe that Tippo and his nephew, Selîm ben Muhammed, now with him in Tabora, had picked up their information about Emin's Equatorial Province and my movements. Selîm proved very useful to me, as he spoke Arabic fluently, and thus facilitated my intercourse with Tippo, whose knowledge of the language was limited.

My application to Tippo for forty carriers was at first declined, as he was himself short of hands, and would have to leave a quantity of ivory for the present in Tabora. But my position was so critical that I felt the necessity of making almost any sacrifice, and rapidly increased my offer from 750 to 1000, and the same evening to 1500 dollars, which was at last accepted. The men were at once sent off to Ujui to bring my loads and household directly to the first station on the route to the coast. Without returning to Ujui, I started on September 24th for the same station, which was one of Tippo's *tembes* (villages), reached

in about two and a half hours from Tabora. Later Tippo and the others arrived, followed next day by the carriers with my effects from Ujui. During the preparations for the start I paid a visit to the neighbouring French mission, where the same practical work was being carried on as on the shores of Lake Victoria. The next evening Giesecke, who had just received despatches from Europe, had withdrawn to his tent, about thirty paces distant from mine, when soon after ten o'clock the prevailing silence was broken by three or four shots rapidly discharged in the immediate vicinity. Then followed the cry, "Doctor, Doctor, I'm shot; come, quick, quick!" I immediately rushed forward, but could see nothing in the dark except a great rent in Giesecke's tent, and some armed figures disappearing in the distance. My lamp, for which I had hastened back, was now blown out by a gust of wind; but Amina, who was the first to come to our help, soon re-lit it and hurried forward, followed by Binsa with a revolver. I found my unfortunate friend stretched on his back at his tent-door, bleeding from several wounds, which though not absolutely fatal were severe enough to cause grave anxiety. For greater security we had him removed to Tippo's inner quarters, where he was consigned to the care of the French missionaries, who appeared later on the scene. But before reaching the coast we learnt that he had succumbed to his injuries. The same Arab who was supposed to have made the previous attempt was suspected of this outrage also, and when he came down to the coast in 1890, was found guilty and executed for the murder of Herr Giesecke.

This sad event delayed our departure till September 30th. But our march was then continued with little interruption along the familiar caravan track across the dangerous Unyanyembe wilderness to Moharara (Muhalala), the first important station in Ugogo, which was reached on October 19th. The stretch of six days between Itura and Massunsu (October 9th—16th) is the terror of all travellers, and the convoys lose many of their carriers while traversing this inhospitable region. The route through Ugogo ran east with a point to the south as far as the important English missionary station of Mpwapwa, which was entered on

MURDEROUS ATTACK ON HERR GIESECKE. (*Drawn by L. H. Fischer.*)

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November 7th, the neighbouring branch mission of Kisokua being passed on the way. During our stay at Mpwapwa to give the carriers a rest, I paid a visit to Kisokua, which lies in a lovely little upland valley, watered by a sparkling rivulet. At this idyllic seat of peaceful culture I was greatly surprised to find a well-kept garden, planted with all kinds of European vegetables, including long rows of superb cauliflowers and potatoes, of which I received a supply for the remainder of my journey. The Rev. Mr. Coley, creator of all these glories, was ably seconded by his thrifty young wife, who was training a number of native girls in various handicrafts suitable for women. On my return to Mpwapwa I called on Dr. Baxter and Dr. Pruen, the latter of whom had just recovered from a severe illness, and was now about to start for Ujui.

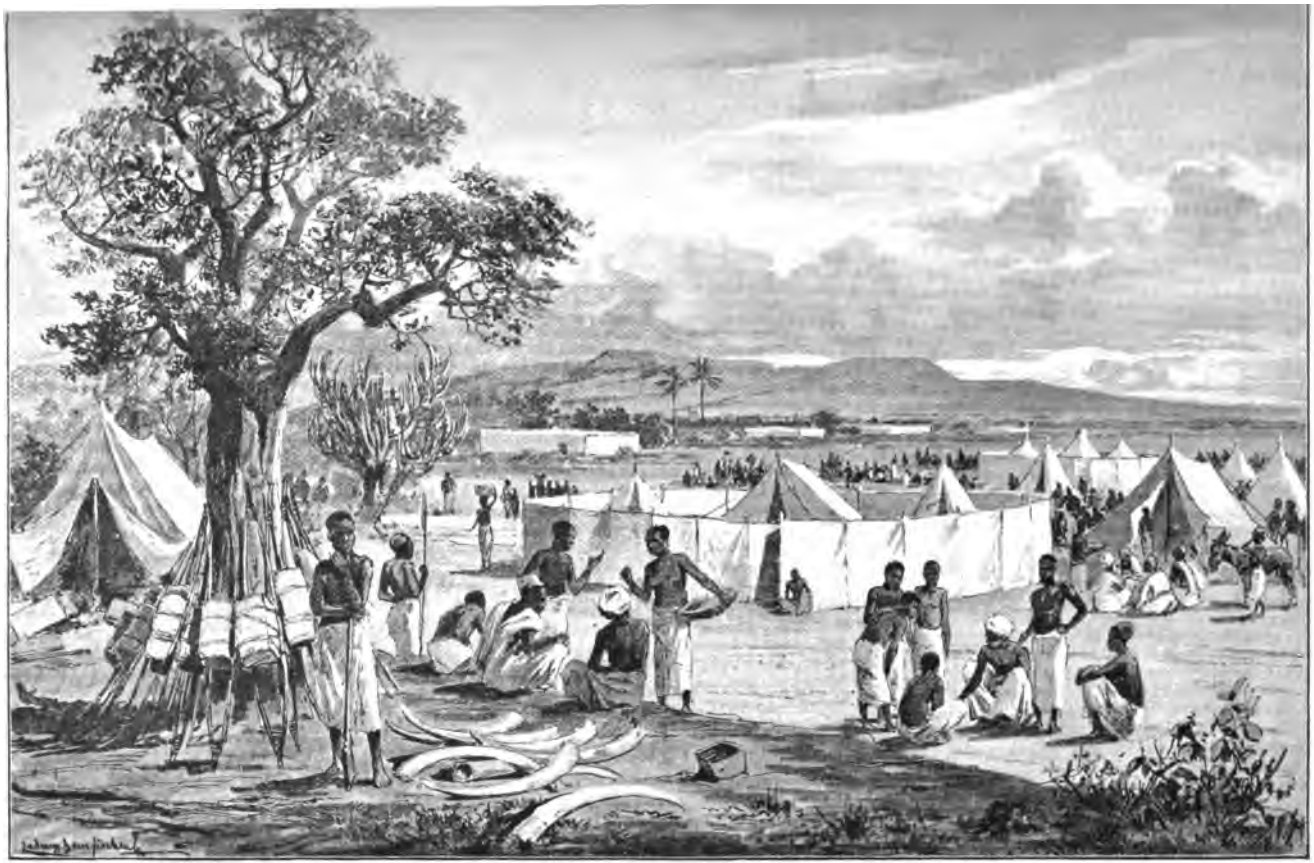
From Mpwapwa two main highways lead through the mountainous region of Usagara to the coast, one north-eastwards to Saadani, the other eastwards along the Mukondugua valley to Bagamoyo. We selected the latter, and on November 8th we set out, passing successively through Zimba and the territories of chief Kirassa, and of Mwini Msagara ("Lord of the Wasagara"), to Farhani, near the new Roman Catholic mission of St. Esprit de Paris. Farhani, which was reached on November 13th, is an important Arab zeriba lying on a fertile plain a little west of the Usagara-Usegua frontier. It took us altogether three days to traverse the narrow Mukondugua river valley, which in many places was scarcely a mile wide. Here we came upon the first German settlements, amongst others those of Kirassa and Kiora, both of which, however, had already been abandoned. The German flag was still flying over a building at Kiora, but we found the place locked up, its owner having moved northwards to a new station in a lateral valley, on the little river Zima. We remained three days (November 14th—16th) at the Arab settlement of Farhani, where Tippo found himself in the midst of old acquaintances, and where I passed some time with Père Gommenginger of the neighbouring French mission.

Beyond Usegua Land we entered the well-watered and more

thickly-peopled Ukami district, where the Ngerengere affluent of the Kingani was twice crossed, and where we halted, on November 22nd, near the French missionary station of Mrogoro. I visited this model station, which lay about three miles from our camping-ground on an eminence, whence a charming view was commanded of the surrounding hilly landscape. A pretty little church had been built for the native congregation, which consisted of Negroes who had been taught various useful crafts, and were now settled here with their families, the main object being to make the station self-supporting. Besides the usual crops, pine-apples and vanilla were also cultivated and sold to passing caravans.

South of Usagara and neighbouring eastern lands dwell the warlike Wahehe people, whose numerous tribes stretch far to the south-west. When we passed through it was feared that these predatory tribes might make an irruption into Usagara, and since then they have excited special interest by the destruction of the detachment of Imperial troops, under Lieutenant von Zelewski, on August 17th, 1891.

With Tippo Tip I continued to maintain the most friendly relations, and a constant subject of conversation between us was the state of affairs in Emin's Equatorial Province. He showed himself inclined to head an expedition to that region, frankly stipulating, however, for a share of the ivory which Emin had accumulated there. He even asked me to procure him a hundred good rifles for the purpose. In connection with the recent destruction of the Stanley Falls Station by the Arabs of the Upper Congo, I strongly urged him to accept the new order of things, as he could only hope to maintain his position by showing a friendly attitude towards the European powers. I even advised him, if possible, to take service under the Congo Free State, being convinced that a peaceful accord with the Arabs must prove advantageous for the future development of that State. Tippo fell in with my views, and even expressed a wish to visit Europe and seek an interview with King Leopold, founder of the Congo Free State. It was of course beyond my power to help him in this matter; but during my stay in Cairo I explained



TIPPO TIP'S CAMP. (*Drawn by L. H. Fischer.*)

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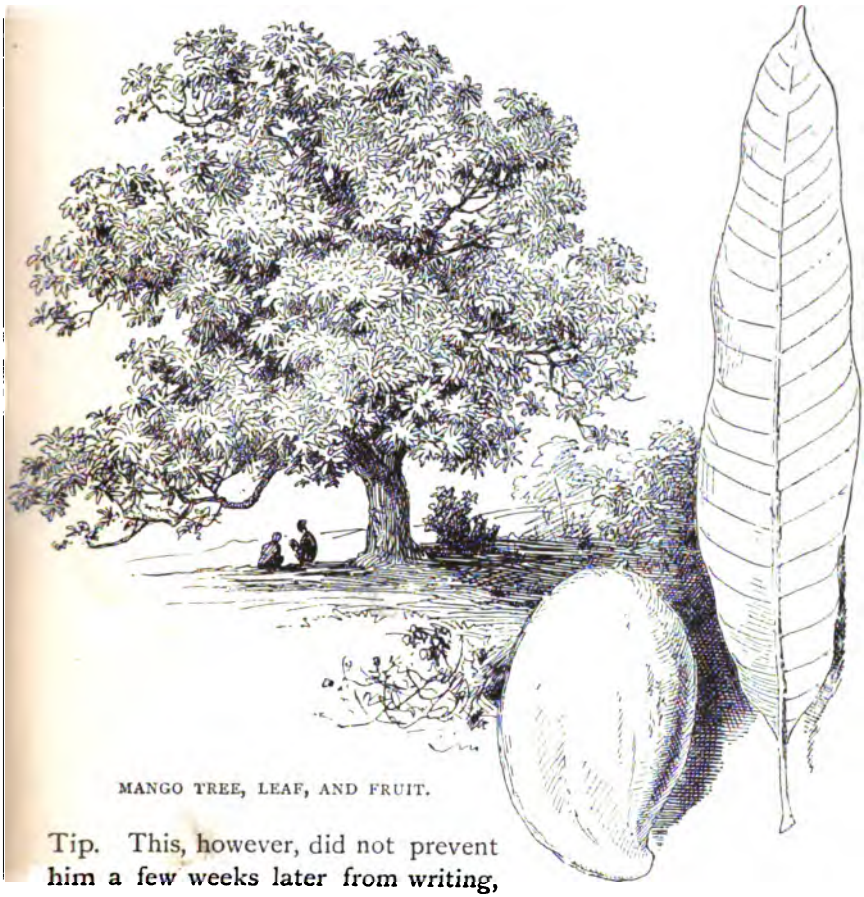
my views on the subject to H. M. Stanley, who had meantime undertaken to lead an expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha. Stanley objected that an arrangement of this nature could scarcely be made with such a notorious slave-trader as Tippo



MANGO TREE, LEAF, AND FRUIT.

Tip. This, however, did not prevent him a few weeks later from writing, to my astonishment, from Zanzibar to Brussels, making a proposition in accordance with my suggestion. The offer was accepted, and Tippo did actually accompany Stanley up the Congo, and was permanently attached to the interests of the Free State in the Stanley Falls district.

I had hitherto carefully carried out the survey of the route; but at Msuah, about midway between Mrogoro and Bagamoyo, the work had to be discontinued, the last of my time-pieces having stopped. On November 27th Tippo pushed forward with a few of his people to Bagamoyo, and two days later I came again in sight of the sea, which I had left at Sawakin close on seven years previously (December 14th, 1879). We all now hastened forward to the Kingani river, where I was met and accompanied to Bagamoyo by Lieutenant St. Paul-Illaire, in charge of a neighbouring German station. After crossing a broad and deep swamp, where we plunged up to the hips in slush, the route traversed a well-cultivated coast district, where the cocoa-nut palms rose high above the surrounding vegetation, and where dark shadows were cast by the dense foliage of the mango-tree. In Bagamoyo, reached on November 29th, I had a hearty welcome from Messrs. Groke and G. Dehnhardt, and on December 1st crossed over to Zanzibar, where my long wanderings on the African continent were brought to a close. To bring the course of subsequent events also to a close, I may here mention that after my departure Kabrega completely reduced the Magungo district, on which occasion both Anfina and Kamisoa met their death. Mohammed Biri succeeded in reaching Wadelai with the things entrusted to him for Emin, but afterwards also perished at Kabrega's hands. An early death overtook several of the Buganda missionaries, such as Père Giraud, who was drowned in Lake Victoria, on April 14th, 1887; Père Lourdel, carried off by fever, on May 12th, 1890, after having co-operated in bringing about Mwanga's triumph over the Arab faction; lastly, the heroic Mackay of Uganda, who, after an uninterrupted residence of thirteen years in Central Africa, succumbed to the climate, on February 8th, 1890, at Makolo, where he had rendered good service to Stanley and Emin on their way to the east coast.

After settling accounts with Tippo and my other creditors, and discharging my faithful followers Binsa, Saida, Amina, and Hashya, I left Zanzibar on December 21st by the next steamer for Aden, which was reached on January 3rd, 1887. Here the

MY BLACK HOUSEHOLD. (*From a photograph taken in Zanzibar.*)
BINSA. DR. JUNKER. HASHYA.
SAIDA. AMINA.

NY

pleasant tidings awaited me that my brother had come to meet me at Suez, where six days later I was welcomed by him, my brother-in-law, and Dr. Schweinfurth. I was detained till the middle of March in Cairo, where I met Stanley and saw him as far as Suez, on his way to take charge of the Emin Relief Expedition. Then my steps were turned homewards, and after a short stay in Munich, and again in Berlin, the month of April saw me back in St. Petersburg, welcomed by my nearest and dearest.

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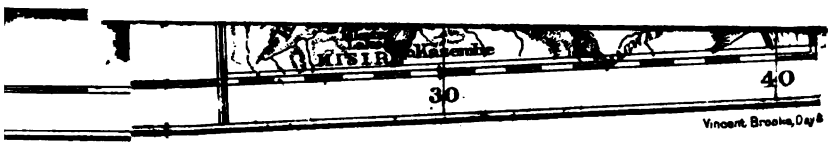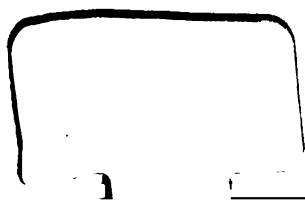
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